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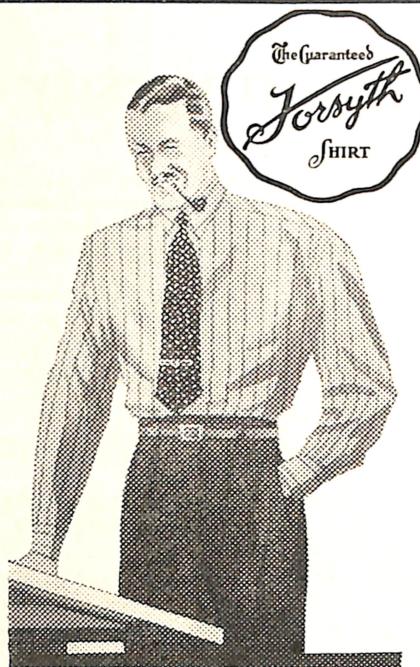
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1939

26TH
ANNUAL EDITION



PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
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OUR MOTTO: *Sic Itur Ad Astra* OUR COLORS: Blue and White

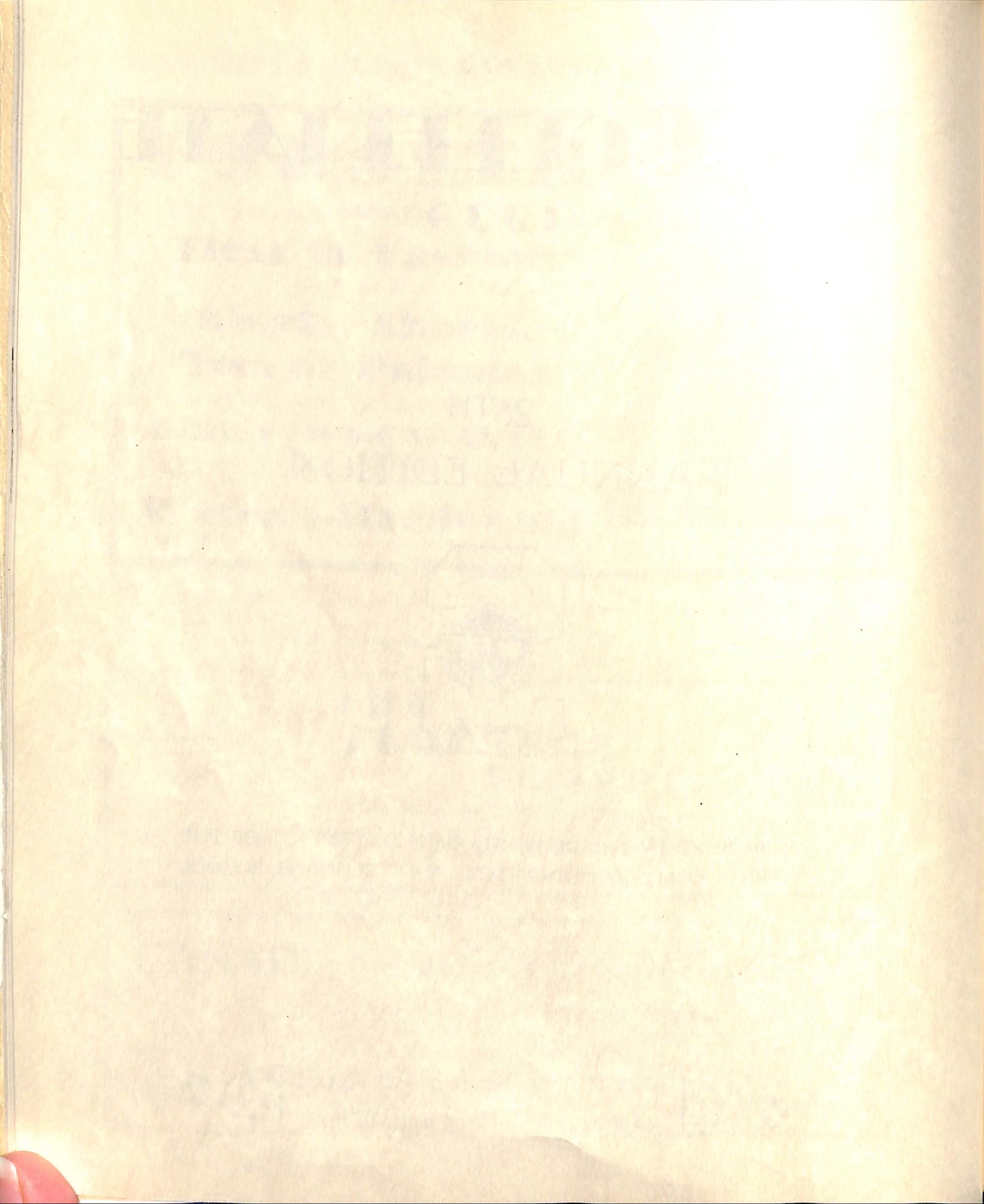




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FOREWORD

On Accepting Criticism



F. C. ASBURY

NO ONE, I imagine, likes to be criticized; but we are all called on to accept criticism at some time or another; so it's not a bad idea, perhaps, to ask ourselves how we take it.

Now, of course, there are many ways of handing out criticism, and a good deal might be said on that phase of the subject. For the present, however, let us keep to our topic and consider how people act when they are on the receiving end!

I wish to suggest that they may be placed in four main classes.

First there are those who accept criticism agreeably—in fact, too agreeably. They seem to be just waiting to admit their many faults, apologize profusely and fall right into line with their critic's suggestions—without ever stopping to consider whether the criticism is really justified. These folk are too complaisant altogether; they lack the courage of their convictions and never command much respect.

The second class is of just the opposite type. Those in this category find it very very difficult to admit to any failing, no matter how just the criticism. They meet the critic with a blunt rebuff and become, if anything, more pronounced in their opinions. In short, their minds are closed. It should be said, in justice to most of my readers, that people in this class are usually those getting on in years, though occasionally one meets even a high school student who has become set in his ways at an early age. This attitude if persisted in, is fatal to progress.

Now what about the third class? Well, they're the people who accept criticism in word but not in spirit. They may seem to fall in line but they make mental reservations which prevent their really carrying out any suggestions. Or, in some cases, they swing to the opposite extreme in the matter in question and so try to make the suggested change unworkable. In other words, they're more anxious to prove the critic in the wrong than to do the job right. A homely illustration is provided by the boy who is told to be more quiet in class and who says to himself "Oh, very well, I'll answer no questions at all." This, of course, is a very childish attitude and generally is abandoned after a little reflection.

And finally we come to the fourth class—those sensible people who accept criticism in the spirit in which it is given, consider as impartially as they can whether or not it is justified and try to profit by it.

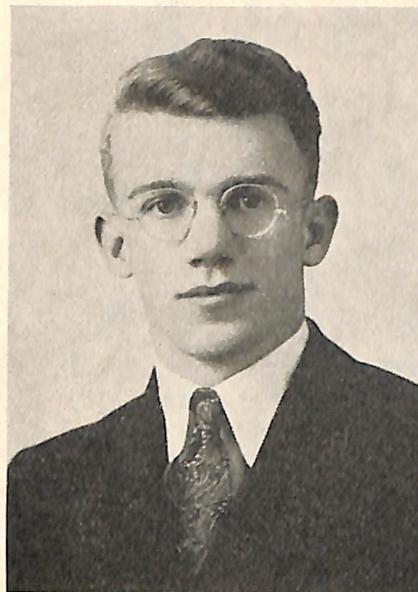
Before we jump into line in this last division, let's just check up on ourselves and see whether we really qualify. When we do, we've reached a fairly high stage in our intellectual development.

F. C. ASBURY



In Appreciation
of his untiring and unselfish services as janitor
of our school, we respectfully dedicate this
issue of "The Collegiate" to
Thomas "Tom" Dunford

THE COLLEGIATE



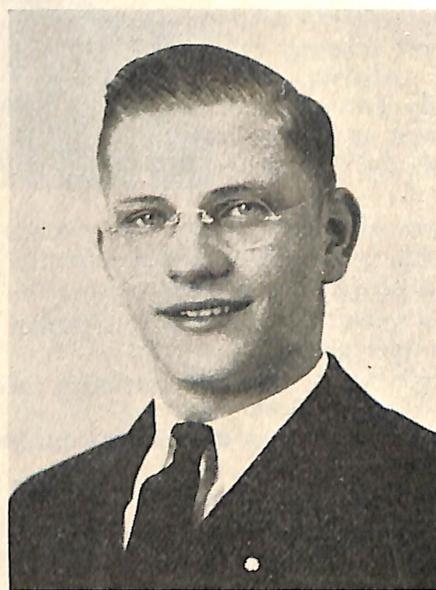
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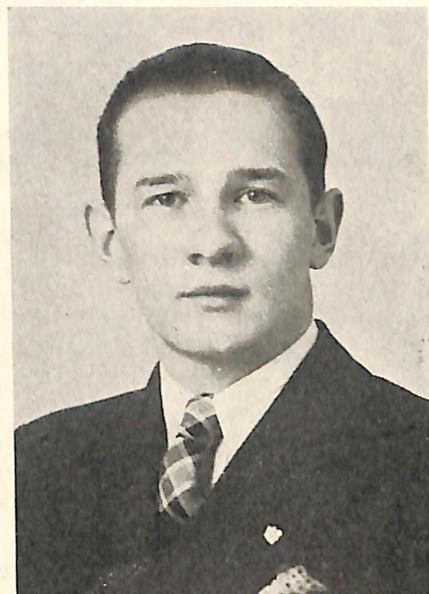
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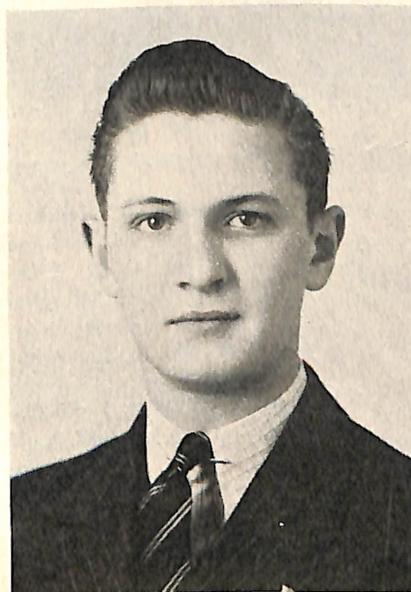
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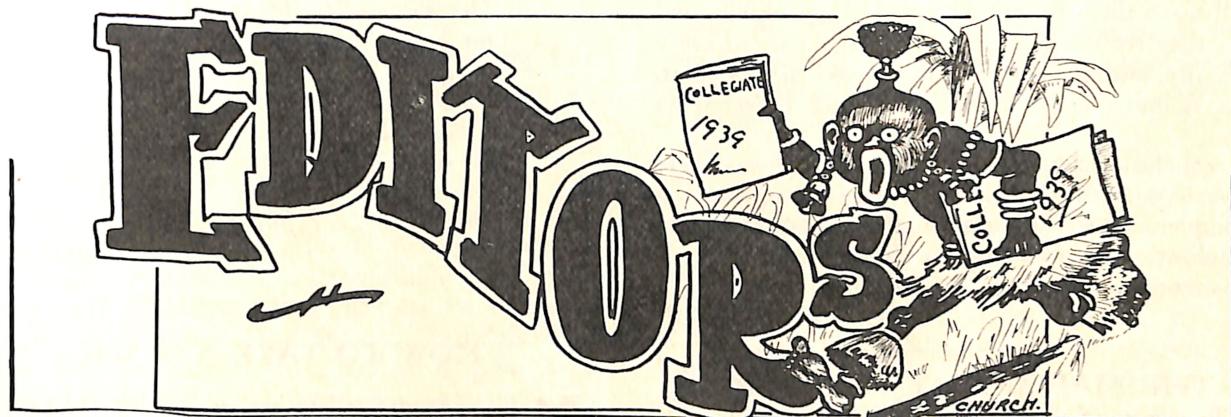
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THE COLLEGIATE





BOOKS

"Books are the souls of men on paper."

WE see in almost every periodical statements of noted critics praising and building up the "Books of the Month." This one informs us that the author's latest contribution to literature has photographic precision in description; still another commends the delicate touch in character study; yet all, with only a slight twist or turn in language and style make similar remarks to give their separate opinions. But no commentator ever probes far enough to show what characteristic of the author comes out in his book. As a result we must uncover for ourselves what is under the print, without knowledge of the author.

Under minute examination things begin to appear, to our amazement, in all corners of the story. If we discover sad and morbid traits, in almost every case, we feel certain that the writer was under the influence of some misfortune simultaneous with his writing. The needle pointing in the opposite direction indicates a happy-go-lucky influence of a care-free author. With the philosophical and scientific theories we associate a serious minded person whose ideals are founded on the more important side of life.

Yet we must consider cases where the theory seems to err; a humorous man writing a serious book and vice versa. Let us imagine ourselves a silent intruder upon his intimate thoughts when he is alone in his study. Here hidden under this outward appearance of wit lies the true character of the man.

Thus with the exception we prove the rule, "Books are the souls of men on paper."

R. M.

TO-MORROW IN THE MAKING

WE all dream of the future and what it will bring us, but few of us stop to think what we are bringing the future. The world of tomorrow is

what we make it to-day. Wars may come and wars may cease; liberty may wax and wane; populations may be enslaved or liberated; but man will drift on to what he makes his fate.

In the last twenty years or less during the years of depression, of turmoil, and foreboding, the world has changed so rapidly we have scarcely been able to keep up with ourselves. The next hundred years are going to see even a greater progress and advancement in civilization. The manner in which man will meet these changes will determine his stay on this earth.

New opportunities will arise through the co-operation of government, business, science, and education. Government will expand and will enter even more intimately into the lives of the citizens. Every man, woman and child, every teacher, professional and business man must be informed of the functions of the government. The government of to-morrow will be one—united for the good of all mankind. Business will be distributed equally. We must strive to improve our methods of buying and selling. Communication and transportation will combine to promote progress. We must do all in our power to preserve and develop our resources. This will enable us to increase the purchasing of our people.

Perhaps the greatest stride man has made and will continue to make is in science. Each advance in this field makes way for another. We must develop new industries to increase employment and provide safer and more healthful living and working conditions. One thing we can be sure of is new knowledge will come, major problems will arise and man will be required to adjust himself to these. We must do more along the lines of education to prepare youth for the world of to-morrow. We must make it possible for more deserving students to enter universities and higher institutions of learning. The new education will face the same problems we have today but it will counteract these by first teaching them the basic laws of reading and writing and then

THE COLLEGIATE

it will teach them the moral, physical and intellectual habits they require. Religion is a major part of every man's life and the future can never change that. What to-morrow will bring to religion I decline to say.

In conclusion let me say there still are—as there always have been and always will be—new frontiers to conquer. If we all contribute to the advancement of civilization we can look forward toward a brighter to-morrow!

K. GLYNN.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER!

CANADIANS. when people ask "What is your country?" are you filled with joy, and does your heart swell with pride to be able to reply, "Canada. I am a Canadian!"

Some of us, who really love our country, might confess never having experienced this surge of feeling; but accepting as only natural our blessings of freedom and equality.

To-day, however, comes an awakening. Look across the sea, Canadians, at other countries, far different from our own dominion. Here you shall see countries covered with blood, full of strife, and horror, and misery—countries where trampled is the doctrine of equality, and liberty has long been dead. To the people of these unfortunate lands peace has faded into oblivion and happiness, safety, and contentment are no more. It is after observing our foreign neighbours that we Canadians awaken to a realization of our blessings.

Perhaps now we can appreciate our fair domain, and vow that democracy shall always reign therein, and that never shall our countrymen experience the turmoil, and grief, of far-off lands. Canadians, we must give our all to this cause. Realize that the unhappy countries of to-day were not always in such a state. They were once as peaceful and safe as we; but then, suddenly, came a change. That must never happen to us. We must fight for our democracy, our liberty and equality, and always remain the "free Canada," that we are to-day.

Give thanks, for truly Canadians we have much for which to thank. Amid all the bloodshed in the world, we are safe, with our King and Queen as symbols of peace, coming to our own country this year—the first visit paid by a reigning sovereign to any of the self-governing dominions. Our Canada will have the high privilege of expressing to Their Majesties, the loyalty and devotion we all share.

*Then swell the song both loud and long;
Till rocks and forests quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!*

*At Queenston's Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers side by side
For freedom, homes, and loved one dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever!*

HELEN HELLER.

HOW TO TAKE A WALK

WE are supposed to be highly educated people. But unhappily however we have been so engrossed in mastering the techniques of our civilization that we have forgotten the enjoyments of human life —how to take a walk.

Walking as an art is nearly extinct to-day. It is too bad. Here are a few hints which make a walk a joy to the walker.

In the first place a walk should never have an objective. If you have it firmly fixed in your mind you are going to the A & P or Cousin Ella's it will irritate your soul. Do not have an objective. Just go for a walk.

In the second place it must be as spontaneous as a sudden smile. One of these days while you are quietly reading or doing the housework or tidying the cellar, the notion will suddenly flit across that it would be pleasant to take a walk. You must act on this notion at once. Open the door and go out.

The third and most important of all requirements for successful walking is the most difficult. You must learn to blot out from your mind every single one of your usual worries. Until you have learned to do this, walking is worse than useless. If you start out with a mind overloaded with worry (for example your mortgage), the rhythmic motion of your legs will resolve into a kind of ghastly refrain, ringing into your ears, "the mortgage is due, the mortgage is due." If you start out on a walk with a bad worry in your mind, by the time you get home again the worry will be more deep-rooted in your consciousness and your benefits will have been less than nothing. It is therefore a cardinal rule to cast off your everyday pre-occupations as a serpent sheds its skin.

Neither hurry on rushing feet nor idle along. Set yourself a normal, moderate free-swinging pace and maintain it. The rhythmic swing of a walk takes the cramps out of a man's muscles and loosen the tight mind. Forget people, ignore them, look at the leaves if it is summer or the bare bark if it is winter. Your door can be open by the turning of a handle and a whole world lies outside—happy walking.

BURLEIGH.

"SO THIS IS 1939"

IN the weeks which must elapse between the writing of these words and your reading of them, decisions will have been met and made. Some of them will affect us immediately; others will pile up and their consequences must be met in the future.

Each January, as we stand on the threshold of a new year, we look forward with shining hope to a year of ideals sustained, of hopes fulfilled, and peace maintained. Nineteen thirty-nine was no exception, but the dawning months of the year effaced the shine from our eyes and left an aftermath of grim determination—determination to carry on, somehow, somehow, in spite of the tragic seemingly hopeless situations confronting us.

There is little of the "brotherhood-of-man" spirit in the world to-day. War, bigotry and racial intolerance are rising to confront a new generation—just as generations of years gone by were forced to deal with their injustices.

The persecuted Jews of Germany, the peoples of war-torn Spain and China are part of the so-called progress of a changing world. They are merely the victims of circumstances—circumstances, which will change and swing the pendulum in another direction before long.

Democracy is today, as never before, threatened before the onslaught of dictatorships. The workings of Democracy are necessarily slow in comparison with those of the totalitarian states, yet in democracy—and only in democracy—lies the salvation of our time.

Democracy. What is it? The right to live, think, and speak freely; the right of each individual to be an individual and not merely a cog in a machine. It is what our ancestors fought to gain and what we, as Canadian citizens, will fight to preserve.

A. S. M.

EDUCATION WEEK

WE believe that "Education Week" has become an established custom in Canada. One of its aims is to familiarize the people, especially parents whose children are of school age, with the workings of the vast educational institutions, the foremost being our schools.

One of the most important mediums for spreading educational propaganda has been the radio.

This year as an innovation, Sarnia schools went "on the air." It was the first time that a hook-up of such large magnitude had ever been attempted from

this centre. The broadcasting studio was from the Collegiate Auditorium and the popular announcer was Principal F. C. Asbury, whose tactics many of the professional radio announcers might have reason to envy.

The broadcast was carried across the St. Clair River by means of a special cable of the Bell Telephone Company laid through the tunnel and transmitted over station WHLS Port Huron by the aid of the telephone. The sponsors of the broadcast were the Board of Education, Sarnia, Women and Men's Federation of Public Schools and Federation of Secondary Schools. Every morning at ten-thirty during the week commencing Feb. sixth to tenth, the programme began with music by the Collegiate Band or Orchestra directed by W. E. Brush. The programmes were largely musical, as music is a very special subject studied in Sarnia Public, and Separate Schools and Collegiate. The Junior and Senior choruses from the Sarnia Public Schools were led by Mr. H. Sperling and were very fine performances.

On Wednesday the Separate School contributed very fine musical selections by the choir and Bill Higgins gave a talk on "Education."

The Collegiate Glee Club also ably contributed to the programmes. Each morning a five-minute speech on some aspect of educational work was given by Mr. Asbury or Mr. T. C. White, newly-appointed I. P. S. of Sarnia.; also Mr. L. Packard of Port Huron Schools and Dr. Hartley, Chairman of the Sarnia Board of Education. Provincial broadcasts were also given each evening during the week by outstanding educationists.

During the week, the Public Schools of the city held "Visitors' Day." This gave parents, guardians, and members of the Board of Education an opportunity to visit and become acquainted with the teachers and to see for themselves some of the results brought about by the new curriculum. I think as a result of these visits many parents would decide that their children were acquiring much practical knowledge, such as simple mechanics, cooking, sewing, art and many subjects that could be related to home life and also help in fitting them for higher academic subjects.

Much enlightenment was obtained by those who took advantage of the means that Education Week afforded them of seeing at close range, the methods of learning of their sons and daughters, while under the teacher's supervision. This, no doubt, will assist greatly in better co-operation of parents, teachers and pupils in the work of education.

ROBERT McCORDIC.

THE COLLEGIATE

WELCOME

THE staff of "THE COLLEGIATE" take this opportunity of welcoming the new teachers to the S. C. I. & T. S. and to Sarnia.

Herman Sperling fills a long-felt need in this school and our new Glee Club, of which we are justly proud, is an excellent addition to the school. Under Mr. Sperling's direction it should go far. The enthusiasm with which the students have taken to the "Mastro's" sing-songs is further proof of Mr. Sper-

ling's popularity at S. C. I.

Miss Truman, who comes to us from Ontario College of Education, is a welcome newcomer to the girls' gym. Best wishes, Miss Truman, and we hope to see you around for a long time to come!

Mr. Langan, from Chapleau, Ontario, is no stranger to Sarnia—in fact he is a home town boy. Welcome back to Sarnia Mr. Langan, and this time we hope you stay.

FAREWELL

At Christmas time, Miss Jean Walsh, who has been teaching at the Collegiate for several years, decided to give up school teaching for a matrimonial career. A host of former students and friends join

with the staff of "THE COLLEGIATE" in wishing Mrs. Ritchie the best of luck. Our loss is Mr. Ritchie's gain!

DID YOU EVER WONDER—

IF THERE'S ANY SILVER IN QUICKSILVER?

There is no silver in quicksilver, for quicksilver is but the popular name for the metallic element mercury. Mercury is unique in being the only metal which is a liquid at ordinary temperatures.

Mercury is mined from the earth. It is sometimes found in the free state, but the bulk of the world's supply of mercury is obtained from an ore known as cinnabar.

While mercury is a liquid it will not wet paper or other objects like water will. If you stick your finger in a bowl of mercury, it will not become wet. This is because of the cohesive power of mercury; that is, its particles have a much greater attraction for each other than they have for other objects, so they keep pretty much to themselves.

Mercury is very heavy. It is so heavy that even iron and lead will float on it. Yet, in spite of its great weight it is extremely fluid and quick in its

movements. The popular name quicksilver was given to it because it looks like silver and because it seems almost to be alive.

Among the uses of mercury may be mentioned its uses in thermometers and barometers; the separation of gold and silver from their ores by dissolving the precious metals, and the use of mercury vapour in lamps and as a substitute for steam in boilers and turbines.

Mercury will freeze at a temperature of about 39° Fahrenheit below zero, changing to a white, malleable mass that may easily be cut with a knife. If a mercury thermometer is subject to temperatures below 39° F. it will be useless for indicating the temperature, but the glass bulb containing the mercury will not burst because mercury, unlike water, contracts rather than expands on freezing.

"K."



Staff of the S. C. I. & T. S.

1938 - 1939

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SCHOLARSHIPS

ONCE again S. C. I. & T. S. has been heralded among the best. The results of the Departmental Examinations 1938 show that Sarnia is at the head of the list.

Special note is indeed due to John Clunie, better known in the Collegiate as Jack, for his outstanding success.

Last year, while he obtained experience and financial security at the Imperial, his home study prepared him to win a University of Western Ontario scholarship that awarded him \$100.00 and free tuition for four years. An almost unheard of feat.

The D. M. Grant Scholarship awarded annually by the Board of Education for superior standing in third and fourth forms Collegiate was awarded to Isaac Zierler. This scholarship entitled him to \$50.00.

Ruth Johnston for obtaining the highest honors in Canadian History received the prize donated by the Hon. Alexander Vidal Chapter, I.O.D.E.

All the Collegiate joins in to say "Congratulations."

COMMERCIAL AWARDS 1938

The following 1937-38 students received Pitman Certificates of having passed a test in Shorthand, with 90% or more, dictated at 80 words per minute.

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

D. Baker, N. Battram, F. Cleave, I. Dickerson, A. Flodin, P. Gibb, M. Goldring, S. Hamilton, J. Huntley, V. Johnston, M. Knight, M. Manning, M. Marcy, S. McDermaid, C. Menzies, L. Miller, M. O'Connor, C. Passingham, F. Scarrow, B. Stoner, J. Stapleton, I. Wallis.

COMMERCIAL III

M. Baker, I. Clements, S. Ehman, J. Ellenor, G. Forbes, H. Garnham, V. George, D. Hall, T. Hartley, L. Janus, Ken Johnson, N. Johnson, E. Johnson, I. Kearney, P. McCrie, F. Newell, A. Pratt, R. Rosenbloom, A. Street, E. Strevel, B. Timmington, E. Towns, W. Willock, V. Davidson, M. Drinkwater, I. Gall, J. Jacques, B. Levanoyitch, B. Maidment, D. Mara.

The following received "Pins" for passing a similar test dictated at 100 words per minute:

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

M. Manning, M. O'Connor.

COMMERCIAL III

J. Ellenor, V. George, L. Janus, V. Davidson, M. Drinkwater and B. Levanoyitch.



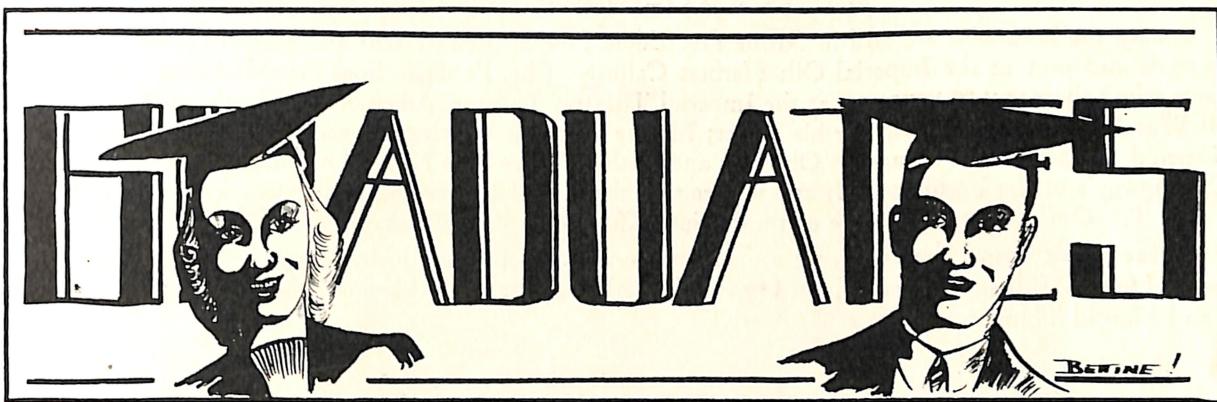
JOHN CLUNIE

COMPETENT TYPIST SPEED TESTS

This year interest has been renewed in these tests, which are sponsored by the Gregg Writer Credentials Department, of 270 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. There are over one hundred day-school and night-school students of the Sarnia Commercial Department participating in the monthly tests which run till June.

All papers have to be sent to New York for the final adjudication. For a speed of fifty words a minute with five or less errors, a Competent Typist Pin is awarded. A Blue Seal Certificate is awarded if the speed reaches sixty words or better a minute, and for those who reach the speed of seventy words or better a minute, a Red Seal Certificate is awarded.

Up to the time that this magazine went to press, some of the contestants have been highly successful. The Red Seal Certificate has been won by Viola George and Lucille Janus, both of Commercial IV. The Blue Seal Certificate has been won by Lucille Janus, Flora Newell and Helen Matthews of the same form. The C. T. Pin has been won by the following: June Ellenor, Flora Newell, Blanche Timmington, Ken Johnson, Ruth Baxter, Gloria Fisher, Norma Johnson, Hazel Garnham, Ilene Clements, Helen Matthews, Edith Towns, Albert Marcy, Betty Ridealgh, Shirley Smith, of C-4 and C-3; and by John Falconer, Mary Butler, and Dorothy Carrothers of the night-class section.



EDITORS—E. MacDONALD, J. STEDWELL

THIS year, in order to look up our graduates, we thought it would be interesting to visit our old friends, personally.

We boarded the train at Sarnia and our first stop was at Wallaceburg, where Stewart Hossie greeted us. Stewart is working there at the Royal Bank. As we had only a few minutes to stay our visit was short.

Our next stop was London. Here we renewed acquaintances with a great many of our friends. Our two hockey stars, Logie Allen and Keith Dickson, who are attending Western, were hurrying home from practice. Tagging along behind them was Ross Pole, who is in the Business Administration Course at Western. On another corner we met two more of our graduates, who are now Western co-eds—Grace Turnbull and Alice Williamson. We then hurried over to the London Normal School where we found Marian Maitland, Muriel Payne, and Jack Fowlie working hard. Before we leave the city we must not forget our four student nurses at Victoria Hospital—Jean Duncan, Thelma Allen, Beulah Hicks and Catherine Leckie. Be patient with the patients, girls!

From London we went to Guelph to visit Eileen MacAdams at Macdonald Hall. We expect your cakes will rise now Mac!

We then journeyed to Toronto, where we were greeted by a great many of our graduates. The inseparable pair, Margaret Wanless and Isobel Mendizabal greeted us from Tait House, one of the girls residences at Toronto University. In the library we found Joan Lampel and Frances Walley as studious as ever. Keep up the good work Joan and Frances! In another building we ran into Jane Cowan, who assured us that she was having a grand time. Donald Greason was the only boy that went to Toronto this year. You shouldn't be lonesome though, Don, because there are other male S. C. I. grads there. Our visit at Toronto was a most enjoyable one and all our ex-school mates wished to be remembered back at the S. C. I.

From Toronto we made a hurried trip to Kingston to visit John Brooks at Queen's. Here we found John deeply engrossed in his work.

Kingston was our most easterly stop and we returned home via Windsor. At Windsor we visited Raymond Harwood at Assumption College. Our visit was short as we had to hurry back to Sarnia, to send telegrams to several of our graduates. One went to Arthur Rowell, who was a good friend of Mr. Dennis. Arthur is now living in Pittsburgh. We were unable to visit Roy Lyford and Dick LeSueur up in the mining districts, as it was too cold, so we also sent telegrams to them, with our best wishes.

Not all of our graduates went to distant cities to seek further knowledge or to work. Several have remained in Sarnia—some working, others at home.

THE COLLEGIATE

FOR THE GIRLS ONLY!

Among the boys who are still in Sarnia are: Eddie Powell, Stewart Lott and Kenneth Rooney (Miss Taylor's pride and joy) at the Imperial Oil; Herbert Callister (the Prodigal Son) at Mackenzie, Milne; Elmer Chivers who ushers you to your seat at the Imperial Theatre; Laverne Aiken at the Bank of Commerce, and Cyril Wareham, who is working for his father; Morley Lumly is working for the Union Gas Company; Stuart McDermid is busy for the Canadian Observer and Arthur Meere is at Howard & Mundy's. If you need a suit try Strangway's or the Fashion Craft and we are sure that Lloyd Hillier and Neil Fulkerson respectively will fit you to a T. Our sole representative at the Business College is Jim Woodcock.

As far as we know, the following are at home—some people are lucky: George Harris, Jack Hallam, Howard Hobbs, William McLean, John Oravec, Roy McLeod, Jack Burkholder, Neil MacDonald, Cyril Steward and Harold Thorner.

FOR THE BOYS ONLY!

To the boys who have graduated and are still in Sarnia, we submit this list. If you need "dates" we are sure that these girls would prove entertaining company. Here they are:

At the Sarnia Business College are Edith Piggott, Mary Wright, and Jessie Cuthbertson. Sue Spice is "plugging in" at the Bell Telephone Company. At C. L. Brown's office you will find Shirley Hamilton and at Taylor's Furniture Store Norma Battram will receive from you. At the Georgian Shoppe you may buy "sweets for the sweetest" from Phyllis Gibb. At the Purity Dairy Bar you may revive yourself with a milk shake, served by Betty Whitnell. At Kresge's you will find Josephine Jacques, Velma Johnston, Margaret O'Connor and at Woolworth's, Mary Dionne and Grace Haddon, and at the Metropolitan, Marjorie Guthrie will greet you. In Zeller's, Clarice Menzies is to be found, while over at Walker Bros. is Berna Stoner. Fay Scarrow is working in the office at the Sarnia General Hospital, and Mary Marcy is busy at Dr. Anderson's.

As far as we know the following are at home: Mabel Wray, Marian Goldring, Margaret Knight, Margaret Manning, Julia Stapleton in Petrolia, Illene Wallis, Grace Passingham, Marian Harrold and Ardel Watters.

HAND-PICKED HOWLERS

Louis XVI was gelatined.

William the Conqueror surrounded the Isle of Ely with his feet.

Boadicea was a brave woman who fought herself and drove a chariot.

The politicians turn to and fro, in their complexity, wearing and unweaving their combinations.

A class had been instructed that the incident of the burnt cakes was comparatively unimportant in King Alfred's life and should not be stressed. One child accordingly mentioned it thus: "It is also related that King Alfred once went to a certain lady's house, but perhaps the less said about that the better."

Doctors say fatal diseases are the worst.

Thomas a Becket lived a dissipated life. Three nights killed him.

The Great Plague was a serious illness which began with a swelling under the arm and spread all over Europe.

Belle is the feminine of gong.

Lucre is a kind of drink. Some people call it filthy.

A detective is a man who searches out the mysteries in his private clothes.

The pilot saved his life by jumping out with a parasite.

A life-boat nowadays is so cleverly constructed that it can carry more than it can hold.

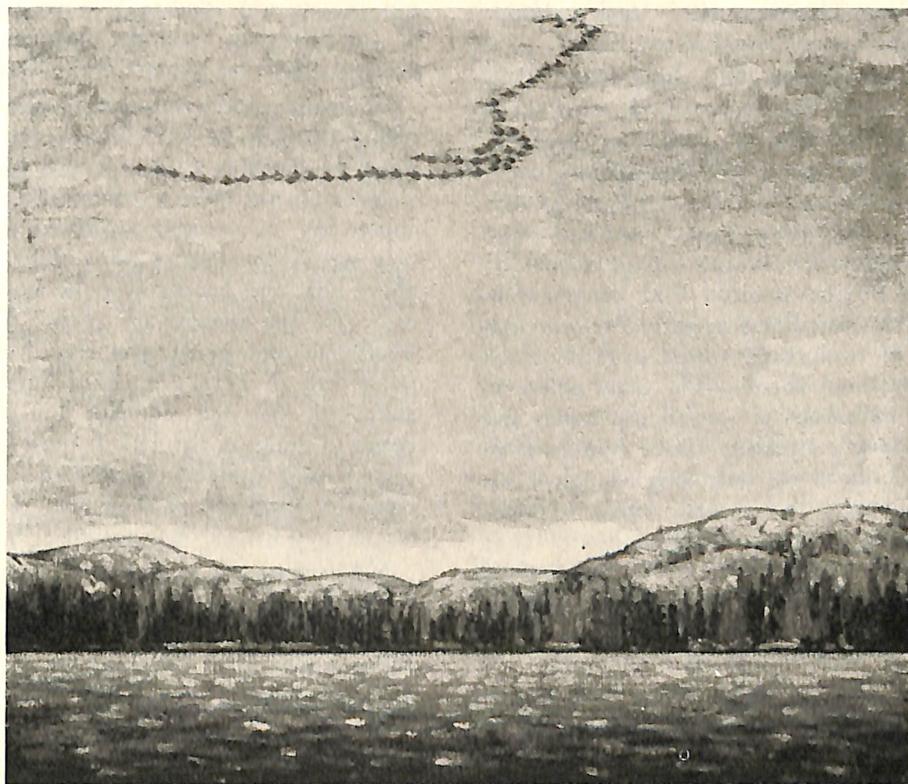
The Tropic of Cancer is a rare disease.

The difference between a king and a president is that a king is the son of his father but a president isn't.



Canadian Art in Sarnia

MARGARET KEELAN.



CHILL NOVEMBER.

Tom Thomson

Courtesy of the Women's Art Conservation Committee

MUCH is written of the industrial life of Sarnia,—her giant Imperial Oil Company, her various factories, her Blue Water Bridge, as well as of her various sporting activities with her champion hockey and rugby teams—but all too little is ever heard of her cultural side. Here, centred in our Library and in many private residences is one of the finest collections of Canadian art in the Dominion. Canadian art has progressed a long way, until to-day we see it as a fulfillment of the dreams and plans of our young Canadian artists; but behind this lies a story of struggle and hardship.

Back in 1910, a Canadian art movement, headed by a valiant troupe of struggling young artists in Toronto—named the Group of Seven—began its fight for recognition. Before that time, a Canadian art

movement, inspired by Canadian environment was not believed possible. Our rough landscape was not art material—our rough fir trees unpaintable. The public preferred the softer, mistier landscape of the old world. But as long as Canada regarded herself artistically as a mere outpost of Europe—as long as her painters were content to follow in the traditional continental style, to present their art as an offshoot of the London Royal Academy—so long was our newborn art movement to remain voiceless. For Canada to find a true expression of herself through art, a complete break with the Old World was required and a new type of artist with initiative to express Canadian landscape and life in an idiom of its own was necessary; Canada had to gain artistic independence. Thus a movement was started by amateurs with

a deep-rooted love of our own scenery and a spirit of our Canadian backwoods.

This movement was begun by a group of young commercial artists employed by Grip Ltd., designers and engravers of Toronto, on holiday sketching trips to Northern Ontario. Outstanding in this group were J. E. H. Macdonald—a sort of father to the younger ones, Tom Thomson, Fred Varley, Frank Carmichael, Arthur Lismer and Lawren Harris.

Undoubtedly the greatest of these was Tom Thomson, whose name has become a sort of myth in the annals of Canadian art. He was born in Claremont, Ontario, Aug. 5, 1877—of definite pioneer stock. As a youngster, he lived the usual fishing, tree-climbing chore life of a farm boy and once caused a mild commotion in the village school by drawing pictures of the minister and congregation in the hymn books. An illness in early life sent him into the woods to recuperate, which probably fixed his passion for northern nature. The main object of his life seems to have been to stay in the woods and paint. When economic necessity drove him back to his desk at Grip Ltd., it was only long enough to accumulate some money to return north. Money meant nothing else to him. Occasionally if funds were low, he became a guide to tourists. He received no training from Parisian art schools; he was a bit of a genius who would not allow that spark to be smothered. This then was Tom Thomson, impatient of swank, hating sophistication, living only for the twisting rivers, broad blue lakes and rapids which he loved. His most difficult stumbling block was a disbelief in himself. He had fits of unreasonable despondency. But he was sincere and he had a marvellous knowledge of nature with a passion for colour. Encouraged by the others from Grip Ltd., his work grew bolder, simpler, more glowing and original in colour.

In 1911 on his trip to Mississauga he produced about 20 small sketches and in 1913 he exhibited "Northern Lake" which was sold to the Ontario Government for \$250—a fortune it must have seemed to its painter. Up to this time, Canadian art galleries exhibited only Scandinavian and Dutch paintings and Thomson's was the first Canadian painting to invade a Canadian gallery. This, and the purchase of another of his pictures by the Gallery and words of appreciation helped to inspire him to further effort. Although this man was a painter he was more. In his pictures there are poetry, happiness, the lonely reach of space, and the pageant of the northern autumn. There are sketches of his done before dawn from the middle of a lake, and several were painted at night in the heart of the bush. This was the only place he felt at home.

Tom was again in Algonquin Park in 1916. Here he showed a technique entirely his own and anyone who has seen his "Jack Pine," "West Wind," or "Chill November" of this period cannot fail to recognize the work of a great artist. Thomson's canvases are unique in the annals of all art especially when it is remembered that he was untrained as a painter. His master was Nature. "What the great masters of the past felt for their madonnas, Thomson re-experienced in his contact with Nature."

Thomson's death occurred on Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park July 8, 1917 amidst the sweet loneliness which he loved so much. Tom's friends and fellow workers erected there a permanent memorial to him, and to-day the canoe-man paddling through the lakes may see, if he looks, a cairn rising into the skyline above him, and ponder over the words written thereon. "To the memory of Tom Thomson, artist, woodsman and guide who was drowned on Canoe Lake, July 8, 1917, who lived humbly and passionately with the wild. It made him the brother of all untamed things in nature. It drew him apart and revealed itself wonderfully to him. It sent him out from the woods only to show these revelations through his art; and it took him to itself at last."

When there are so many accomplished painters of the Group of Seven movement it is difficult to choose from among them the most outstanding artists to depict briefly their lives and struggles, but perhaps I can do no better than select one of the late comers to the group—A. Y. Jackson.

While Thomson, MacDonald, Lawren Harris and others were pursuing their struggle in Toronto, in Montreal Jackson was budding forth as one of Canada's future greats. He was born in that city and as a young man was employed in the lithographing business, designing labels for tomato cans. But it was on week-end sketching trips that he indulged his love of nature. Then one summer he travelled by cattle-boat to London, Paris, and Rotterdam and there he gazed wonderingly at Dutchmen whose work was so admired at home. In 1906 he went to Chicago to take art lectures at night at the Chicago Art Museum but it was only a taste which whetted his hunger to study abroad. So it was France where he next studied for two years before returning to his native shores. The clear Canadian landscape stirred him, he said on his return, more than the old country villages or Venetian canals. That winter he painted a canvas called "The Edge of the Maple Wood" which has since become of significant interest to Canadian art. Encouraged by this and in spite of the Montreal press, the "Globe", "Mail" and the "Saturday Night" and others favouring the foreign art and despising modernist painting, Jackson went

on determinedly. In 1913 he held a private exhibition of his work, but scarcely anyone came near. But then the Montreal Art Gallery held an exhibition, distinctly departing from the old Dutch tradition, and Jackson and his colleagues who exhibited there won out, despite the fiery criticism of the press. Due to this, the Toronto group with their aspirations to Canadian art heard of Jackson and his struggle in Montreal. Lawren Harris, Dr. McCallum and other leaders of this group were at this time of 1913 building a fine new studio where the movement's activities eventually centred. By means of it and because of Harris' talk, bringing to bear all his natural optimism and enthusiasm, Jackson eventually was persuaded to come and work in Toronto.

But the same year, war was declared and many of the group separated; Jackson went to France, was wounded several times but in 1919 returned to his beloved haunts of untamed open spaces and rocky crags—which are our Canadian Northlands—to join the Group of Seven. On one of his trips to the coastal villages of Nova Scotia he collected the material for "Entrance to Halifax Harbour," the first canvas by a Canadian painter to hang in the Tate Gallery, London—an incident which helped more than any other thing to turn the tide of opposition in Canada to the work of the Group of Seven. Next came his "Winter, Georgian Bay," exhibited at Wembley in 1929. This is a Georgian Bay island in winter loneliness, its growth of crooked pines plunged in drifts. In Quebec and Georgian Bay canvases he is always at home. He loves the rugged beauty of nature and does not depart from the immediate beauty lying before our eyes. Of him a noted art critic of the time writes: "From an academic standpoint Jackson is probably the most accomplished painter of the group. He escapes the handicaps of his technical art training by his honesty and intuition. If he breaks rules, he justifies the violation by giving fine structure and design." He has painted this bay in all seasons and in almost every aspect, from its vast stretches stirred by a brisk breeze, to its inmost channels in the calm of early spring. He finds in the smoothly rounded rocks, colour, rhythm, light and shadow which he never tires of exploring. Some one has said that Jackson has done for the Georgian Bay in paint what Sir Walter Scott did in poetry for the Highland Trossachs. Some day perhaps more people will consent to the comparison.

Thus up and down the highways and byways of Canada, went this group of young Canadian artists in search of beauty to transplant on canvas. MacDonald, Lawren Harris, Fred Varley, Carmichael, Jackson and the others roamed alone or in groups to the Rockies, Lake Superior, Algonquin Park, Georgian

Bay and Quebec and found there the skies, the great pitching lakes and bold stern country that drew a response from them that no other landscape ever could. Thus Canadian art kept on the road. Outwardly it appeared to move slowly on its course as the stars move, but perhaps like them, it travelled faster than one thinks. There is no end to the road, no blazed trail. There were hardships and the prejudice of an ignorant public that this isolated clique bravely had to fight. But gradually signs of the advance of the Group of Seven movement showed in invitations to exhibit, newspaper articles and the changing attitude of the press. Their success scored at the 1924 British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, England, probably did more than any other one thing to gain the recognition of their work which they so ardently desired. Of their art the Morning Post in England wrote, "The most personal work from the Dominions is to be found in the Canadian galleries. Australia, New Zealand, South Africa are in the main content to follow the ideas and methods of the Mother Country artists. Not so Canada. Their bold decorative landscapes, emphasizing colour, line and pattern give the very look and feel of Canada, its young artists painting a young country superbly." Again the Daily Chronicle wrote, "Canada, about all countries has reason to be proud of her contribution, uniting as she does a pronounced love of nature coupled with a vigorous and definite technique." And so wrote the critics, a tribute to the skill and endurance of our Canadian artists.

Since that Wembley Exhibition when Jackson's canvas "Entrance to Halifax Harbour" was purchased by the Tate Galley, London, and the English press united in a chorus of praise over the work of the Seven, signs of a genuine widespread interest at home began to appear.

Curiously enough the first place where the pictures made an appeal in Canada was not in the larger centres of population but in the smaller cities of Ontario. Chief of these was our own city of Sarnia.

During the war a group of women known as the Women's Art Conservation Committee had begun gathering old papers and rags which they stored in a warehouse lent by the Grand Trunk Railway, opposite the Vendome Hotel. From here they were shipped to Michigan and sold. From 1914 to 1918 they raised \$8,000—all of which they generously donated to the Red Cross. When peace was restored, the question arose as to what purpose this splendid method of money-raising should now serve, for those enterprising workers saw no reason to discontinue the paper and rag selling. Then one day the idea came to one of those industrious ladies, as she sat in the Chicago Art Museum, admiring the work of American

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artists. Why couldn't they begin an art collection in Sarnia and some day have such an art gallery as she saw here? With this in mind, she returned to Sarnia, her solution was accepted by her fellow-workers, and though sorry to see such a fine source of help lost to them, the Red Cross allowed the secession of this committee. Thus was the Art Conservation Committee begun, its name changed to Women's Conservation Art Association and its activities turned into channels where they could assist in the struggle for recognition of the Group of Seven.

The Association, unable of course at first to build a museum, obtained the Public Library as its headquarters and with \$1,500 as a start, began buying the canvases of leading Canadian artists. In 1920 their first exhibition was held, at which were sold small replicas and three large paintings. With the money derived from this sale as well as profit from the continued sale of papers they bought "Sawing Logs" by Palmer, "Winter Scene" by Beatty and "Spring in Lower Canada" by Jackson. Tremendous interest was aroused in Toronto over Sarnia's art activities and Jackson, Lawren Harris and Dr. McCallum acted as critics of the canvases which the Art Committee bought. Perhaps this is the greatest reason that our collection of Canadian painting rates so highly in the Dominion. "Chill November"—one of Thomson's greatest masterpieces was then bought by the Art Group. In 1922 an exhibition from the Ottawa Gallery was held and has since been repeated. J. W. Beatty travelled from Toronto and lectured on the movement of Canadian Art. Walter Tolles and our own Viven Howard exhibited some of their paintings—all these activities showing the increasing amount of interest in Sarnia. In 1926 an exhibition of Lambton County paintings was held and was very successful. The following year "The Lumberjack"—a now famous portrait by Holgate, which had hung in Paris for a year, was purchased by the Association. That same year Thomson's canvas of "Chill November" was sent to the Wembley exhibition and the English critics were loud in their praise of its vitality, originality and decorative beauty. Sarnia's growing art collection was by now well known throughout Canada and soon after the American Federation of Arts sent for "Chill November" and "Lumberjack." Loans were also frequently made to the National Art Gallery and the Toronto gallery and to-day are still being made.

The activities of this association interested many of Sarnia's citizens as well as a few more serious patrons of art. The popular annual exhibitions were

not merely displays where people admired the canvases from a distance. They inspired them so much that several were induced to buy—indeed at one exhibit twenty-five paintings were sold. Thus in some homes in Sarnia there are to-day such famous paintings as Thomson's "Morning Cloud," J. E. H. MacDonald's "The Lonely North," and A. Y. Jackson's "Bic-Lower St. Lawrence."

"Morning Cloud" is a misty panorama of Georgian Bay at dawn. It was painted there by Thomson one summer while he was a visitor at Dr. McCallum's cottage.

"The Lonely North" is in direct contrast to Thomson's canvas, for it is stormy and rough in spirit and depicts the sun struggling to shine through a mass of wind-tossed clouds. On the other hand "Bic-Lower St. Lawrence" is a typical Jackson canvas of a Quebec landscape.

In addition to these larger canvases there are many smaller paintings privately owned in Sarnia and representative of a wide range of northern Canadian art. Besides the artists already mentioned there are examples of the work of A. J. Casson, George Pepper, Lawren Harris, Sr., Grace Coombs, Yvonne McKague, Lowrie Warrener, Herbert Palmer, Frederick S. Haixes, Manly E. MacDonald, Frank H. Varley, J. W. Beatty, Homer Watson, Dr. F. G. Banting, Charles W. Jefferys, Arthur Lismer and Mabel H. May—the whole constituting one of the finest collections possessed by any Ontario community.

Thus has Sarnia contributed her share to stem and eliminate for all time the tide of opposition to a distinct and vital Canadian art. "A nation will advance to meet its artists." If Sarnia with its Women's Conservation Art Association was one of the first to realize this truth, then we can be justly proud. But this is only a beginning of a road without an end. The message that the Group of Seven art movement gives to this age is the message that here has arisen a young nation with faith in its own creative genius. This faith in practically all things but art was fostered and accomplished by our forebears. It is now up to us to foster that faith in a great and living art movement. And that will be accomplished only when the attention of art lovers of other lands as well as our own is focused on British North America. When the genius of the Old World is drawn to us for inspiration instead of our turning to its ancient culture, then will the antagonism, prejudice and hardships of the past be struck off, and the new movement of Canadian art will have definitely succeeded.



LITERARY ACTIVITIES

M. Jones

EDITOR—R. LE SUEUR.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

THE Annual Commencement Exercises were held in the afternoon this year, on Thursday, December 22. While a fair size audience of parents, teachers and pupils was gathering the Senior Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Brush, played a few selections. The program was begun promptly at 2.15 p.m.

In the absence of Mr. Norwood, the Chairman of the Board of Education, Dr. W. A. Hartley gave the opening address, welcoming the graduates of last year back to the school, and thanking the teachers for their whole-hearted support and co-operation during the year.

The platform was then turned over to our principal, Mr. F. C. Asbury, who in an address "Looking Back on 1938" commented briefly on the staggered system and the new first and second form curricula, which has now been in successful use for over a year.

Then came the presentation of graduation diplomas and scholarships. The University of Western Ontario Scholarship for General Proficiency, which is valued at \$600 was awarded to Jack Clunie, who also qualified for the scholarship which gives two years' free tuition.

The D. M. Grant Scholarship, valued at \$50 was this year won by Isaac "Bucky" Zierler. This scholarship is awarded for superior standing in third and fourth years.

The Canadian History Proficiency prize, donated by the Hon. Alexander Chapter of the I.O.D.E. was won by Ruth Johnston.

Certificates of Distinction and Honour Emblems

were then presented to the pupils with the highest standing in their respective forms.

Donald Greason delivered an interesting address on "The School Magazine" and the Orchestra and Band as "Spheres of High School Training." Following this, the Graduates received their diplomas.

Awards were also presented to the Field Day Champions, the First Aid Teams, the Life Saving Team and the Shooting Team. Debating, Public Speaking and Music also received honourable mention.

Ed. Powell gave an address on "High School Physical Training" and Marjorie VanHorne spoke on the same subject with respect to the girls.

Mr. Asbury then introduced the valedictorian of the year, Jack Clunie. In a speech entitled "After High School" he described the career and the job-finding struggles of a graduate from High School and the way in which High School training may be put to use in later life.

This was followed by an announcement concerning the annual "At Home," delivered by Alex Bedard.

The musical portion of the program was composed of three selections by the Orchestra, a violin solo by Dick Young, and a cornet solo by Robert Bury. The recently organized Glee Club under the baton of Mr. Sperling made its debut with a pleasing rendition of "Aloha Oe," "I Know the Lord," and three Christmas Carols.

Following the program, a reception was held for the graduates, their parents, and the members of the Board of Education and Teaching Staff.

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DEBATING CLUB

Back Row: O. MacLean, H. Dawson, V. Hammore, J. Hutchinson, J. Durbin, B. Storey, C. Stewart, B. MacFadden, J. Oliver, T. Lester, B. Allen, N. Dickenson, F. Shrieber, B. Barr, J. Storey, J. Gowie.
 Centre Row: R. Hiller, D. Hamilton, M. Trusler, J. Kee, J. Thompson, L. Prangley, H. Andrews, B. Barr, B. Abrahart, M. Spencer, G. Simmons, J. Shirley, R. LeSueur.
 Front Row: T. Galpin, J. Ehman, M. Vokes, E. Tredwell, Mr. Payne, M. Nelson, M. MacDonald, D. Richardson, J. Nelson, C. Finlay, M. Shanks.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING

Because the girls obtained an overwhelming majority in the club last year, the boys decided to break off and form a club of their own. This Boys' Debating Club continued actively until October of this year. In October, however, the girls, after much arbitration, were finally allowed to re-enter the Club. Consequently, a few members of the fairer sex have invaded the executive of the Club.

The officers, who were elected in October, are as follows: Honorary President, Mr. Asbury; President, Maurice Nelson; Vice-President, Margaret McDonald; Secretary, Myles Vokes; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joe Ehman. There is also a cabinet composed of Jack Nelson, Doug. Richardson, Joe Ehman, Ted Galpin, Eloise Tredwell and Connie Aiken. These officers will hold office until September of 1940, when new ones will be elected for that year.

The parliamentary style of debating is still used by the Club. A resolution is brought before the house, and a premier and a leader of the opposition are chosen to lead the two sides. The rest of the Club divides itself between the two leaders, and the debate proceeds under the vigilant eye of the Speaker and the Sergeant-at-Arms. There is also a neutral side

for the members who disagree with both sides, or who wish to be free to refute either side.

Both the girls and the boys have taken a sudden interest in the Club, probably because of the lively and intriguing subjects chosen. Consequently, the Club's membership has soared to uneclipsed heights, making it necessary to press the Assembly Hall into use for the weekly sessions.

Inter-form debating, which was dropped two years ago, has been re-instated this year by the Club. The object of the debates is to win a handsome shield known as the Lions' Club Trophy. A great many forms offered teams for the battle, and, although a few defaulted, the debating progressed slowly but surely. However, the final results were not available before the magazine went to press.

The Club is also sponsoring a project which will be of still greater interest to the student body. Moving pictures are to be taken of the various school activities, which will be shown in our own school and other schools throughout the province. The funds for this movement have been supplied by the members of the Club who donated towards the cause.

Literature

EDITOR: T. EAST.

THE GOLD ROCK

GRAND Ruler of Spain and Empire, Philip II, in the year 1575, upon ordering his ministers about him declared that above all, no idea of the great shipment of gold must be known. It was to arrive in six months' time at the port of Cadiz. He did not see the look that swept over the face of his so-trusted minister, Marquis de Lepa, as he continued to describe in detail the cargo and the route it was to follow.

After the dismissal of the ministers from the chambers, Marquis de Lepa soon left the palace and took to the dark streets of Madrid and halted in the doorway of a dismal looking saloon; with furtive glances about, he rapped on the door to be only admitted when his identity was known.



"Is Recalde here, my friend?" he asked of the uncouth looking bartender who stood behind the counter tending to his tank alcohols.

"Number three," was all the greasy looking individual said in reply as his small, beady eyes bored through those of the marquis.

Quickly snapping himself from this overpowering gaze, the marquis mounted the steps, his sword clanking at his side. Finding himself in front of the door, number three, he gave two short knocks and one long which brought a gruff voice of someone within, "Who is it?"

"It is Lepa; I bear great news, let me in quickly," whispered the marquis.

* * * *

Nobody asked questions as the great galleon, Santa Marta, got underway from the port of Cadiz. It was a large ship with three rows of guns on each side and a picked crew of the renegade type. The skipper was none other than the treacherous Recalde, a swarthy man, standing well over six feet. He had

bushy eyebrows and heavy lips which sneered at everybody to whom he was talking. About him laboured the crew clearing the deck and arranging the halliards as the stiff north-east wind carried them out of the harbour and headed them for the New World. After a monotonous month upon the Atlantic they were soon upon the Spanish Main dotted here and there with islands of the West Indies.

"We are to use the small island off the south coast of San Salvador as our base," explained Recalde to his officers as they lazily brooded over their drinks in his cabin. "We will remain there four days and replenish our casgs and fill our hold with food supplies. On the morning of the fifth day we will set sail south-east from here until we sight the Caicos Islands off our starboard bow. The gold ship is to be met by a fleet of ships from Spain at Puerto Plata in Dominica. We are to strike off the east coast of Jamaica, take the gold and leave no hands aboard to tell the tale—dead men tell no tales."

"Captain Sidonia, you will have the crews outfitted with guns and swords which they will use as soon as we run alongside the Gold Ship."

* * * *

It was on the second day after their leaving the base that a voice from the crow's nest brought everybody to their feet. "Sail ho! Off the port bow." Instantly Recalde picked up his telescope and sighted the distant ship. "That's her, the Margarita." Off in the distance riding the blue velvet sea surface was the gold ship which bore the name, Margarita.

"All hands on deck! Slap on the canvas; there is no time to lose; we must strike quickly."

The Santa Marta was a much faster ship and it was soon upon the Margarita. Like thunder roared the shots of each ship as the balls crashed through the rigging and bulwarks. Screams of pain and of the dying arose as Recalde blasted the Margarita with his guns. There was a splitting, rending crash as they ran alongside the gold ship and over the rails poured his men who soon reeked in blood of their prey. The clash of steel upon steel rang out; the thud of bodies upon the deck as they were pierced with sword or shot would have been audible to the

person on the scene of massacre. The hot atmosphere was filled with the stench of dead bodies and smoke which poured forth from the hold of the fast-sinking Margarita. Recalde and his men had soon overpowered the gold ship's crew and the transference of the gold was almost completed. The remaining crew of the Margarita gave an outstanding performance of walking the plank and as each one dropped into the sea a great applause arose from Recalde and his pirates.

After the great siege Recalde ascertained the loss of his men to be more than fifty, leaving a greater share per man. He was in the store room fingering the gold coins when one of his captains burst into the room. "Sire, the escort armada is almost upon us; they didn't stay at Puerto Plata. We cannot speed with our damaged rigging."

With an oath Recalde dashed out upon the deck to see for himself. Alas! Lo behold! Bearing swiftly down upon them was the armada. Frantically they

tried to get more speed out of their ship, but all in vain. His guns bellowed forth death and destruction as return shots from the armada dipped into his ship.

A crash, a lurch, cries of terror—the ship had struck a submerged rock lying a short distance from a small island which they had not seen, so intent were they on defending themselves against the armada. All in a moment it seemed that the armada was upon them, taking them from the sinking ship, and the gold restored without a struggle.

On the morn of November sixth, 1578, there hung from the yards of His Majesties ships the bodies of Recalde and his blood-thirsty filibusters. But there hung by itself from the yards of the flagship, Maracaibo, the lifeless body of the king's trustworthy minister, Marquis de Lepa whose traitorous deed and a rock had been his downfall.

J. CHURCH.

THE STORY OF A SCARECROW

I AM just an old, black, solitary scarecrow and I have stood in the same lonely field as long as I can remember. My thin, ragged arms are tired of stretching sideways all the time, and my poor sawdust head is dropping from the weight of cares and sorrows. I have long since been without a hat, and my clothes are ragged and torn from the attacks of the crows—my only enemies. One of my eyes is missing and my head has been bleeding sawdust for years.

My only enjoyment is to hang as straight as I can and watch the great orange moon rise silently above the distant trees and bathe the earth in a golden haze. Sometimes my friends, the moon-fairies slide down from their golden throne to play with me and tell me stories about this wonderful far-off home.

One warm summer night when the harvest moon was casting his bright beams over the silent field, a beautiful little moon-fairy who had slid down one of the silvery rays—started to dance and sparkle about my feet. As I hung dark, dismal and alone, he spoke to me about the wonderful party that was being held that night in honor of his moon-king, but alas! I could not go because I was tied to the same old pole to which I had been attached all my wretched life. But my little friend soon fixed this. He called all the little fairies together and they shone and sparkled about my feet, that soon, I too began to sparkle. Never before had I felt so light and free and happy. Gathering my little friends about me, I danced my way up a great white beam, and entered that won-

derful far-off land I had heard and dreamed so much about.

Upon entering the beautiful white marble gate which led to the palace, I danced my way into a beautiful room whose brightness dazzled me. The floors were pools of sky-blue mist; the walls were the colour of the setting sun, and the throne on which the tiny moon-king sat was a blaze of pink and gold. Bright jewels were in his crown and hundreds of fairies played and sang to him.

The party was strange and wonderful. Little moon-fairies danced and sang while others performed magical tricks. Some were riding on the backs of strange-looking birds, and still others were swimming in pure white pools. There was no tiny corner of the moon that wondrous night that was not a pool of light; even the highest snow-capped mountain and the deepest, most sinister gorge was full of light and happy little people. Food was served in great abundance; no one was hungry or cold that wondrous evening.

Finally the moon-king's throne began to lose its dazzling brightness; it turned yellow, green and finally black and forboding before my eyes. The palace began to grow cold and dreary, and all signs of laughter and gaiety vanished. My little friends just seemed to disappear into thin air. I knew that this gloomy change was due to the rising sun which robbed the moon of all his brightness. For twelve long hours it would be a cold, lifeless planet spinning on its way across the sky, but at night it would once again be-

come a warm, beautiful world full of mystery and wonderful sights. I knew that I must hurry and slide back to earth or I would have to remain forever in the clutches of the hideous little people who ruled the moon by day and lived in the darkest depths of the planet at night. If this happened I would never see my little friends again, and so, with this thought whirling in my head, I threw myself into the last pale beam of light, and tumbled headfirst back to earth. However, I can remember nothing of my journey through space except that I struck the earth with a terrible thud.

When I awoke, the sun, a ball of fire, was rising in the east and the birds were singing in the forest. To my surprise I found myself lying in a heap on the ground. I realized that the only way I could have been removed from the pole to which I had been attached for so many years was last night when the moonfairies had freed me for a few glorious hours. Then I was happy and carefree and able to run and dance, but now I was limp and old again, and I couldn't even raise myself off the ground.

After a few hours of lying in this cramped position, my master, who happened to be passing by his field, noticed that I was gone. Rushing over he saw me on the ground, and rudely grabbing me up by my hair, he stuck me back on the pole and clumped away muttering to himself about how I possibly could have fallen off the pole. He even went so far as to say that it must have been on account of the attacks of the crows. Even in my pitiful state, I could not help but laugh, for only the fairies and I knew my secret, and they could never tell.

That night as I hung worn and limp on my pole,

my arms outstretched in the usual manner, and watched the moon climb to his silvery throne high amidst the twinkling stars, I was filled with awe and a tinge of sadness. Had everything I had seen the night before been just a beautiful dream? As I stared at the moon it looked the same as it always had with its silvery beams reaching long fingers a light which pierced the darkest corners of the field. But alas! as I watched and waited for my little friends to come and take me away again, the night passed, and when the first rosy stretches of dawn appeared on the horizon, I was still hanging to my pole. Everything had just been a wonderful adventure that I would never have again, I sadly realized.

Early in the morning when my master visited his field, he found that the crows had attacked me, and about all that remained of a once proud scarecrow, were a few bits of ragged clothing and my sawdust head. He decided that I was no longer able to frighten the crows, and taking me down, he hung a new scarecrow in my place. At last my life work was finished. My master threw me in a corner of the field, and there I have remained, alone and friendless to this day.

I am very unhappy lying in this deserted old corner of the field. No one ever comes to see me, not even the crows. My little moon-friends have also forsaken me—they only play around the feet of the new scarecrows. Oh! I am so miserable. I cannot die like you, but must live on and on until the end of time—and why? Just because I was born a poor ragged old scarecrow.

BETTY ISBISTER, 4B.

DESTINY

PEDE standing on the steps of the village post-office and surveyed the scene before him with eyes blazing with hate. His long nervous hands clenched and unclenched in a vain effort to control his mounting anger.

Hate, distrust, anger and despair were all mirrored in his eyes—eyes which did not see the squalor surrounding him. A typical old world village with narrow cobblestone streets and miserable little houses jammed together in utter confusion.

"I don't care," muttered Peder. No, he didn't care! Why should he? After all, what did it matter that the postmaster had refused him the job as janitor—refused him because he couldn't read or write? One didn't need to be able to write or add, in order to sweep floors and stoke up the fire.

Still, that refusal rankled within Peder, and there on the steps of that dingy post-office was born a determination "to show them"—a determination which was to carry him far.

Thirty years later, we again meet Peder. A changed, older Peder in a new land—America. The background this time is one of towering spires and the sheer walls of metropolitan New York.

Peder sits at a desk, a gleaming, mahogany desk, and contemplates the gentleman facing him across that desk. They are discussing a deal and the strange man is speaking.

"Now, sir, if you will just sign here" . . .

"But, that isn't possible—you see, I can't write," stated Peder simply.

"You can't write!" gasped the man in astonish-

ment. "And to think of the place you have won in business! What would you be if you had had an education—if you could read and write!"

An odd light shone in Peder's eyes as he thought

OLD Martha stood outside the theatre in the bleak December wind. All around was gaiety, laughter, and the infectious holiday spirit that always seems to be present at Chrismastime, but Martha alone out of all the crowds, felt nothing of this, only a dull, sickening despair. For wasn't it Christmas Eve when Santa Claus visited all good children, and wasn't Tommy waiting excitedly in their dingy little room for just such a visit, but one that would never come?

She moved away from the theatre with a strangled little sob, and blindly turned into a nearby street. In the corner stood an old church, very rich and beautiful, from which came strains of music—Christmas carols.

"O come, let us adore Him—" these words faintly reached Martha from within the dimly lighted church, and she gave a bitter little laugh.

Adore Him? For what? For a miserable little room to sleep in, a few crusts of bread, and a boundless amount of sadness and anxiety? She laughed again, and leaned against a tree. It was so cold, so terribly cold. She would soon have to go home and tell Tommy the truth—that there wouldn't be any-

of his vast holdings, his palatial home, yachts and cars and in a humble voice he answered:

"I'd be janitor of a post-office."

A. McK.

THE UNBELIEVER

thing for him on the birthday of Christ, only hunger and disillusionment.

Suddenly she gasped. What was that over there on the sidewalk? It couldn't be. She hastily ran forward. Yes, it was! It was! The old woman gave a little sob and sank down on her knees on the cold side-walk, clutching a five dollar bill in a trembling hand. To others it was just a five dollar bill, but to her it meant everything—toys, food, but most of all happiness, that would be transferred to her from Tommy, when he discovered these things.

It was an ideal Christmas morning. Everything seemed to be perfect. A heavy snow had fallen in the night, enveloping the entire city in a blanket of white, which was being transformed by the sun into a mass of flashing diamonds. Everywhere could be heard that old greeting, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" From the old church on the corner strains of Christmas carols could once more be heard. Inside many voices were raised in praise, but none so full of real gratitude as that of old Martha, standing at the back of the church, clutching the hand of a radiant little boy, and singing in a voice of reverence and awe, "O come, let us adore Him"

MARJORIE COOPER, 4-A.

BEFORE THE CORONATION

LADY Elizabeth Angela Margaret Bowes-Lyon, or otherwise known as Queen Elizabeth of England, was born on August fourth in the year nineteen hundred, at St. Paul's Waldenbury, Hertfordshire, but she spent most of her girlhood in Scotland at Glamis Castle.

Of course, you have all heard of this famous castle because it was the home of Macbeth and the death-place of Duncan. In later years it was associated with Bonnie Prince Charlie. Elizabeth now has his sword, boots and whip in Glamis Castle. There is a legend told to the heir on his coming of age about a large monster which dwells in a secret chamber in the castle.

Lady Elizabeth studied music and by the time she was ten she could speak French as well as she could speak English. She studied at home but was forced to pass the examinations set in the schools. No day in her life will stand out so vividly as her fourteenth

birthday, for on August 4, 1914, Great Britain declared war. Glamis Castle became a military hospital, and this young girl worked hard nursing wounded soldiers. Perhaps this is how she became so sympathetic. She even wrote letters for the soldiers to send home. After the war Elizabeth "came out" and was a social success. She was in demand everywhere and became known as "the best dancer in London."

Some people say that Lady Elizabeth met her future husband at a Christmas party when she was five and he was ten; others say that when the Duke of York came to visit at Glamis Castle she was acting as hostess in place of her mother who was ill. However, one Saturday in January, 1923, the Duke of York, knowing his choice was the right one for the Empire as well as himself, went to stay at St. Paul's Waldenbury. The next day, while everybody else was at church, he took the daughter of Lord and Lady Strathmore for a walk in a wood and when

they returned nothing more was needed except to ask the consent of the Sovereign.

A few days later in the Court Circular the nation read: "It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their beloved son, the Duke of York to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, to which union the King has gladly given his consent."

Finally on April 26, 1923, after many preparations which included choosing the bridesmaids and determining the length of the veil and the kind of lace trimming, the wedding ceremony took place in Westminster Abbey. The young couple spent their short honeymoon in England after which Elizabeth

began her public duties as the Duchess of York by accompanying her husband to Jugoslavia.

From the time she married the Duke until she became Queen, Elizabeth was known in the four corners of the earth as "the Smiling Duchess." She was interested then, as she is now, in social work. She travelled to Scotland, Australia, and many other places attending public affairs and doing all in her power to help those in need.

On May 12, 1937, she was the first Queen not of royal birth to be crowned in Westminster Abbey in more than four centuries.

PHYLLIS MORPHEW, 4-A.

SCHOOL NIGHT AT VARSITY

THE pupils of the School of Practical Science at Toronto University, set aside annually an evening for their School Night. This gala occasion is held in Hart House, on the university grounds and the whole building except for a few classrooms, is open for the celebration. I was privileged to attend School Night this year, and I enjoyed it immensely.

Attached to our ticket for the evening was a stub, stating the time we were to attend the show held in the Hart House Theatre. As our ticket was for eight thirty, we arrived a little before that time. On our arrival we were presented with a program for the evening. After checking our coats, we went directly to the theatre and the performance started promptly at eight thirty. It was put on by the boys of the S.P.S. and was very much like our Annual Antics. A school orchestra provided the music and the skits which were put on were very interesting and every one was very sorry when the curtain came down the last time. This performance had lasted an hour and our programs informed us we had an hour to dance before the swimming exhibition started.

There were fine large rooms open for dancing, with an orchestra in each room. The big gym had the largest orchestra, having Bob Shuttleworth's twelve-piece band. The gym was hung with decorations and spotlights from the balcony, which were changing colour, and played on the dancers. This room however, was only one of the places to dance. The Reading Room had Norm Phemister's band furnishing the music, while in the Music Room, Bill Fraser was playing. Those who enjoyed the old-time rhythm were also favoured, as Flannyan's Mountaineers called our square dancers and played lilting waltzes in the Debaters' Room. Having visited all these places we found another good orchestra in the least Common Room.

When we realized it was almost time for the exhi-

bition in the swimming pool to start, we hurried there and found seats on the balcony. The green water in the pool contrasted beautifully with the whiteness of the walls and ceiling of the rest of the room. The Dolphinettes, a group of about twenty girls all dressed colourfully in bright bathing-suits, displayed some skillful swimming, performing beautiful dives and speed swimming. Then they formed very intricate and pretty patterns above and under the water. They had a small girl, about seven years old as a guest and she performed some fine feats in both swimming and diving. The Dolphinettes finished their exhibition by forming themselves in a chain into a complete, floating circle. After this, Aubrey Ireland gave an exhibition of perfection in balance, by artfully handling a canoe in the tank, performing hand-stands and other tricks while the canoe was in the water.

Supper was served in the Great Hall at ten-thirty, eleven o'clock and eleven-fifteen. Every boy was given a tray on which there was a dainty lunch for two people. Each tray was shared by one couple. After that we went to the Boys' Gymnasium to see the very well performed gymnastic display, which the boys put on. When this was finished everyone was left to amuse himself in one of the dancing rooms. Some flocked upstairs to join the jitterbugs dancing to the modern swing bands. Others, however, found great pleasure in dancing the square dances and waltzes which Hannigan's Mountaineers were playing.

The evening ended at two o'clock in the morning. Everyone rushed for the checking rooms, arriving to find a great many others had rushed a little faster. Coats and overshoes finally obtained, and hair combed one click neater, the guests of the party all, I am sure, went home after a very pleasant and memorable evening.

MARJORIE PELLING, 3-C.

CROSS-ROADS

WE had left the boat at Mollendo, in Peru; a bleak town surrounded by barren sand hills. After a restless night spent in what passed for a hotel, we were glad to take the train next morning at seven o'clock for the higher tablelands of Lake Titicaca.

The train was a hive of action. We heard many different languages spoken as we moved from group to group. All these different accents which might have sounded discordant were softened by the native Spanish spoken by the majority. The train started off slowly, just as if the engine was saving its energy for the heavy climb ahead of us. Nothing but sand and desolate hills was seen under the cloudless sky (it never rains on this coast). By noon we had climbed a considerable height and were glad to look back on the monotonous sand hills left behind. Now we could see here and there a narrow strip of green, winding its way from the foot-hill towards the sea. These green strips were valleys where a river flowed, long narrow oases with luxurious vegetation in an otherwise barren desert. In some places the green was wider, where irrigation was used. The fields and orchards looked like geometric patterns drawn by ruler and compass.

We wound our way upward and higher into the mountains. The Andes, which had looked so blue in the early morning, became grey and, like enormous giants, seemed to bar our path. Then the train began winding its way in between towering heights, which reached to 20,000 feet. Although the country was without vegetation except for small stunted shrubs, it was beautiful to see the vast expanse of mountains with their deep canyons and snow-clad pinnacles. The few Indian huts made the place look more lonely. We saw some wild guanacos, passed several herds of tame llamas. Then about four o'clock in the afternoon we came suddenly to a high pass on the road and in the distance we could see a deep flat valley nestled at the foot of an enormous mountain. This snow-capped mountain top had been towering over all the other peaks which were visible before we had come to the pass. It was seen now in all its glory as the mighty volcano El Misti; above its snow-capped top we could clearly see a crown of smoke, shaped like an enormous mushroom. We were told that in the valley lay the ancient city of Arequipa. Soon we saw the red-tiled roofs among the green of the many trees, the high church towers, the beautiful cultivated country which looked so peaceful at the foot of its giant guardian.

It was about six o'clock, the hour of dusk, when we arrived at the station. A carriage drawn by four

mules took us to the one good hotel. There was something very romantic about this old town, built such a long time ago by the Spaniards. The narrow streets were of cobbled stone; the sidewalks were built higher than the level of the street. The street lamps were just being lighted by men who carried long torches. The lamps were hung on highly-ornamented iron posts, with candelabra-shaped iron brackets. The doors leading from the patios to the street were of solid wood, studded with brass or iron, many of them with intricate carvings. Every door had a large solid knocker in the shape of a hand, a dog's head, a horse's foot, or just a plain knob. Some of the doors had an iron grill through which one glimpsed well-kept patios with flowers around the fountains. All the windows were barred, but at the windows and on the balconies we could see many inquisitive eyes turned towards our carriage. As we passed by the plaza we smelled the perfume of many flowers. Everything looked fresh and green, and the air was comfortably warm after the cold of the mountains. We were told that they never had extremes of weather in this city.

Our rooms in the hotel faced the central patio. Mine was on the second story (top), and from my window I could see quite clearly the white snow on top of El Misti. We were told that the mountain welcomed us, for its top was seldom seen by travellers.

After supper we strolled down the street and followed the sounds of a band which took us to the plaza. It had been a long time since I had heard a retreta and I sat on a bench dreaming of my childhood and of the many things that had happened since. The music awakened tender thoughts. The walking of the señoritas in one direction and of the caballeros in the opposite direction brought back memories of my younger days. It was a pleasure to hear again, after years of absence, Spanish music and language. While I was seated there dreaming, I suddenly realized that the band had marched off and few people were left in the plaza. After sitting alone for some time I decided to walk back to the hotel.

The dimly lighted street was full of shadows; I remembered how as a young child I would hurry through our dark streets, go quickly past wide doorways. This evening I had strolled slowly through the deserted streets enjoying the darkness. I came to an imposing doorway, its closed doors built deeply in the solid walls. As I passed one of the windows of this house, I felt that someone was looking at me and had quietly moved away. I continued walking and suddenly heard the Sereno's (night policeman), whistle of "All is Well." I stopped, and, feeling curious, I

retraced my steps. There was the flutter of a curtain and through a half-opened window I caught a glimpse of a girl's head. I stopped as if undecided where to go, and then boldly approaching the window I spoke:

"Pardon, could you tell me how to get back to the Hotel Colon? I have lost my way."

A pair of bright eyes looked out with interest and yet with shyness. "Is the senor a stranger?"

"Yes, I have just arrived from the coast and am leaving early tomorrow."

"The Hotel Colon is in the direction in which the senor was going."

"Oh, senorita, you did see me as I passed by your window?"

"Si, I wondered what made the strange senor so sad."

I explained to her that I had not heard my boyhood language for years. I told her how thrilled I was to hear the familiar music and the softly-spoken Spanish. Would she tell me something about this beautiful city of Arequipa? This old Spanish city with the stars shining brightly over the low houses was a perfect setting for romance.

We talked and talked. The senorita had never travelled beyond her native city and country hacienda. Educated at a convent she had heard and read about the wonderful world outside. She longed to travel, to go to Paris and hear the Opera, to see Venice with its gondolas, to visit Rome and Vienna. She had many questions to ask me. Yes, she had heard about Canada, but it was too cold there, and she wondered how I could go back to that frozen north. She should not have been talking to strangers, but then one must help travellers who have lost their way. I heard

much about her well-sheltered life, more about her thoughts and dreams. I got to know her in that short time as if I had known her for many years, and yet all our conversation was through the bars of her window.

The moon appeared over the low house tops. The sereno's whistle suddenly made us realize that it was early morning and we must say good-bye. She withdrew from the window for a few minutes and then handed me a little package wrapped in tissue paper. "Could not the senor stay for a few days to visit Arequipa?" If I decided to stay I was to bring the little parcel back unopened and she would let me have it again when we parted. If I did not stay, I should not open the package until far away from Arequipa.

I went back to the hotel in a dream, and it seemed that no sooner had I gone to sleep than I was awakened, hurriedly given a cup of tea, and rushed to the station. I had wanted to remain here, but my fellow travellers and the pressure of my business trip to Bolivia dragged me away.

As the train pulled out of the station I gazed up at the majestic El Misti, now surrounded by heavy clouds; its clear summit which had welcomed me yesterday was completely hidden. The air had become chilly; I felt this chill even in my heart. Then I remembered the little package and opened it. I found a small lace handkerchief folded around a wilted red rose. What was my senorita's name? I had never asked her. Where did she live? I did not know. I planned to go back to Arequipa some day and find the window where I had left something of myself, but I have never been able to do so. Now, I do not wish to return.

A. R. M.

THE ISLAND OF YESTERDAY

APROMINENT New York financier has bought a small island in the Hudson River, and here he plans to turn back the clock of time to the gay 90's, the period of his childhood.

To him it is really an experiment to prove that people were happier then, than at present in this hum-drum world of ours with all its theatres, night-clubs, and various amusements which we cannot seem to do without.

The island is going to be completely remodeled, all the old buildings are to be torn down and new colonial houses will be built in their place. The houses will have the latest plumbing and ventilation systems but the furnishing is to be done in strictly colonial fashion, with spinning wheels, tapestries and everything that is necessary for that period.

Old-fashioned stage coaches with teams of prancing horses will replace the automobiles on this island and will be at the step on a moment's notice to take you to various places of amusement. Mr. X as he calls himself, chartered an old paddle wheeler, the "Mary Bell" to bring vacationists to the island and also for moonlight excursions down the Hudson River.

Lazy days will be spent reading, sewing, drawing or boating as you prefer. Instructors are being hired to teach the guests to draw, row boats and dance the old-fashioned waltzes and polkas. Evenings will be spent listening to various kinds of musical concerts and dancing in the marble ballroom built especially for that purpose.

Only a few of the most prominent people in New York will receive an invitation at first to the Island

THE COLLEGIATE

of Yesterday and if the first part of his experiment proves successful, more will have the chance to visit this strange island of the past.

I certainly hope Mr. X has success in this experiment, although it seems to me he could have

chosen a less expensive one. Let us hope he doesn't have any stage holdups or any of the uprisings so common to the gay nineties.

SHIRLEY JENKYNs, 4-A.

THE OLD MILL

THE old mill still looked the same to Nancy as we pulled back the willow branches and peered across Black Creek. Pushing through the dense underbrush we came to the suspended cable that took us over to the opposite bank. With our eyes focused on the deteriorated building we zigzagged across the tall grassy field. As we came closer we noticed all the doors and windows were boarded up, but this didn't make us turn back. Round and round we went until we found a loose board.

The inside looked much the same as we peered through the opening that we had made. Not satisfied with this Nancy and I crawled inside. It looked different now. The silent machinery gave it a cold appearance. The floor creaked at every step and some of the boards were missing. Being rather dark too, we just stood and gazed around. Neither of us said a word. The belts and wheels were covered with cobwebs laden with dust that gave it a spooky appearance. All was so quite that I knew every time I swallowed. I wasn't scared. I had to show Nancy that I wasn't.

I started to move around a little. Carefully placing each foot and trying each board. Everything was so dusty and dirty we were scared to touch anything. Near the centre was a big perpendicular beam where Nancy and I once carved our initials. Beside it was the low three-legged stool where Mike used to sit, lean against the beam and smoke his pipe while

Nancy and I climbed up to the top of the mill. That was an idea. There was the wobbly old ladder, so I was going up. Nancy had grown up now, and besides it was too dirty, so she stood at the foot of the ladder yelling at me to come down before I broke my fool neck. No, I was bent on reaching the top, there was no turning back now. Up, up, I went, every fourth step I'd turn around and look down at Nancy. Her cries soon became weaker and weaker as I went up. At last I reached the top. Why, you could see for miles around. Dirty Black Creek below me bent back and forth through the wheat fields. Suddenly I heard a shriek from Nancy; as I turned around one of the big vanes clipped me and knocked me off balance. Before I could steady myself I was over the side going down. The wind was whistling by my ears. The earth was coming to meet me. Here it comes.

The next thing I remember, mom was helping me off the floor and pushing me back into bed. "You must have been dreaming," my mother said, as she went over to put down my window.

"Mother," I said, "how did old Mike die at the mill?"

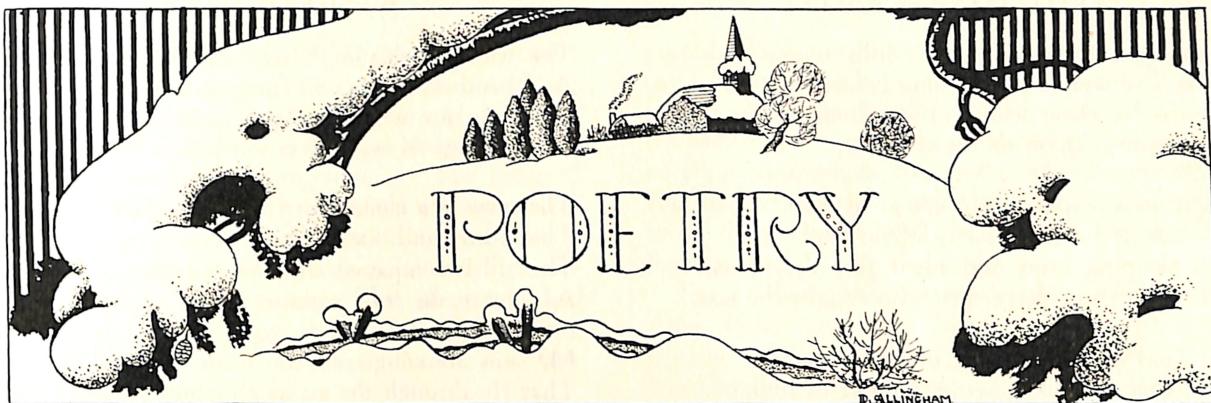
"Nobody knows for sure but they think he slipped off the top trying to repair a vane," mother said, as she turned off my table lamp.

BURLEIGH, 5-A.

YOU NATURALLY REMEMBER FACES BETTER THAN NAMES

Sorry, you're wrong about that. Of course, you remember the faces of a great many people whose names you can't recall, because a man "brings his face with him." You probably look at the face for from five minutes to many hours. If you looked at the name that long you would, probably because of its simplicity, remember it better than a face.





Editor—R. JOHNSON

LIFE ISN'T HARD.

Life isn't hard as some people say,
Life isn't hard—it's kind and gay!
Rainy days come but they never last,
And troubles will come but they'll soon be past!

Some people live their whole lives in fear
And they miss all the things that are good and dear!
They see only sadness and darkness ahead
So their poor little outlooks are all done in red!

Life can be happy and friendly and bright
Life can be lovely if we live it right!
The trouble's with us—it's not with life,
It's people that cause all the sorrow and strife!

If only you'll smile and then dance and sing
You'll find that there's fun in most everything!
Laugh and be happy! Don't ever be grim—
Life isn't empty, it's full to the brim!

ELEANOR SOUTHCOMBE.

WORLD-WIDE PEACE

We speak of love toward fellow man,
But do all nations understand?
Are they blinded by the man—
Who rules them with a mighty hand?

Do wars in foreign countries rage?
Are people of this day and age
Created but to harm and kill,
Or sent to earth to do goodwill?

So, good citizens, of this land,
If you will try to understand,
Do make for those a happier day,
And help in even the smallest way.

God sees all that do his will,
And all of them who harm and kill;
For those who try to do their best
He makes for them Eternal Rest.

DOREEN CARTER, Com. 2A.

THE COLLEGIATE

ELEGY TO OUR FALLEN.

As daylight fades across the hills to-day
Just as I've seen it many times before,
I mourn for those whose broken bodies lay
In tiny graves upon the battle floor.

As darkness settles down, one solid mass,
They rise and walk the battlefield once more;
With slooping arms and silent feet they pass,
This host of murdered men who fought the war.

Dear God in Heaven now to Thee we pray
While daily warlike threats around us mill,
Give men who live upon this earth to-day
The power to keep Thy law "Thou shalt not kill."

HANMORE, T-4.

WINGS OF WOOD.

The wind is whistling sharp and keen,
As I bend my knees and forward lean;
The trees are a blur on either side,
As on wings of wood I onward glide.

The snow is a cloud that flies in my face,
That stings and bites as on I race;
The hill is conquered and now is past,
As I reach the level plain at last.

My skis are wings that are made of wood
That fly through the air as all wings should;
The joy of adventure's the pot of gold
That my wings of wood in their flight unfold.

RUTH JOHNSON.

ODE TO A FRIEND.

When but a lad of six young years
I met a chum with quite big ears,
A gangling youth with carefree ways
A happy smile and an infectious gaze.

Years of six, yea six again have passed away
To plant a friendship destined to stay
With a slender lad of blondish hair
And a sense of humour oh quite so rare.

Hand in hand with time have come
We as a pair; he smart, I dumb
But the dice is rolled, the die is cast
We as a pair will always last.

To the world at large I earnestly claim
Cultivation of friendship is a lovely aim
My friend I write that you may see
Is none other than—Bil! Burleigh!

A. B., 5A

THE SUN

The sun has risen to brighten day
The world awakens to carry on
To carry on in the sun's bright ray
Taking the place of those who've gone.

'Tis many a tale that could be told
By the beaming world of heat.
But never has made so bold
So much as one story to repeat.

Tragedy, sorrow, joy and hope
Life's ambition and tragic desire
Still it watches wretched ones grope
Only to struggle more hopeless in mire.

The sun is setting back to rest
To shine upon more worlds anew
To add to its album best
The story of you, and you and you.

A.B., 5A.



A CANADIAN POET

WILOSON MACDONALD has many critics people who do not like the freeness of his rhyme and expression, or who disagree with his ideas. I am not one of these, for ever since the time when I first discovered a slim little volume, "The Song of the Prairie Land", I have admired its author.

His is a versatile character, for although poetry is his chief love in life, he is also artist, inventor, author, playwright, and musician. Doubtless, if he had chosen to develop his talent in any of these directions, he would have done just as well as he has in his chosen profession—poetry.

There is nothing particularly attractive about Wilson MacDonald when you first see him. I expected a tall, attractive man, young and athletic, (on the presumption, I suppose, that poets have immortal youth). Instead, I found a short, dark man, slightly bald, with deep-set eyes and a large nose. Then he began to talk, and the spell which his poetry had woven for me returned with the beauty of his voice and the force of his personality.

His style of writing is different and new. There is rhythm in it, but there is also a daring breaking away from conventional restraints. He can write poems that are perfect in rhyme, scheme and meter, or in free verse after the modern style.

His subjects are many and varied. He knows the out-of-doors well, for no one could write of the world of snow and winter as he does without having first experienced the joys of which he writes. To hear him say "The Song of the Ski," is to feel the snow in your face and the wind all about you as you rush down a hill on skis; to read "Song of the Snow-Shoe Tramp", is to imagine yourself gliding over long white expanses of snow on a starlit night.

He is not only a nature poet, however. As "the

poet she loves not, grown bold," he writes of his native country, Canada, and as a Canadian and a British subject in "A Song of Better Understanding." It is a bold creed he teaches in this and others like "Barbary", a creed which shocks the ordinary person, but appeals to the lover of adventure and truth, who despises the ceremony and pomp which covers our religion to-day.

There is humour in his salute to the hockey player, Aure Joliet, or in his famous poems about those equally famous children, the Quintuplets. Wilson MacDonald, like Drummond, has caught the spirit of the French-Canadian, and put it in poetry which faithfully, if somewhat humorously, portrays the character of the habitant.

There is pathos and beauty in the melodious chant of "I Love Old Things", or the wistful sadness of:

"Little brown Dee
Sleeps here by the sea.
All ye who pass,
Whist-whee."

Those lines are haunting ones not soon to be forgotten, whose repetition can almost bring tears unbidden to your eyes.

Lurice, narrative, free-verse—the pen of Wilson MacDonald seems able to provide any of these. Sometimes, as in "The Mongret," he speaks the language of the common people; at other times it is the poet and dreamer who talks. Of his critics there are still many, but more and more the people are beginning to appreciate his poetry. It is almost certain that the name of Wilson MacDonald will go down to future generations as that of one of our great Canadian poets.

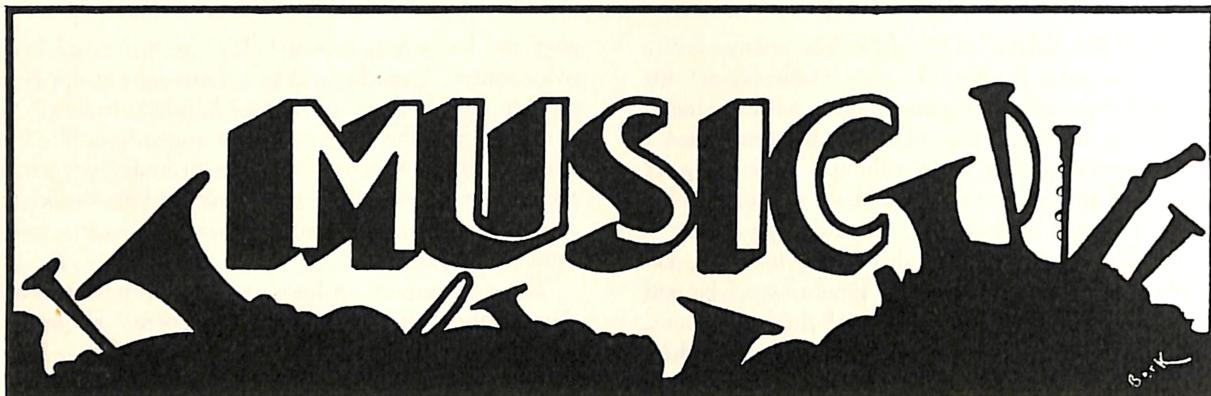
RUTH JOHNSON, 4A

TOWARD A 1,128-HOUR DAY

The moon is gradually but surely applying brakes to the earth's spin. As a result, the day is now lengthening at the rate of one-thousandth of a second a century. The month is also lengthening, but more slowly. Calculations indicate that when the day has increased to 47 of our present days, the day and month will be equal in length of hours.

It is a fact which all people can verify, that if you hear an unusual word or name for the first time, you meet with it again in the course of twenty-four hours.

Handwriting experts claim nobody can write his name exactly the same way twice. Try it sometime!



Editor: M. KESKANEK

SONGS

*"The man that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sound,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."*

—Shakespeare.

MUSIC is to the soul what ambrosia was to the gods. It is the wine of life; and in the harvest of poetry, not the gleanings, but the finest of the wheat.

From the cradle to the grave, music is the one great power that holds mankind in refinement and culture. In our baby days, the lullabies which are crooned to us by fond mothers, bring to our souls the first love of music; a love, which if properly developed in school will cause us to increase the liking, and yearning for the finer things, until we learn to appreciate the songs of such singers as Jenny Lind, Madam Alabani, Enrico Caruso and Madam Schumann Heink. Of the last it may be said that her rendering of "Holy Night" was an accomplishment almost divine.

Song is the outlet for the joy of the heart, but it may also express sadness or serve as an incentive to urge men to deeds of greatness. By the vigour and light-heartedness of the war songs, "Tipperary," and "Pack Up Your Troubles" the soldiers were able to forget the danger and possible tragedy ahead of them. During the building of the Panama Canal it was found that the cheering influence of singing kept men from home-sickness, and helped them do better work. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when European affairs were so unsettled, musicians tried to arouse patriotism and inspire national loyalty by popularizing the old lyrics, and folk songs of the common people.

When a writer composes a song in which the whole nation perhaps can sing of its love of home and country, he has woven one of the cords that bind the nation together. The folk songs of the Pole, the Hungarian and the Russian, (sung and composed by impulse) are characteristically rich in melancholy, passionate gaiety and dramatic accent. Unfortunately the music of England and United States suffered a definite set-back during the rule of the Puritans, at the time when the music of other countries was rising to heights of perfection. Those pious fathers frowned on song-writers and considered singing an ungodly practice. In the last century, however, our poets and composers have shown remarkable aptitude for creating popular songs. The English ballad—the true ballad—with its precise rhymes and clear periods has an individuality at once strong in song, and admirable in sincerity and beauty. Music and song are the expression of emotion and feeling, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the history of the national, and patriotic songs of different peoples.

Although the period of greatest vocal development is found in Italy during the seventeenth century, no other art has been so civilized and so dignified by German minds and German temperaments as music. Love ditties and melodies, which were merrily prattled, and soon forgotten in other countries, grew under the hand of Schubert, Lowe and Schumann to world-wide and lasting popularity. Until this time

musicians and critics felt that music and poetry could not be combined without sacrificing the musical qualities. However, the Schubert song, in which every bar of music is conditioned to the words, thoughts, and dramatic effect of the poem, was a creation which enhanced the charm of both poetry and the accompaniment. Thus he had invented not only an absolutely new kind of song; but one which has influenced every succeeding lyric writer.

There are songs of many kinds. The savage in the jungle accompanies the beatings of the tom-tom

by his weird intonations; the stevedor at work on the docks lightens his task by singing and the cowboy on the prairie finds a solace for his loneliness in his rhythmical western songs. There is in music a subtle appeal to every type of person, from the man in overalls right up the scale to the singer of grand opera who truly enjoys his heavy hours of practice, because it will finally lead to the perfect singing of the song.

LENORE JONES.

THE CHARMS OF MUSIC

FROM the pen of the greatest of England's poets, Shakespeare, we have these words, "Music hath charms." We realize the greatness of his words when we find that charm means "the indefinable power of delighting."

This is true, for we find that men of all countries, all civilizations and all ages have expressed in music their fears, hopes, ambitions, loves, their joys and sorrows, and above all, their faith. To quote from the poet again, "The words of Mercury are harsh after the sound of Apollo." Immortal through the ages, man has turned to music to express his thoughts and inspirations which could not be put alone into prose or poetry.

Good music appeals to the rhythmic sense, but it also touches our emotions or feelings. It may bring a flutter to the heart, or tears to the eyes—or even a laugh. A Haydn seranade or a Mozart romanza are filled with so many glorious musical mosaics, that they bring joy to every listener.

Humperdinck's sister wrote the words of his opera "Hansel and Gretel" as a story for her children. Humperdinck then composed the music for his sister's story. For the greater delight of children he wrote this music in a fashion they could appreciate and understand. This opera has been added to so much that it is now one of the most famous children's operas.

In the famous "Mad Scene" from the opera "Lucia di Lamermoor" the music is so descriptive that we instinctively know the heroine is not in her right mind. All through this opera the music is so closely interwoven with the story that one can easily follow it.

We all know of Gilbert and Sullivan. They were a perfect team and became famous for their operettas. Some of their compositions were done in a satirical fashion aimed at the British House of Parliament.

ment and British dandies. They have indeed accomplished this in their amusing operetta "Iolanthe."

From this opera I have chosen the latter part of the Lord Chancellor's "Nightmare Song." He sang this to his men after a sleepless night:

*You're a regular wretch, with a crink in your neck
And no wonder you snore for your head's on the
floor
And you're needles and pins from your sole to your
shins
And your left leg's asleep and your flesh is acrēep.
A cramp in your toes and a fly on your nose
And some fluff on your lung and a feverish tongue
And a thirst that's intense and a general sense
That you haven't been sleeping in clover.*

This type of music is enjoyed by everyone. The music is so happy and the words so enjoying we cannot help but be gladdened.

Lohengrin's "Wedding March" is typical of the hopes and joys of such occasions.

The "Christmas Carols" which we have all heard and enjoyed were composed in Europe at the time when the Roman Mass was without song. The joyful carols were used only outside the church but after a time they were introduced into the Church services.

Christian faith through song was illustrated at the time of the sinking of the great ocean liner, the Titanic. As the boat gradually went down the passengers sang two of our most well known hymns, "Nearer, My God to Thee" and "Lead Kindly Light." The ship's band played till the last, and many of the passengers died with the strains of music in their ears.

When we hear Schubert's stirring Military March, it sets a martial fire which tingles through our veins and quickens our spirits to the utmost. It is an interesting fact that this tune was composed on a scrap of paper in a Viennese restaurant and sold for eighty-five cents to pay for a day's lodging. And yet, this

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writer of over a century ago, who lived in mere poverty, gave to the world six hundred beautiful songs.

Haydn's music is noted for its humour—the loud crash in the "Surprise" symphony, the curious tunes for bassoons, the roaring of the lions and the cooing of doves in his "Creation," and yet he was the one, who, in a fit of temper while shaving said, "I would give my best string quartette for a good razor." A publisher took him at his word, and the quartette has been known ever since as the "razor quartette."

Do not class all the music of the great masters as "high-brow." None of it really is. And it is quite true all composers have their off-days.

Beethoven's variations on "Rule Britannia" are probably among the worst variations ever written, and he had a good tune to copy—but wrote when he was not well. Mendelssohn did not dream that "On Wings of Song" would become more popular than his "Scotch" symphony; the world would walk down a church aisle to a little march which he wrote

to illustrate a fairy wedding in a Shakespearean play. Elgar little thought that the second theme of one of his "Pomp and Circumstance" marches would be sung throughout the Empire to the words of "Land of Hope and Glory."

Next time you listen to the music of Bach think of him as the dear old gentleman who was so merry that he allowed his mirth to interfere with his hymn-playing, and was discharged from his position as organist for introducing strange harmonies into the hymns. And if you think Beethoven ponderous watch for an announcement of a performance of his "Seventh Symphony"; your feet will not stay still and you will enjoy it so much you will want to buy a piano arrangement of it.

Listen to the best, try to understand the best, try to perform or create only the best in music—

"Music hath Charms."

PHYLLIS HOSSIE, 2-B.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA "THE MARCH KING"

SELDOM do we hear a band or orchestra present a concert without entertaining its audience with a selection composed by John Phillip Sousa. Few of us realize the distinct importance he has made in the realm of music.

The American bandmaster composed many marches and waltzes played throughout America, Germany and England. His comic operas have been crowned with the same success. Sousa is styled the "March King" because of his numerous compositions in this line. His music has a swing rhythm—a martial fire to it—that no other composer of his class could produce.

Born in Washington, D.C., of a German mother and Spanish father, he launched upon his musical career by studying first with John Esputa, and harmony and composition with George Lelin Benkert. At eight he played the violin at a dancing school. Phillip worked long and hard but not in vain. At sixteen he led an orchestra at a variety theatre. Two years later he was director of a travelling theatre company and also a minstrel company. Later he was with an orchestra which toured the United States, headed by the operatic composer Offenbach. Sousa loved his music and it paid him well.

Perhaps his greatest step was when in 1880 he was appointed leader of the United States Marine Band, retaining this position through several administra-

tions from 1880 to 1992. While in that position Sousa collected the national patriotic and typical airs of all countries by order of the United States government and had them published in a book form, a valuable work of reference which has been placed in libraries in this and other countries.

After he obtained his own band he made it equally as well known and popular as he had the United States Marine Band. He has shown his versatility in producing several light operas, waltzes, orchestral suites and songs. Unlike other composers Sousa seldom transferred a single note of music to paper until it was completed in his mind. He had a band playing within his brain, unfolding the theme, echoing and re-echoing the melody. This is how the "Stars and Stripes Forever" was composed. His first composition to win renown was "Liberty Bell" by which he is said to have made at least thirty-five thousand pounds. Other marches are "High School Cadets," "Washington Post," "King Cotton"—all written in swinging martial styles in which the composer excelled.

He toured Europe with his band in 1900-01, 1903, 1905. On one of his tours he appeared before King Edward, the King bestowing on him the decoration of the Victorian Order. He was also honoured by the Academy of Hainault of Belgium with the diploma of honour, and has been decorated by the French

government with the Palms of Academy.

For some composers the flame of fortune burns lively and lightens the world for but a brief moment.

For a composer as unique and distinctive as John Phillip Sousa it will burn forever.

KAY GLYNN.

MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES

MUSIC has varied greatly throughout the ages. Man has had a love for music since ancient times. The first we hear of music is in the old testament. Here we find references to cymbals and trumpets. Music was in the form of songs to Jehovah for His goodness and loving kindness to His people Israel. Miriam composed a song of praise when the Israelites were delivered out of Egypt. Deborah, the prophetess sang a hymn of praise when Israel was delivered from her enemies. Later on we find references to such instruments as the lyre and harp upon which David played his beautiful psalms which have lived through the ages and which we still enjoy.

The ancient Greeks also enjoyed music, for on relics which have been found are pictures of minstrels playing on lyres. These too sang songs of praise to their gods. Their ancient myths and odes to the champions and games were also accompanied by music. The finest odes were written by Pindar who extolled the deeds of gods to exalt the heroes of the games. Both tragedies and comedies had lyrical parts sung by a chorus and accompanied by music. The chorus of tragedy consisted of elderly men who moved with dignity and the chorus of comedy consisted of men dressed as birds, frogs, or even clouds. At the festival of Dionysus or Bacchus poets presented choral poems called dithyrambs which were accompanied by dancing.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth century we find a long list of very notable musicians. The first of these is Beethoven, 1770-1827. The great tragedy of his life was his deafness which gradually settled down upon him. His music began a new age in music, symphonic music, which is very beautiful, harmonic, and dignified in style. Beethoven began his musical com-

positions with the pianoforte which had just reached the degree of development requisite for his work. He only wrote one opera, *Fidello*, but many symphonies and sonatas. Perhaps his most famous composition was the Ninth Symphony with its Ode to Joy.

Opera and concert music predominated. Haydn and Mozart are noted for their sonatas. Weber's outstanding composition was *Der Freisheit* which started a new form in opera. Schubert wrote over 600 songs. Mendelssohn was the most strictly classical of the early romantic composers. Schuman followed. Brahms closes the list of German composers in the nineteenth century. Berlioz, a French composer, was chiefly concerned with orchestral music. Other great composers of the time were Liszt, Chopin, Debussy, Franck. Great opera writers were Rossini and Donizetti, but Verdi and Wagner surpassed all these.

With the advent of the twentieth century and the transference of the theatrical world to America music became livelier and simpler and we find a throng of song writers, the chief of whom is Irving Berlin whose Alexander's Ragtime Band became a national favourite. The Great War inspired the writing of many martial and patriotic songs. To-day we have the very modern type known as jazz.

It is impossible to review all the changes which have taken place in music for each country has developed music characteristic only to that country, for example, the smooth, melodious music of Hawaii and the wild gipsy music of Hungary. Music will continue to change and that which is popular to-day will be forgotten to-morrow.

M. ALLINGHAM, 5-B.

MUSIC

WHAT is music? Any person with an ear for music will tell you that it is a science founded purposely to add enjoyment to man's life. What does it do to add enjoyment to man's life? When he is in a depressed mood it raises his spirits beyond reproach and soon he is again ready, not only to at-

tempt his problem, but to accomplish it. In the end he will not take all the credit for himself, but will give nine-tenths of it to his unseen master—music.

Music puts in one a spirit friendly to all others. It makes one want to love his fellowman and it fosters an ambitious attitude. That is why every school

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of reasonable size should have at least one musical organization. Its members provide amusement not only for themselves, but for others as well. In this way the community as a whole is the better for musical organization.

Our own school band, although it is not heard very much during the school year, has developed in recent years until now it is rated as the second best juvenile band in Ontario. This band certainly is an asset to the school and it provides enjoyment for those who work to make it the band that it is.

Music provides relaxation from our studies and inspires us with ambition to better our work.

Classical music is still the goal to which ambitious leaders and players aspire. All popular band leaders such as Dorsey, Goodman and Paul Whiteman have at some time played classical music and while swing and jazz have their place the classics have stood the test and will remain until the end of time.

Music is a science to be studied if you so take it to be your life's work. Few people realize the amount of hard work and studying there is before a person becomes an accomplished musician. It is a science in this way, that there is always something more to

be known about it. The more it is studied the more interesting it becomes and you strive on to unlimited heights.

Before a successful composition can be written of course theory, harmony and counterpoint are necessary to know. Many people think that a piece of music is a number of notes put down at random on manuscript paper. They are entirely wrong. A composition in music is the outcome of much hard work and thinking on the part of the composer. Everything must be theoretically arranged.

What is the obligation of a musician to his organization? He must be at practice regularly except when he has more important matters to attend to, especially if he sits at the first desk. No organization, musical or otherwise, can succeed unless it has the whole-hearted support of its members.

Music is a science and must be studied as diligently as chemistry or physics for one to be an accomplished musician and to be able to pass on to the listening public that which they deserve, "the best in music."

B. BURY, 4-B.

MUSIC CLASSES

Much to the enjoyment of the students music has at last taken its place among the subjects on our curriculum. Under the able guidance of our teachers, Miss Kate King and Mr. Herman Sperling, the pupils are receiving instructions which are pleasing and

at the same time beneficial. At intervals, Mr. Sperling directs the school assembly in a hearty sing-song. Incidentally everyone is still waiting for a "tune" to be rendered by the teaching staff.

THE S. C. I. & T. S. GLEE CLUB

For those who wish to enjoy group singing as a respite from their regular routine of school work and wish at the same time to improve their voices, two seventy-minute periods a week have been set aside. Any students free from subjects at the time are heartily invited to join the group.

Many of the students are members of the School Glee Club—an organization recently formed in the

school. The club made its debut by performing at the Annual Commencement Exercises. Congratulations certainly are in order to this group for their fine entertainment! The club also assisted in the school show and took part in the Educational Week Program. We are very glad to see the students take such a keen interest in music and hope they will continue to do so in the future.



THE SENIOR ORCHESTRA

What would our school be without its orchestra? Everyone is familiar with its stirring martial airs to brighten the Assembly Hall and its fine selections at our various concerts and school festivities. Each year crests are awarded to the deserving members who have fulfilled their necessary obligations.

Last May the orchestra received first prize at the Lambton County Musical Festival with a standing of eighty marks. Mr. Frank Blachford said the performance was excellent. Congratulations, members of our orchestra.

PERSONNEL

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.

Violins—Mary Keskanek, Eva Keskanek, Miss

Ramsden, Helen Cruickshanks, Harold Galloway, Richard Young, Mary Colody, Gerard Langan, Mitchell Keskanek, Robt. Mechlin, Theo. Galpin.

Bass Violin—Wm. Jarvis.

Piano—Alex Bedard.

Clarinets—Doug. Elliott, Thomas Murphy, David Asbury, Wm. Whitely.

Flute—Jas. Connor.

Trumpets—Robt. Bury, Don. Parks, G. Cares, Roy McCallister, Don. Hallam.

Baritones—Wm. Manser, Wm. Whiting.

Horns—Doug. Richardson, Wm. Williams.

Trombone—Robt. Hammer.

Bass—Myles Vokes.

Drums—Don. Baird, Jack Oliver.



ORCHESTRA

Third Row—B. Whiting, R. McCallister, D. Parks, B. Manser, D. Richardson, B. Williams, D. Baird, B. Hammett, J. Oliver.

Second Row—B. Jarvis, B. Bury, J. Conners, E. Cares, Mr. Brush, D. Elliott, B. Whitely, T. Murphy, D. Asbury, M. Vokes.

First Row—M. Keskanek, H. Galloway, R. Young, Miss Ramsden, H. Cruickshank, A. Bedard, M. Kolody, M. Keskanek, G. Langan, T. Galpin, R. Mechlin.

THE JUNIOR ORCHESTRA



The Junior Orchestra—where the Senior Orchestra is “raised”—is marching right along under the excellent direction of Mr. W. E. Brush. We offer all our encouragement to these young musicians.



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THE S. C. I. & T. S. BAND

The musical activities in our school would not be complete without our splendid school band. It "stirs" the blood in the veins of every loyal follower on Cadet Day and has spurred on our school teams from a dark defeat to a glorious victory on many an occasion. This year the band received special congratulations on its fine work Cadet Day.

At the Musical Festival in Waterloo the band made an outstanding place for itself when it came second with eighty-nine and one-half marks. We hope the band will continue its work in this line under the skilled baton of Mr. W. E. Brush who has proven to be such an excellent instructor.

PERSONNEL

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.
Clarinets—Doug. Elliott, Thomas Murphy, David Asbury, Wm. Whitely, P. Simpson, L. Hillier, Wm.

Anderson, D. Hamilton.

Flute and Piccolo—Jas. Connor.

Baritones—Wm. Manser, Wm. Whiting, Vivian Hanmore, C. Steinberg.

Trumpets—Robt. Bury, Don. Parks, E. Cares, Jack Mackenzie, B. Thompson, Don. Hallam, Roy McCallister, Frank Janes, D. Rhodey, D. Shanks, Alex Reid.

Horns—Doug. Richardson, Wm. Williams, Owen Walker, Robt. Elder, Jack Kellet.

Trombones—Robt. Hammet, Harvey Henderson, Wayne Stoner, Art Keyes, William Foster, Ken Marsh.

Basses—Wm. Jarvis, Myles Vokes.

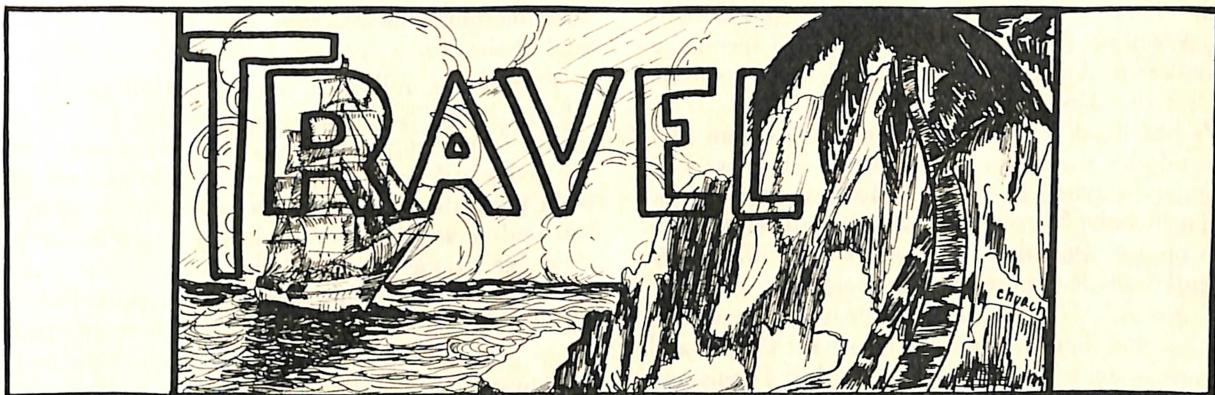
Drums—Alex Bedard, Don Baird, Jack Oliver, William Graham.

Saxophones—Stewart McDermid, Murray Taylor.



BAND

Back Row—J. Oliver, D. Baird, A. Bedard, E. Powell.
 Eighth Row—B. Manser, B. Coles, B. Jarvis, M. Vokes, Mr. Dobbins.
 Seventh Row—D. Rody, D. Hallam, B. Williams, B. Hamett.
 Sixth Row—B. Whiting, V. Hanmore, M. Gibson, W. McMahon, D. Richardson.
 Fifth Row—H. Bonner, D. Elliott, S. McDermid, M. Taylor.
 Fourth Row—D. Asbury, B. Anderson, P. Simpson, B. Whitely, J. Smith.
 Third Row—D. Parks, F. Jones, J. Mackenzie, J. Connor.
 Second Row—E. Cares, R. McAllister, S. Kay, L. Williams, C. Thompson.
 Front Row—B. Thompson, Mr. Brush, B. Bury (Sergt.), D. Greason (Lieut.).



Editor: D. WILSON

A BICYCLE TRIP TO THE NORTH COUNTRY

After careful consideration and diligent planning three pals and myself set out on an expedition to the Far North—of Southern Ontario. One dark morning last mid-July we gathered at "Brain's" house with all of our equipment packed on our bikes; blankets, ground-sheets, one day's lunch, the tent, axe, frying-pan, and our knap-sacks filled with various "junk"—fishing tackle, playing-cards, eating utensils, and even a telescope. We each had about twelve dollars in our wallets and a pocket full of dreams.

We were ready about five-thirty a.m. but engine trouble set in, the brake-arm fell out of place, and it was close to six 'ere we bid adieu to all our ardent admirers, my cousin and a stray dog. Flashing along the London Road "Brain's" was casting nasty remarks about my "crate's" dependability when his pack slid off and we had to wait while he fastened it on. In spite of these misfortunes however we sallied on undaunted.

About ten miles out we stopped for a drink and a rest at the first of a series of Ontario school-houses to be honoured by our visits. There we perused our road-maps—only three hundred and thirty miles to go, and we were still fresh. Spurred on by this thought we straggled through Strathroy and noon found us in Lobo Park where we ate our lunch and rested. About three o'clock we started on, noting to our dismay the ever-increasing size of the hills, passed through London; past the university and the insane asylum, stopped for supplies at Thamesford and on the village butcher's advice camped that night in a forest just past the village.

The next morning we awoke in a dense fog, literally enough, aching from head to foot but "Cookie's" steaming breakfast revived us quickly. Gathering our scattered belongings together we pedaled to Wood-

stock, coasting into the city but walking up a hill to get out. A hard cycle brought us to the pleasant little town of Paris. We were just outside of Paris when "Hiccupy" yelled, "Hey, fellows, look't the classy joint," pointing to the White Horse Tavern, so we four dusty articles went in and dined with the cream of Paris society.

That evening we reached the fair hamlet of Palermo, where I purchased bread, bacon and rice. Travelling on we came upon a long cement bridge with the valley floor about fifty feet straight down and soon we had settled ourselves down there beside a winding stream. After washing our clothes and enjoying a swim we ate supper and nestled beneath the blankets for these nights were quite cold. We slept directly beneath the bridge and I thought what a strange place it was to sleep, not knowing we would be sleeping in a school-house, beneath a parked car and beside a graveyard on nights to come.

We arose with the sun and reached Brampton by noon where we had dinner and sent post-cards back to an expectant world. That afternoon we ran into a rain-storm but we removed shoes and socks, rolled up our pants and kept right on. Turning north at Thornhill we rode the crest of many a hill and with supplies we turned down a lonely side-road that evening. We were coasting along when suddenly the hill became quite steep and "Brains" had no brakes. The first thing we knew he was flying over the handle bars in a super power-dive and very fortunately for him he landed in a pile of brush and was unhurt. Continuing on down the hill we came to the ideal camping spot; no water, no wood, no level ground and it was private property. Disgusted, we went back up the hill and camped at a nearby school-house.

In the middle of the night I awoke to feel a cold

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trickle of water running down my back: it was raining. We were fortunate in being able to spend the remainder of the night in the school, since someone had left the door open.

We had breakfast at a little wayside inn, Bird Haven, and this meal took us to Barrie where we had dinner and pitched camp. The four of us went for a swim in Lake Simcoe (au naturel) and returned to camp only to find the land owner's agent there who in gentle yet determined phrases told us to "scram" which we did. That night we slept by the graveyard and the place had its effect on all of us; Cookie and Hiccupy imagined they saw things, while Brains and I talked in our sleep.

Friday morning we reached Orillia and stopped in Champlain Park for a look at the fine bronze monument of Champlain which overlooked Lake Simcoe. Cycling on past dew-worm signs and blueberry stands we reached Gravenhurst, parked our bikes on a side-street and, as usual, entered a Chinese cafe. A Chinese glided over and we nodded our assent to a queried "four zoop." The soup was followed down by main course, "coccy nut pie" and plenty of catsup since it was free. We used catsup on our bread, catsup on our meat, catsup on our potatoes and to top off the meal, just more catsup.

Late that afternoon we entered Bracebridge through its Gateway to Muskoka and that evening Huntsville through its Gateway to the North. Here we bought supplies and turned east around Fairy Lake. Where we had thought only wilderness we found summer cottages. It seemed impossible to find a place to camp, besides there were no pumps at the schools to supply water and it was getting dark. Finally we came upon a splendid spot by the lake and after a light supper we went to sleep under the car for it threatened rain. The next morning I awoke, looked up to find the exhaust-pipe yawning in my face. After breakfast we all had a swim, washed our clothes and looked at our road maps. We saw that the road crossed an Oxtongue River and Hiccupy remembered a piece had been written about it in the Composition tet so we decided to look it over.

That afternoon we came to the river and what a grand winding river it was with a roaring falls not ten yards away. We scouted around a bit and found an ideal camping site putting out into the river about two hundred yards from the falls. Soon we had the tent pitched, a fireplace built and brush cleaned away. It was all very exciting and we worked as no boss could have made us work. Three of us returned for supplies to Dwight, a nearby village, and practically bought out the store. Back at camp we built a shelf for the food, laid a bed of ferns in the tent, constructed a little pier for the canoe we rented the

next morning and Hiccupy and I built rustic table and chairs.

During the following week we all had the time of our lives. Swimming—twice a day we all swam across from camp to the falls, a pleasant swim, where we could bask in the warm sun on a huge rock which split the falls. Canoeing—we took innumerable trips up and down the river exploring every bend, every inlet, and quite often paddled out into the Lake of Bays to fish or explore some small island. Fishing—Cookie and I were the official fishermen (sounds fishy eh?) but for all our efforts staying up late, using juicy worms and grasshoppers for bait, we caught only two poor little perch, barely a mouthful.

We took various trips. Three of us rode up to Algonquin Park but paid dearly for the right to say we had been there; the road was gravel and wash-boardy, the hills were long and steep, there was a hot dry wind against us and every passing car shoved a cloud of dust into our faces. We merely stepped into the park and returned. Another day the four of us paddled over toward the famous Bigwin Inn but were turned back by a rain-storm.

After a few days in camp we established a definite routine. Hiccupy lit the fires, Brains and I washed dishes, Cookie prepared the meals while the rest of us picked berries (blue and rasp) in the many acres of this fruit surrounding us. Cookie was the chief canoe-tipper. He spent half the time by the fire, dripping wet with a blanket around him and staring grimly at the canoe. The paddle and I didn't get along very well; once when the canoe tipped in mid-stream I let go of it and it was far down the river before I saw it. Finally I got it back after a mad race with the river current, only to break it the next morning trying to beat the dirt out of my clothes. Once the canoe itself had drifted far down-stream before a group in a motorboat brought it back for us.

Wild life abounded in the surrounding woods; chipmunks, birds, muskrats, wild geese, loons and we heard that deer and bears roamed about but we did not see any. A wide range of flowers and plants and trees grew around us. It was truly a paradise for any nature lover.

Exactly one week later we took back the canoe, pulled down the tent, packed everything on our bikes and set out for home, sorry indeed to leave the spot we had come to know as home. The journey home was much quicker. We shipped the tent freight at Huntsville and reached home three days later, cutting the time going in half. We were glad to get home and be able to eat as much as we pleased for a distinct change.

To any of you who ever intend taking a bicycle tour I say: Be prepared to sweat a bucket but also

be prepared to enjoy a bucket of fun.

MURRAY PHIBBS.

A VISIT TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

IT was the eve of the Feast of St. Anne when a small group which I had been invited to accompany visited St. Anne de Beaupré. We set out from Quebec about 7.30 in the evening and went along the narrow winding highway, passing through a succession of small villages which bordered the muddy St. Lawrence. About six miles from Quebec we passed by Montmorency Falls and then crossed the Montmorency River. About this time we began to pass small brick structures built into the side of the hill which rose sharply from the road-side. These were the famed old-fashioned French-Canadian homes we hear so much about. From time to time we passed small tables laden with home-made bread and maple syrup in the guardianship of some dirty faced little urchins who shrieked their wares as we passed. After passing many such sights as these and having followed the broad St. Lawrence for about twenty miles we came in sight of St. Anne de Beaupré.

As we entered the town we noticed the bustle and excitement, the coming and going of numerous small groups, the many gay lights strung overhead, the busy appearance of the booths and stores, and the continuous entering and leaving of the huge Basilica by the great crowds of people. Truly, to-morrow would be a great day. Early as we were, we had difficulty in finding parking space for the car. I got out of the car, stretched my legs, looked about me at the convents and the original shrine, across to the beautiful new Basilica, and monastery, and to my right, hotels, stores and the town-proper. So this was St. Anne!

According to tradition the first chapel ever built in Beaupré was constructed in 1658 by a few Breton sailors who landed there after being miraculously saved from shipwreck, supposedly by St. Anne. The first miracle was also wrought in the same year. A crippled farmer named Louis Guemont, born in Beaupré, placed three small stones in the foundations of the Sailors' Chapel, through devotion; he was suddenly cured. Thus began the famous miracles for which St. Anne de Beaupré has been noted ever since. All this was told to me by one of my friends as we ascended the steep gravel walk towards the convent of the Redemptionist nuns.

Ascending the walk I noticed eleven life-size statues. These are called the "Stations of the Cross" and depict the story of the crucifixion and burial of Christ. Walking still farther we came to the cloister

of the Redemptionist nuns, a stately Gother building overlooking the St. Lawrence and the new Basilica. Farther to our left were the buildings for the Franciscan nuns. We descended the same gravel walk for a short distance and then branched off to the left and came down to the building wherein are the famous holy stairs.

There, at last, I had come to St. Anne de Beaupré's Holy Stairs of which I had read so often. What I had expected I really could not say, but I could not claim to be disappointed even if they looked just like any other stairs. The first four steps are semi-circular and are the beginning of a stair-case which leads straight up to the chaped of the "Ecce Homo." Each step has fragments of stones from the Holy Land set in it. At the top of the stairs to the right and left are small chapels depicting different phases of the crucifixion.

Descending by a back-stair we left the building and proceeded farther down the walk to the Holy Fountain which stands in front of the old original shrine.

Leaving this, we crossed the road, to go to the greatest and most beautiful building of all, the new Basilica. The original Basilica was burned in 1922 I was told, and this one has been under construction since 1923. It stands where the Breton sailors landed hundreds of years before. This church is a huge building, 325 ft. long and 200 ft. wide and with two spires rising 300 ft. in the air, built of snow-white granite. It is in the shape of a Latin cross.

From the front I saw various stairs and runways going up to the three doors; these were for the aiding of cripples in wheel-chairs to enter and leave the church. Entering the main door we proceeded through small outer chapels and then entered the main body of the huge church. It was huge; the long centre aisle was flanked by seemingly, endless rows of pews led up ot the main altar, a very imposing affair, and like its surroundings very lavish and on a large scale. To give you an idea of its size—it was necessary to use a loud-speaking system to have the masses heard all through the church. Turning left and going past the altars we faced the statue of St. Anne. This was the Miraculous Statue; it was the figure of St. Anne, on a pillar about 10 ft. tall, and in her crooked arm her infant daughter Mary, who was mother of the crutches and canes of healed cripples. Going down a side aisle and passing many con-

fessional boxes we came to the front of the church and then went below to what is called the crypt. This is very large also but it is of extremely simple taste in contrast to the furnishings above it. We left the crypt by a side door and walked out into the cool night air.

As my friends must soon leave we had only time to visit the church store which is situated at the back of the church in a building adjoining the Basilica. Here are sold post cards, rosaries, statuettes and various religious oddities. Here also were kept the sacred relics, the principal one of which is a bone from the wrist of St. Anne, and many historical souvenirs. After visiting the store we left and went to the car and set out for home.

Since the road was narrow and twisting we were

compelled to proceed at a somewhat leisurely pace. While going along thus slowly we met a group of about fifteen young men walking towards St. Anne; my friends recognized some acquaintances and stopped the car to chat. During the brief discussion I learned that the group was walking to St. Anne de Beaupré in order to pay homage to St. Anne. It seems that these young fellows had asked aid from St. Anne during the year, such as asking her for help in passing their examinations at university, and were now paying her homage by walking twenty miles or so from Quebec and attending early mass in St. Anne de Beaupré. We left this serious-minded group and continued leisurely on our way home, which we reached without further incident.

DICK WILSON

A TRIP THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

HOW would you like a trip through the Panama Canal? You would? Well picture yourself on the Santa Maria of the Grace Line; we are going north to New York.

It is early in the morning—about eight o'clock. The ship has lain in Balboa all night and is ready for its eight hours journey through the Panama Canal. A few of us are standing at the rail watching the ship being cast off from Balboa's large coaling docks. To one side, in docks of their own, we see three or four light cruisers of the United States navy and near us are several other vessels; some have come through the canal and others are waiting—like us—to go through.

The ship is soon ready and we start into the narrow passage of water that is the entrance to the finest canal in the world—at this time we are being guided by buoys. The sun has been up for some time and the heavy dew that was everywhere is now disappearing, leaving the plants and grass a brilliant green. Here and there small native canoes make their way along the shore, and dignified cranes lift their heads to watch our ship pass. There, on the muddy bank, two crocodiles lift their heads to watch us and one slides down into the muddy water along the bank.

In the distance can be seen the first set of locks, the Miraflores Locks. By this time all the passengers are on deck as nearly everybody finds something to interest him. Now it is nearly nine o'clock and we are ready for breakfast; we rush down below decks, and bolt down our breakfast while watching the green hillsides rushing past the port holes. We are soon on deck again just in time to see the operation of taking a ship through the locks. It is all very

interesting but we hear it will be more interesting going through the Gatun Locks—the last group. At the moment there is an American cruiser in the lock next to us, going in the opposite direction. It is far down in the lock while we are high up and thus are able to look down on the battleship. American soldiers are guarding the locks. We call to the soldier on duty, who by this time is on the same level as we are for we have gone into the next lock. His officer is near and so he only smiles and keeps marching. Other soldiers who are off duty wave to us and shout.

Soon we are sailing across Lake Miraflores, a small lake with several native huts perched along its banks. These little shacks—for that is all they are—are built on stilts; the back of the house rests on the hill surrounding the lake and the front is on stilts which just touch the lake water.

For several miles the ship sails along slowly and soon it is going through Gaillard Cut, a part of the canal that is always troublesome. At this time there are several dredges along the canal banks. The Gaillard has just had a land-slide and two or three days before it held up shipping for several hours; but now it is totally clear and the only traces of land-slide to be seen are a few piles of rock and soil. The hill here is the highest point of the canal and it is also picturesque with its tropical undergrowth and its banana trees growing wild.

It is now nearly time for lunch and the stewards and waitresses under the direction of the ship's hostess can be seen setting tables on deck. Dining on deck is one of the delights of travelling on the canal. We have just entered Gatun Lake and from our tables we are able to look over the side of the ship at the queer-looking islands in the lake. They look

like small round lumps of green placed on the water. There are larger islands, with native huts on them. Natives paddling their canoes among the islands make the scenery more picturesque. Gatun Lake is large and makes up about two-thirds of the Canal waterway.

About two o'clock the Gatun Dam and Gatun Locks are seen in the distance. Having entered the first lock we watch the huge steel gates close at the stern of the ship, and the six dump engines—three on each side—hook on the prow, amidships and the sterns; then the ship begins to fall. The water empties to the same level as the next lock and in about fifteen minutes the great steel door in front opens and we sail into the next lock aided by the small engines which do the work of steering the ship. These engines are interesting to watch. There is a driving cab at each end and a large coil of cable around the machine in the centre. These engines run on one track lines. The tracks are about one and a half feet wide and electricity is conducted through them to run the engines. As the ship is ready to move the cables tighten to prevent the ship from ramming the sides of the locks, or the gates. While we wait for

the water to empty from our locks we watch the people walking across the railed walk over the lock gates. We all stand around on the promenade deck and someone speaks about the Canal. From him we learn that the Canal runs north and south, not east and west as it appears to on the map; we also find that the gates and steel works on the canal are marked "Clyde Bank—Scotland."

Then we notice the surrounding countryside. On one side of the canal is a splendid golf course with its red-roofed club house. On the same side are four tennis courts and in the background are tropical forests. On the opposite bank is a United States army post and on the neighboring hills are many, various-sized, white houses with red-tiled roofs. As we look down the canal we can see Cristobal Colon; one part of the city faces the Canal, the other faces the Caribbean Sea.

We are nearly in port at four o'clock in the afternoon. We go to the stern of the vessel and look back at one of the most beautiful places of the world—the Panama Canal.

BETTINE RUSSELL, 4-C.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST

DURING last summer holidays it was my pleasure and good fortune to take a motor trip to the Pacific Coast. Our route took us through some of the most popular scenic areas in the United States and Canada, the most famous of which included: the Bad Lands and Black Hills of South Dakota, Yellowstone National Park, Vancouver Island and Vancouver, the Canadian Rockies, Banff National Park and the Western Prairie provinces.

Leaving Sarnia one morning early in July, we headed for Chicago and we arrived there that evening. Two days later had seen us across the hot rolling prairies of South Dakota and through the weird and beautiful Bad Lands. Early the next day we entered Rapid City, which is the gateway to the interesting Black Hills.

The Black Hills are the logical mountain playground of all the Middle-West. Highest among all the mountains east of the Rockies, the Black Hills still retain the name given them by the Indians as translated from the musical Paha Sapa of the Dakotas. Blue spruce and Norway pine in eternal struggle to conquer the rugged rock-topped peaks give the mountains a midnight blue. The three distinctive features in the Black Hills, we discovered, are the Needles drive, highways built for scenic purposes and the National Memorial on Mount Rushmore.

As we drove through the Needles at an altitude of over a mile above sea level we realized that the magnificent granite spires were the result of millions of years of erosive effect of frost and wind.

We found that no expense had been spared in building highways for scenic purposes and on many a drive the autoist thrills his way along a beautiful, safe, winding road, through the virgin forests, up the canyons, and around the sides of the mountains.

Mount Rushmore National Memorial is being carved in enduring granite, under the authority of the Federal government, supervised by Gutzon Borglum, world-renowned sculptor, a whole mountain being used. There are colossal statues of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Roosevelt, who will gaze at the passing traveller for a million years. Their size, two hundred and thirty feet from waist to brow, by far exceeds anything the world has ever known.

The next day we continued on towards Yellowstone and the following day reached Red Lodge from which we began our "sky line drive" into the park. We climbed until we were nearly even thousand feet above sea level. We went through several places where the snow had recently been plowed out. Due to our altitude and the rarity of the air the car had very little "pick-up" and we made very slow progress. Nearing the summit of Pilot's Peak it became very

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cold and it was necessary to use the heater. We stopped on the top and indulged in a snowfall fight on July sixteen. As we proceeded into the park it began to rain. It rained steadily until noon and then it began to clear up. We visited the Mammoth Hot Springs and saw the pools of boiling mud and water. Some of the mud pools were brilliantly coloured. On our way to Old Faithful Geyser about a dozen bears were seen along the roadside begging for candy and pop. Arriving at Old Faithful we had to wait about half an hour for it to act. It began at first with spasmodic spurts of boiling water and then suddenly a stream of water and clouds of steam shot into the air. This steady eruption lasted for nearly three minutes. Suddenly it stopped and settled down for another hour. We did not stay in the park overnight but proceeded on to Butte, Montana. The next day saw us at Spokane and in another day and a half we arrived at Seattle where we took the boat for Vancouver Island, across the beautiful Juan de Fuca Strait and Puget Sound. We landed at Victoria about two hours later.

For two days we toured Victoria and the surrounding districts visiting the Parliament Buildings, Beacon Hill Park, Chinatown, the Dominion Observatory, Butchards Gardens and other places. At Victoria we enjoyed some of the finest views of the Pacific Coast. Having made good use for the short time at Victoria we boarded the boat for Vancouver city one afternoon. I enjoyed the trip across to Vancouver as we were on a large boat and in rather open water. The seagulls which followed the ship all the

way interested the passengers a great deal. It was just dusk when we entered the Burrard Inlet under the new Lion's Gate Bridge which spans the first Narrows. We had to dock at the Canadian Pacific wharves because the other wharf had recently been razed by fire.

During the time we spent in Vancouver I was impressed with the layout of the city along the Burard Inlet. We visited Stanley Park, English Bay, Capelano Canyon, Shaughnessy Heights and Sea Island airport where we were shown the new Trans-Canada aeroplanes. When we left Vancouver we crossed the Fraser River Bridge at New Westminster. We entered the United States at Blaine and in two days we were at Spokane from which we turned north and headed for Canada again. We arrived at Trail B.C. one evening in August where we visited relatives and were shown through the Canadian Mining and Smelting Co. In a week we set out for home in earnest and the first day saw us at Banff. Early the next morning we went to Lake Louise. We didn't stay long in the park however and the following day we passed through such prairie cities as Calgary, Medicine Hat, Regina and Winnipeg. From Winnipeg we travelled south and re-entered the United States taking us through Duluth, Mackinac Straits, St. Ignace, Bay City, Saginaw, Flint and Port Huron. Our entire trip took us six weeks during which we travelled over six thousand miles. I was very glad to get home and I thought that it was six weeks well spent.

LYLE GORING, 3-B.

TOKYO

ON September 1, 1923, at 11.58 A.M., one of the worst earthquakes of history rocked the southeast shore of Japan. Tokyo, Japan's great capital, was literally shaken to pieces. The nation was horrified at the loss but it realized that this was an opportunity to rebuild the city on more modern lines.

To-day Tokyo, a city of broad streets, of many splendid buildings and spacious parks, lies at the northern end of an enormous land-locked bay. As it is too shallow near the city for large ships, Yokohama on the west serves as the port. In the bay are ships from all parts of the world and out from the bay Japanese steamers sail to Europe, Africa, Australia, North and South America.

Tokyo is famous for its parks and gardens. The parks are specious because the people have taken to athletics and because they still want gardens in which to wander. Baseball, football, and hockey are played

skillfully and intelligently. Golf clubs are springing up and in the outskirts of the city magnificent riding can be seen. Certainly, the old accusation of lack of interest in sports can no longer be made.

At one great athletic field near the Imperial Hotel where most tourists stay, the boys begin to play baseball as soon as dawn makes it possible to see the ball. Along one side of the field are low artificial hills where flowers grow in profusion beyond which is an artificial lake where dwarf trees and just what we think of as typically Japanese. Another beauty spot is the Imperial Palace in the heart of Tokyo. A large gray wall hides the beautiful gardens which are unfortunately seen to tourists. There is nothing lovelier than these old walls with Japanese pines leaning down to be reflected in the moat where great flocks of wild ducks gather. Everywhere there are delightful glimpses into cool gardens with bits of lovely moss-

grown walls and tiled roofs.

More people are dressed in European than in Japanese clothes. When playing games, the girls are usually dressed in a blue uniform while their mothers are dressed in Japanese clothes. They carry very fine paper umbrellas on rainy days and if you look down from a high building the street seems to be strewn with flat flowers of all colours. In Japan the styles do not change except from youth to age as the children were brighter clothes than do the adults. I cannot go into their interesting life habits here, but it is interesting to know that although the rich man has a European home there is always a Japanese wing. Here he may put on his comfortable kimona and join his family in the evening meal.

Tokyo is a busy, thriving city with many splendid

buildings. While an ancient drama is being presented in a Tokyo theatre, just around the corner may be the latest movie production. The streets are always crowded with countless bicycles, private cars, taxis and a rare richsha. Newsboys run or bicycle throughout the city dropping their papers at every shop. It might be added too that their papers contain the latest news and that there is a regular aeroplane service. They also enjoy a modern educational system and no Japanese need leave Tokyo to secure a university training.

When we think of the amazing developments made in Tokyo, I am sure we all feel that missionaries as well as many others, have accomplished a great work of which we have right to be proud.

MAE HARRISON, 4-A.

A TYPICAL FRENCH-CANADIAN VILLAGE

LAST summer two other students and I from the S. C. I. & T. S. had the good fortune to spend the holidays with French-Canadian families in Quebec. I chose a small village half-way between Montreal and Quebec City, but on the south side of the river.

La Baie du Febvre, although three hundred years old, can boast only six hundred citizens. This is in marked contrast to its contemporary, Three Rivers, fourteen miles away and easily visible across the St. Lawrence. The village owes its lack of progress to the river. When founded La Baie was a port on Lake St. Peter, a great broadening of the St. Lawrence at this point. However, Lake St. Peter gradually decreased in size, until for the last century there has been three miles of low meadowland and swamp between the village and the lake, except in the early spring, when it is under two feet of water. Thus for generations the families, who can trace their ancestry back to the original settlers, have farmed.

Even the business of farming is not attacked any too strenuously. Except for the sale of hundreds of tons of hay, grown on the river flats, and the money from raw milk and cream sent to Montreal, the only other revenue is from the community cheese factory. The sole grain grown is oats, and this only in sufficient quantities for the farmer's own stock.

The habitant is not one to kill himself with work. In fact his wife, who does the housework and cooking, tends the garden, and looks after the sewing and darning as well as weaving in her spare time, puts in much longer and just as hard a day as her husband.

From Monday to Friday the villagers of La Baie, with a few exceptions, employ their time much as

would natives of a small rural community in Ontario. But they spend their Saturdays and Sundays in their own way. Bright and early Saturday morning, as soon as breakfast is over, the young people get out brooms, rakes and shovels and wheelbarrows and start a systematic clean-up of their front yards in preparation for Sunday. The gardens and barnyards behind are not included, but each family is responsible for the front yard to the centre of the main-and-only-street. This task has been an obligation for over two hundred years, and the hard clay thoroughfare has had a good many polishings.

In the evening the whole community sallies forth to hear the village "band" perform at the general store. The "bandsmen" are all native, self-taught, local talent; but the selections are spirited, if not very musical, and a good time is had by all, with the audience taking their turn at croquet in the field next to the store.

Next morning the whole village goes to Mass in the fine big church on the hill behind the village. Afterwards the mayor makes any necessary announcements on the church steps, and little boys pass out handbills announcing a big sale in a nearby village. The people loiter around for a while and then drive home in their buggies to prepare dinner. This finished, everyone hurries to the front porch. Here they spend the afternoon with their neighbors, gossiping and basking peacefully in the sun until it is time once more to prepare supper and go to church.

And so life goes on in this little French-Canadian village where no one is rich and no one is very poor and where everyone is contented and happy.

D. ASBURY, 5-A.



THE INQUIRING REPORTER

After much wandering about the halls of the dear old "Alma Mater" your reporter has delved into the private lives of the Collegians and uncovered these startling facts.

To the query, "What is your description of the ideal girl-friend?" one dimpled darling of the Commercial department disclosed: "The ideal girl-friend should be popular but loyal, understanding and possess a sense of humour. A girl who has a knowledge of sports is appreciated. She should be willing to help the boy-friend with his troubles and be content to stay at home when the pocketbook is empty. She should always try to look her best when out with the boy-friend."

There you are girls—do you measure up?

One of our versatile students from the Collegiate fearlessly state: His girl-friend must have a pleasing appearance and an attractive personality. She must be a smiler but not a giggler. (We agree on that). The girl friend must be a good sport, be able to do more than look sweet, she must be fairly well read and up on her manners. She must not gossip or break dates, and finally she must be appreciative and comforting. (Do you need the comforting?)

Our inquiring reporter then ferreted out the girls' ideals. The gals evidently like them anyway—tall, short, blonde, and do they go for red-heads! However here is what one lassie from Special wants. "My ideal boy-friend is definitely not a Collegian. I want someone who knows something more than the latest jokes and dance steps. He is not too good-looking. (If they look like Robert Taylor, you have too much competition!) Aussi, he takes me, and only me, out.

Maybe I want too much—what do you think?"

How do you rate boys?

Having found out all we cared to about these "dream creatures" we fired a leading question right between the eyes at four of our lads and lassies. "What," we demanded, "do you think of petting?" Here are a few of the choice answers. "What do I think of petting—tish, tish, such a question! A little goes a long way, but when done in private I can take it. Public petting is definitely out though"—and—"Petting should be left for the cat."

One young lady from the Technical department vouched her opinion in no uncertain terms. "I think petting is absolutely silly. Every Tom, Dick and Harry isn't going to paw me around. Of course, it all depends on your escort—who he is and how you feel towards him. A good-night kiss will not hurt anyone."

And—"I think petting is all right in its place. Meaning, of course, petting in the strictest sense of the word. There are some studs at S.C.I. who accept the word at its face value to cover a multitude of sins. Along this line an interesting situation arises. You take a girl to a dance, sit in on a snack and then take her home.

"How do you like him?" asks the girl's friend.

"Gosh! is he slow! We came right home after the dance."

Another time you have a date and later park under the bridge for a while. She murmurs not a word of protest—not even an indignant look. Next day the girl-friend says:

"How did you like him?"

"Gosh, he's kind of fast. We parked under the bridge for an hour!"

"What is a poor guy to do?

From one of our Fifth formers came the following reply. "After all, human nature demands something along this line, especially when the two parties are attracted to each other. The essence of most of our songs, poetry, and our movies is love and its manner of exhibiting itself. However, I find 'necking' in such public places as theatres and parties really disgusting. As in other forms of 'amusement' a line must be drawn and not overstepped."

Having enough petting for a while, we next asked the studes, "if they were jitterbugs or if they liked sweet music." And then we did have a battle on our hands. Sweet music versus Swing. It's still going on.

A red-head from Special told us—"I like both. Sometimes I like sweet music and sometimes I like it hot. Of course, it all depends on the mood I'm in. As a general rule however, I like music with a definite rhythm—be it sweet or hot. I don't care for discord in hot music nor do I like stick sweet syncopating. I guess I'm just an in-between."

We were sent wandering until we found another book-worm who volunteered the following: "I like my music sweet—à la Lombardo and Sammy Kay. That's music that is really music. I shudder to think of what goes on at these 'Jam Sessions.' Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I'll sit on the sidelines at a 'Jitterbug Jamboree' anytime. And—I prefer sweet music which creates decent dancing instead of the wild cannibalistic outbreaks of the jitterbug."

One of our lassies offered: "I have not yet gained the full meaning of the term jitterbug, but I do like sweet music and I do link a swing orchestra, but each in its place. I like swing music to dance to—the faster the better, but if you want a quiet evening of reading while listening to the radio, sweet music brings with it rest, and contentment. However, I think that they had enough popular swing songs without swinging those old-fashioned songs that our mother taught us. But, at a dance no matter what the tune is—Swing it!"

Introducing a solemn note in this otherwise light topic we unearthed from a few ambitious students some interesting facts on "What are your plans for the future?" One of our Fifth year students states: "For the future I am planning a career, if possible. I would like to be a chemist. No thoughts of marriage have entered my mind yet and I hope they don't for some time. I have always been interested in chemistry and hope some day to study it more thoroughly and then apply it to my business when I am older."

Another S. C. I. collegian expresses that her am-

bition is to become a nurse—a really successful nurse. Why? "Because I like that profession, and I fell that it would give me a great deal of pleasure to work beside a doctor, knowing that I am doing everything possible to help him save a human life. It is a very fine training for any girl, that is, if she's not afraid of work, and will not faint at the sight of blood. I admire all doctors and nurses, and hope some day to be able to take my place among them."

One of our ingenious students intends to finish his education—so that he may procure a position of his choosing and to really appreciate the finer things of life. Ambition—good job—comfortable home—contentment.

Perhaps the most startling answer came from a flippant young gold-digger. "I have very definite plans for my future. As soon as I get out of this place I am going to marry the first person I find who has a lot of money. Maybe I am mercenary but I intend to look after 'Yourstruly's' future. I don't want to work hard and I don't intend to—at least, I am honest about it. Every other girl probably has the same ambition but won't admit it. I'll let you know how it works out in case you care to try it."

Upon demanding, "What do you think of a steady?" we have the spontaneous answers of our love-lorn students—in short, the low-down. A debonair young man stated this: "Steady—no, favourite—yes. My motto is 'First come, first serve.' I would make no girl wait until I asked her for a date. BUT, once I have a date I expect same to be kept. A date-breaker I really hate. When I hear of a certain girl breaking a date I make it a point not to ask her for one. However, to avoid any real trouble I would advise every boy to have a few good substitutes." And—"Personally I think that a girl should not go steady with a certain boy until she is nineteen. Go out with a boy a couple of times, then go with another. Get a new boy-friend every week if they are available. Going places night after night, week after week, month after month with the same young man gets terribly monotonous for our young lives. It gets to be sort of a legend—Daisy and Percy, Hazel and Peter, etc. Old reliable will get so on your nerves that some day you will blow a fuse, and never speak to him again. Why not make the rounds of all the boys; go out a few nights with each and remain friends with all?"

And another "Dot Dix" confides. "Going steady, certainly has its advantages. It's swell to have someone who is all important, and to whom you can go with your joys and disappointments. But at High School, when our tastes are changing, tying ourselves down to one person is likely to bring complications—perhaps heartaches."

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From this young man comes the emphatic reply. "Going steady in High School is definitely out. It's dull, unexciting, and as humdrum as can be, with your dates reduced to one. Of course, there's the odd time during collegiate years, when sincere love is found and retained; but this is certainly an exception, for on the whole we're all fickle, and should skip

and have fun. Let going steady wait for awhile."

By this time we felt "as pleased as punch," for having successfully wheedled so many deep secrets from our bright young things, and deciding to rest on our laurels, inquired no further.

So ta-ta children. Hope you have profited.



FERDINAND

(Dedicated to Ferdinand, the latest member of Mr. Sperling's Glee Club)

Ferdinand sat 'mid his pansies so rare
Sniffing and sniffing the beautiful air,

Along came a bee buzzing to sweet
Ferdinand was stung—he jumped to his feet.

He ran and he ran 'til he came to our hall,
Where the Glee Club was singing "The Indian Love Call."

Poor Ferdie stopped, his heart almost cracked,
He opened the door to find the room packed.

The lads and the lassies all stopped their high "C's"
As Ferdie came forward and got down on his knees.

Oh, please Mr. Sperling, please teach me to sing,
Then of the bulls, I will be king.

Our maestro consented to his urgent plea,
Now Ferdinand can sing to the highest degree.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor: M. ALLINGHAM

France

Chère Marion:

J'ai reçu votre lettre et je suis très heureuse de pouvoir vous rendre ce service. Cependant, je ne sais pas si j'ai bien compris ce que vous me demandez. Je vais donc comme vous me le demandez vous écrire quelques lignes en anglais, au sujet de la vie sociale, des écoles et des sports dans la ville que j'habite. Mais j'ai peur d'écrire cela en mauvais anglais, et je vous prierai de me corriger.

Vous avez fait beaucoup de progrès en français et vous devez avoir un excellent professeur. Je vous corrige en même temps vos fautes.

I live at Carpentras, a little town, about 12,000 inhabitants, situated in a fertile plain in the South of France. This town is specified in the culture of strawberries and the fabrication of sweets and "berlingate" is very famous. There, were born many illustrious men: Raspail, a naturalist and Daladier. I think you know this late name.

There are four elementaries schools. One college, one high school and one school of technical instruction.

Sports have not a great place in our school's life, everyone takes them as he likes on Thursday or Sunday. There are many clubs of basket-ball, moto-ball, foot-ball and rugby. But the most practical sport is the ski, on the hill Mt. Ventouse.

Bien affectueusement,

SUSAN.

—
New Zealand.

Dear Anna:

I am in my 3rd year at the Hamilton High School and this year I am sitting a very important exam. called "matriculation." This school and grounds is considered to be one of the most beautiful in New Zealand so we are very proud of it. It is for both boys and girls, the total number being on an average of five hundred. This may seem small to you but it is really a fair size as there is another secondary

school here, the Technical School, which has about 800 pupils.

Hamilton is a very pretty town and is situated on the banks of the Wakato River. The population is about 20,000 so it is almost a city. We have two parks, a very nice new bridge span, numerous suburbs and of course, five picture theatres.

New Zealand's scenery is said to be perhaps the most beautiful in the Pacific and although we have no palms, guitars, etc., as they have in the small islands we certainly have beautiful scenery. Everything, trees, grass, is always green. Mt. Egmont is one of the prettiest sights when it has had a mantle of snow. Its height is 8600 feet.

I take one language at school and that is French. My other subjects are English, science, Arithmetic, geography, and history. I also learn music. I have played the piano for about 3 years.

Yours sincerely,

SYLVIA DUFF.

Oron.

My dear Florrie:

J'ai été très content de recevoir votre lettre si rapidement.

J'ai passé mon examen les 10, 11, 12, 15 et 16 octobre et j'ai été reçue. Maintenant il me reste encore un an à aller au lycée. Je vais étudier la philosophie et les sciences naturelles. Quand j'aurai fini je ne sais pas encore ce que je ferai. Probablement la Croix-Rouge et si j'arrive à obtenir l'autosatatoire de mes parents je passerai mon brevet de pilote d'avion. Depuis toujours c'est mon rêve. En attendant je suis en train d'apprendre à conduire une auto, car j'ai 18 ans depuis le 1 octobre et en France c'est l'âge minimum obligatoire. Maintenant il y a exactement 15 ans que je vais à l'école. A trois j'ai commencé. Je suis restée 10 ans dans un pensionnat religieux (Catholique) puis j'ai été au lycée où je suis vais la sixième année. Vous voyez cela commence à compter.

Avez-vous l'intention de venir en France un jour

THE COLLEGIATE

Pour moi mon père m'a promis que si j'étais reçue en juin /39 à mon examen de philosophie et sciences, naturelles, nous irions à l'exposition de New York et naturellement au Canada. J'espére que cela sera possible cas alors je pourrais faire votre connaissance dont j'ai tant envie. Avec "Normandie" il n'y a que 4 jours du Havre à New York et nous aurons tous les voyages à la folie.

Bien sincèrement,

PINNY.

Sheffield, England.

Dear Ellen:

I am sure Sheffield doesn't sound a very thrilling place in a geography book. It is the largest steel, cutlery and armament manufacturing city in the country. At night the east end of Sheffield looks as if it is on fire for the lights from the furnaces shine.

We live in the west of the city and we are within reach of the beautiful country around. Not very far away is Welbeck Abbey where the Duke and Duchess of Portland live. Chatsworth where the Duke of Devonshire lives is also not very far away.

A few weeks ago King George and Queen Elizabeth visited Sheffield. I had a lovely view from a building window. The Queen was dressed in a lovely pale blue costume and hat. She was carrying a bouquet of pink carnations.

Sometimes programmes are relayed over the wireless from America. It does seem funny when the announcer says: "Good afternoon," when it is nearly bedtime. I often think of you doing lessons when I am still in bed.

Your friend,

MARY.

Quebec.

Dear Correspondent:

The Seminary of Quebec was built in 1628 by the Seigneur Laval as a school for the preparation of priests. At first it was only a small one-room school but now is a school four or five times larger than your own institute.

The following is a description of the day in the Seminary for a boy who has one more year to graduate. He begins his classes at eight and finishes at ten, with an hour for each class. In the morning he has first either history or mathematics and then philosophy. Each class begins and ends with a prayer and in between there is a five minute recitation period which is called "Deo Gratias." The students enter their class, hang up their coats at the back of the class and take their seats quietly—at least, that

is the rule.

For some subjects they change classrooms—such as chemistry and geology. There are six professors, all priests. The subjects are mathematics, philosophy, Apologetic (study of religion), chemistry, history, mineralogy and geology.

Apologetic is considered the main subject; in philosophy they study the logical parts and natural philosophy. In history they study modern history from the time of the French Revolution up till the present. Inorganic and organic chemistry are studied. In mathematics, algebra, and geometry are studied. In mineralogy and geology a general course is taken. Apologetic, philosophy and mathematics are the main subjects. In the afternoon school is from two to three o'clock

Area Senior School,
Milton, England.

My dear correspondent:

I as a member and pupil of this school, am writing in order to give you an impression of our school. It has now been open four years, and we have five classes.

We have quite a number of good subjects. For instance we have one whole day's woodwork in which we do carpentry and make many models, both large and small.

Then we have the school gardens on which we do our gardening and the produce we obtain is used for the school dinners. We also have science in which we perform scientific experiments.

Football is the great game which the boys play. We have a school team which plays other teams from Salisbury and district and in our organized games we practise.

Besides this we have all our ordinary courses such as English, arithmetic, scripture, history, etc.

We have physical training in our hall. In this we have to wear knicks and do all kinds of jumping and so on. This school of ours is entirely lighted by electricity.

It is situated in a very suitable spot on the top of a hill, so we get plenty of fresh air. Well, I think this is all now. I hope you will all be interested.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD VINCENT.

Cher Correspondent:

Collège et Ecole Primaire Supérieure d' Tsseridury —les deux écoles ont été réunies en une seule.

Au collège pour arriver au "baccalauréat" il faut

passer 7 classes 6e 5e 4e 3e 2e 1e et mathématiques ou philosophie. Les élèves apprennent le étin, l'anglais, le français, les mathématiques, les sciences, l'histoire et la géographie. A partir de la 4e ils apprennent en plus le grec et l'allemand. Les élèves qui obtiennent le baccalauréat peuvent entrer à l'université.

Après cinq ans d'études sous l'Ecole Primaire Supérieure, les élèves se présentent à l'Ecole Normale où ils suivent des cours pour devenir instituteurs.

Au bout de quatre ans d'études, les élèves peuvent se présenter au Brevet Elémentaire qui leur permet de devenir employés, secrétaires etc. Ils peuvent aussi se présenter à divers écoles professionnelles.

Au collège et à l'Ecole Primaire Supérieure ont une composition pour chaque matière tous les trimestres. Tous les jeudis soirs, les élèves font des sports. Il a été ainsi formé une équipe de basketball. Ils font aussi du travail manuel.

Les professeurs leur apprennent à fabriquer des objets en bois aussi à limer des pièces de fer. Tous les samedis soirs les élèves ont loisir. Plusieurs groupes se sont formés. Un groupe s'occupe d'avions un autre joue des petites comédies, d'autres encore s'occupent de musique, assistent à des projections de vues, apprennent à travailler le cuir, enfin il y en a qui, le vendredi soir, après les classes, ont loisirs et jouent, sous la direction d'un professeur de musique, du violon de la clarinette etc.

BRUERE R.

Canberra, Australia.

Dear Virginia:

Isn't it thrilling—next year we will be having the Duke and Duchess of Kent living in Government House. There are being started extensive alterations. There will be soldiers, guards and gosh knows what flitting about the place when they arrive.

On the thirtieth of November we finished our Intermediate Certificate Examinations. There were two weeks of it.

Yes, I was awfully scared about the war. My brother was on leave in Scotland when the scare was at its worst, and he was recalled and told to which fighting squadron he was to go. Next year he may be sent with a bombing squadron to Singapore.

I went to see "Marie Antoinette" on Tuesday with a girl friend. Saturday I hope to see Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star." Two weeks ago I saw a newsreel about the terrible floods in America.

About a month ago we killed a huge snake. It was about five feet nine inches long.

Cheerio.

JOYCE.

Paris, France.

Dear Ruth:

Je suis très heureuse de vous donner des renseignements sur ma vie d'écolière.

Je prends le train tous les matins à 8 et je commence l'école à Paris à 8H $\frac{1}{2}$. Pour déjeuner nous avons de 11H $\frac{1}{2}$ à 13H. Nous sortons le soir à 18H. Je reprends le train et rentre chez moi où je retrouve mes parents pour dîner. Je ne vais pas à l'école le jeudi.

A l'école nous apprenons tout l'enseignement-général, le dessin, la couture et seulement l'Anglais, j'aimerais beaucoup l'Espagnol.

Concernant nos jeux, nous ne pouvons pas courir aux récréations car nous sommes trop nombreuses pour la surface de notre cour d'école. En dehors de l'école, je pratique beaucoup de sport particulièrement le tennis et la notation.

A l'école nous ne faisons que de la culture physique.

Nous avons organisé une fête dans laquelle je danse dans un ballet. Chaque année compte trois grandes fêtes et beaucoup de journées de loisirs dirigés pendant lesquelles on nous conduit dans des musées de Paris.

J'espère vous avoir intéressée. Je vous envoie mes bonnes amitiés affectueux souvenir d'une petite étudiante française.

SIMMONNE.

Area Senior School,
Welton, England.

Dear Correspondent:

Thank you very much for your letter. I am very pleased that I was asked to write to you.

At our school we take all the usual lessons: Arithmetic, English, etc. Also there are needlework, domestic science and science. Domestic science and science are very popular but needlework is not so well liked.

At school at the present moment we girls have no outdoor games. As a rule we play hockey and netball but this term we have dancing in place of games, as we shall shortly be producing an operetta and all the dances must be learnt.

We have an Open Day each year. This is a day when school-work is on show to parents and visitors. The corridor is lined with tables and on these the work is displayed. We usually have an important person to give an address. One year for example the Bishop of Salisbury spoke to us.

Our other popular social activity is the Christmas parties. These take place on two nights because the Wilton Senior School is not only for Wilton children but those from nearby villages. The parties are

THE COLLEGIATE

a great success as the entertainment is so varied. We arrange the programme through a committee of boys and girls. Last year our programme included songs, dancing, plays, a puppet show, poems, a mouth-organ solo and a trumpet solo.

I hope you will find this letter suitable for your purpose.

Yours sincerely,

BRENDA DAVEY.

Paris.

Ma chere Olga:

"Je suis dans la 2 eme année du cours complémentaire pour passer mon brevet dans 2 ans. Je n'apprends pas d'autre langue que l'anglais. Mon livre d'anglais se nomme "Alice in England."

Je vois que votre emploi du temps est très chargé et que vous devez avoir beaucoup de travail. Mon emploi du temps est ce qui suive. Lundi—Sciences

naturelles Chant, Algébre; Anglais, Dessin. Mardi—Composition française, lecture expliquée; géométrie, dessin, Mercredi—Géographie, Anglais, Physique, Chimie, gymnastique, chant. Vendredi—anglais, arithmétique, lecture expliquée; couture. Samedi—histoire, orthographe; géométrie, anglais, lecture expliquée.

I begin at school at half-past eleven. I return at one o'clock and finish at six o'clock. I have admired your great institute. My school is situated near the "jardin des plantes." This is a very nice garden there are many kinds of flowers and trees in it and also animals such as lions, tigers, bears in cages and fine birds.

L'année va bientôt être terminée et je vais partir en vacances pendant 3 mois juillet, et août au bord de la mer et Septembre à la campagne.

Je vous prie de croire, Mademoiselle à mes meilleurs sentiments.

SIMONE BARROW.

GOLD AND SILVER

TO the mercenary, the mention of Gold and Silver, brings thoughts of only their monetary value—of what they will buy.

To the dreamer, the mention of Gold and Silver brings to mind pictures of gleaming metals and a host of panoramic glimpses of yore.

The story of these metals is a romantic tale. Indeed, much of the history of the world may be written in Gold and Silver. There are many metals infinitely more valuable, yet Gold and Silver reign supreme.

Silver carries with it a tradition from the past. From century to century, it has been fashioned by master craftsmen into splendor in all forms. Silver has been buried in wooden chests, graced the mantels of princes and the fingers of royalty. A favourite of kings, it has stood the test of time well.

If Silver is the aristocrat of metals, then Gold is its romantic compliment. For it, stately galleons

sailed the Spanish Main. Down through the ages, it has become a by-word for romance and adventure. It has enriched the literature of the world in no small degree. The famous gold strikes—the Klondike and California gold rush—were food to the fertile minds of such writers as Robert Service and others. Fabulous tales have been written about this gleaming metal, lives have been made and wrecked, and ships have gone down—all because of man's lust for the precious metal. Gold is also a lover's metal, for even to-day, in an era of platinum and diamonds, the traditional plain golden band remains a favourite wedding ring.

While Midas' touch may be envied, Gilbert and Sullivan's famous lines still hold true:

*"When every single thing you hold
Is made of silver or of gold
You long for simple pewter."*

"A."



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EDITOR—BEATRICE DENNIS

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

The seniors of the school initiated the new-comers at the twentieth annual reception, on October the fourteenth.

The Freshettes were very much in style with the new uplift hair-do, and ear-rings. However, many of them preferred to be "old-fashioned" and were much relieved when they were at last able to appear natural.

The girls were blind-folded and led into the gym where they participated—some reluctantly—in many breathless activities. After a short program in the boys' gymnasium, an attractive lunch was served and the evening was brought to a close with the Grand March.

THE CADET DANCE

After a strenuous afternoon on the campus (for the boys at least) the students of the S. C. I. & T. S. trooped home to prepare for the grand finale—the Cadet Dance.

This dance, which is eagerly anticipated by the students, took place on Thursday evening, May twenty-sixth, in the boys' gymnasium. Many of the Cadet Officers wore their uniforms, forming a colorful contrast as they mingled with the guests. Dancing was enjoyed from nine o'clock until midnight to the melodious strains of Ken Oliver's Orchestra.

The Cadet Dance was the final social event of the school year, and it was with great reluctance that we left at the toll of twelve bells.

The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Logie, Mr. and Mrs. F. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. O'Donohue.

FRESHMENS' RECEPTION

The Freshmen of the Sarnia Collegiate and Technical School were initiated in the customary manner on October the sixth.

They were first blind-folded, and then ushered into the Boys' gymnasium where they were welcomed by a "gentle" tap with a paddle. This was followed by other activities, which further lowered the freshmen's dignity.

Each boy was then given an ice-cream bar and sent home as a full-fledged member of the S. C. I. & T. S.

RUGBY DANCE

On Friday evening, October twenty-eighth, the Boys' Athletic Association sponsored a delightful rugby dance, which was well attended by many enthusiastic rugby fans of the school.

The music was furnished by a Nickelodeon and "My Reverie" was by far the most popular tune.

The centre of attraction was a dummy dressed in rugby togs, and representing St. Thomas. It was very unfortunate that a dance could not be arranged after one of the games, but even without a visiting team, everyone enjoyed himself.

THE COLLEGIATE

AT HOME

On the evening of December the twenty-ninth, in the girls' gymnasium, the students and graduates enjoyed the gayest activity of the school year. This was the annual "At Home." The gym was gaily decorated with the colours of the various universities, while the orchestra box was very attractive in our own school colours.

The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Logie, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. White, and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. VanHorne.

Dancing was enjoyed from nine-thirty until one o'clock to the delightful music of Jack Kennedy and his Orchestra.

The committee, under the chairmanship of Alex Bedard, deserves a great deal of credit for the most enjoyable "At Home" to date. Those in charge of

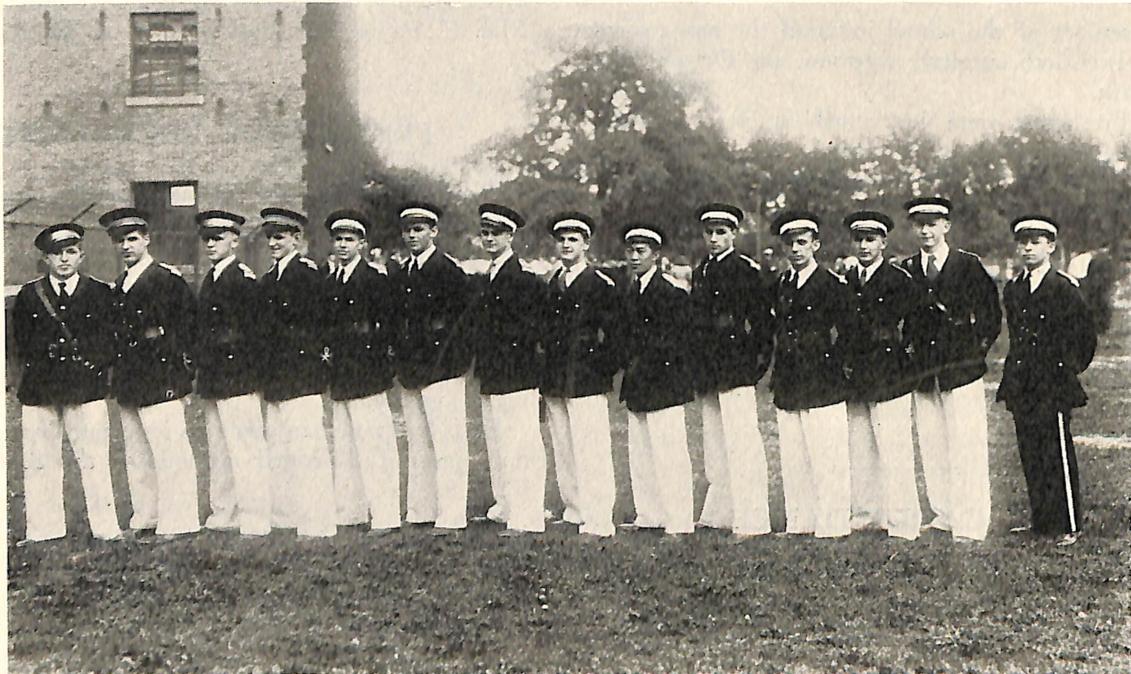
arrangements were: Refreshments, Ilene Sproule; Invitations, Adele Paton; Decorations, Tom Elliot; Program, Bill Kirk.

Thus ended a very successful social year at the Collegiate.

BASKETBALL DANCE

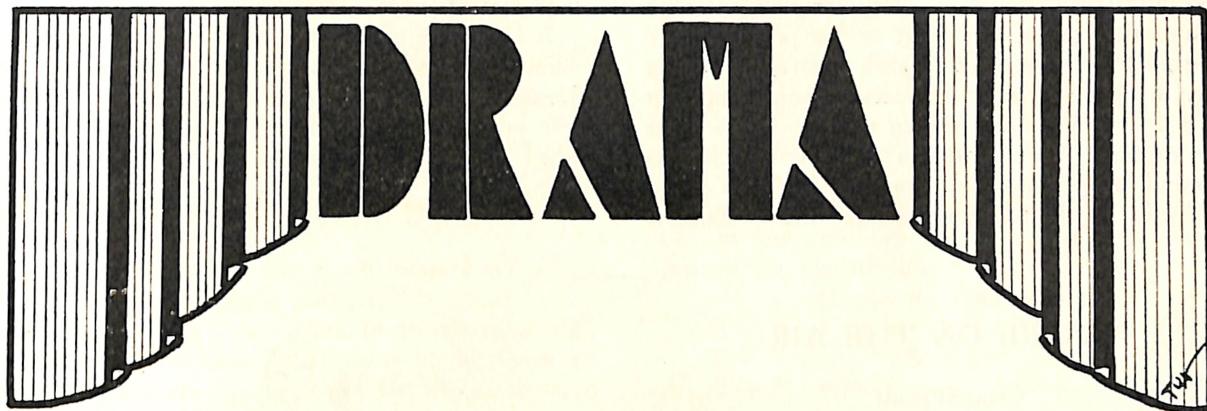
After an exciting double-header with Lexington and Washington High, our neighbours from across the border, an informal dance was held in the gymnasium on December sixteenth.

The dance music was supplied by a Nickelodeon, expertly attended by Alex Bedard. These informal dances seem to be very popular with the students, and a large number turned out to swell the funds of the Boys' Athletic Association.



CADET OFFICERS

L. Allen, H. Callistetr, J. Doohan, J. Smith, W. Humphries, C. Chivers, F. Daws, B. Zierler,
W Chong, R. Lyford, E. Powell, O. York, D. Rutherford, D. Greason



Editor : B. LUCAS

SHAKESPEARE—A KING OF DRAMA

THE English drama as we now understand it had only been invented during the lifetime of Shakespeare's father. The first English comedy, called "Ralph Roister Doister," was written for a company of boys by Nicholas Udall, only 11 years before Shakespeare was born, and the first tragedy, "Gorboduc," by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton, was acted in the Temple only three years before Shakespeare's birth. Thus before William Shakespeare's time there existed scarcely any drama. Suddenly however came the dawn of a new age of splendor and romance in literature.

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth," from which Shakespeare rises as a lasting king of men, were great in changeful wonders. The whole round earth had become vaguely known, and it was felt to be rich in romance. The charms of the ancient life of Rome and Greece were breaking through the mists of ignorance that had clouded the Middle Ages. Printing was spreading throughout Europe to all other countries. The minds of men were being freed to think as they would about whatever concerned their welfare and happiness. The English language, too, had become rich in words that would express all thoughts and feelings. It was, indeed, the dawning of a new age.

What was needed, however, was a man who could gather up and record the feelings of these alert, quick-minded Elizabethan lovers of the romance surging over the world. Who would it be, and what his means of expression? A man packed with learning who wrote history, grave and gray? No, he was not that kind of a man at all, for William Shakespeare, son of a Stratford tradesman, was an English coun-

try youth, who choose the new style of writing plays—the drama—as his method of expression, molding it to suit his purpose.

In his early twenties, Shakespeare went to London and became in turn, an actor, a tinkerer, an improver of plays, written by the University Wits, a writer of plays written around borrowed plots, a writer of lively comedies and fascinating histories, of delicious poetical fantasies, of sweet romances, and of noble, heart-breaking tragedies. He pictured all the romance of life, past and present, as if it were being lived again before the eyes of all the people of his day, and of all who follow after. Not only was he a mere writer of plays, but he was, as his plays prove him a profound thinker and a poet for every mood.

Not easily, however were Shakespeare's talents recognized. At first the University Wits sneered at him, and called him, "an upstart crow beautified with out feathers."

Shakespeare's first fame was gained as a poet, for the very plays which the world now thinks are supremely great, were very carelessly thought of by their writer. He apparently thought more of his poems, "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece, and his Sonnets, than of his dramatic works. This can be readily understood, for at that time poems based on Old-World myths and stories were fashionable, Shakespeare, by writing them, proved that he could write the poems that were in fashion better than the best of poets. Besides, how could he claim his plays as his own, when they were revised works of other men, with a bit corrected here and added there? So, of the thirty-seven plays now attributed to Shakespeare, only sixteen were published in his lifetime. Yet it is the plays that establish his greatness and contain his choicest poetry.

We all are, or should be, well acquainted with Shakespeare's plays, but what of his poetic talent? In his poetry we see Shakespeare's mastery of flowing rhyme, his poetic vision of impressive happenings put into a few wonderfully chosen words. His sonnets show exquisite beauty with a cadence that haunts the mind, a sweetness and simplicity. They sound the depths of thought and picture nature's fairness

with matchless art.

It is because of all these remarkable qualities, and many more, that Shakespeare's great friend, Ben Jonson, hailed him as "not of an age, but for all time"—a prediction which has been proven by us, and which will be proven by posterity.

HELEN HELLER, 5-A.

YOU'RE ON THE AIR

CHARACTERS:

Catherine Perry	Jack Park
Mrs. Perry	Beatrice Park
Mr. Perry	Mr. Stone
Secretary	Tony Stone

SCENE I.

A luxuriously furnished living room, of a prominent New York family.

Catherine: Hurry mother, I'm so excited. Oh! dear I've put my arm in the wrong sleeve of my coat.

Mrs. Perry: Darling, you haven't eaten enough; are you sure you can stand it until noon (laughingly).

Catherine: Yes mother, when a girl wins an audition out at a big college and gets a chance to sing—oh! it's wonderful.

Mr. Perry (entering): Is my charming daughter ready to go to the studio?

Catherine: Yes, dad, goodbye Mom, wish me luck.

Mrs. Perry: Goodbye Kay dear. Don't get excited, and do your best.

(*Lights dim and go out*). *

SCENE II.

A very modern secretary's office. The clock is just striking the quarter hour. Secretary seated at desk, writing.

Catherine (walking up to desk): I am Catherine Perry, and I am to have my audition at ten. Is Mr. Stone ready for me?

Secretary (staring in amazement): Why! There must be some mistake because that audition is taking place this very moment by the college student, named Beatrice Park.

Catherine (in a pleading tone): Beatrice Park? Why she—she—Oh! please may I see Mr. Stone, please!

Secretary: No, I'm very sorry, he'll be studying Miss Park's voice for at least an hour.

Catherine: But I am the one who is supposed to sing, not she—I am the one that was chosen, not she! (She faints). (Telephone rings).



Mrs. Perry (over phone): Hello, this is Mrs. Perry. Has my daughter arrived yet?

Secretary: Yes, Mrs. Perry.

Mrs. Perry: Well, would you mind telling her that a young man just called to say her test is not until—

Secretary (interrupting): Oh! Mrs. Perry, I do not understand, it is to-day—a Miss Park is the winner. Could you come down here please? Your daughter needs you.

Jack Park (interrupting): I'm Jack Perry, and have come to take—why, she's fainted!

Secretary (excitedly): Yes, we must get her some water.

Jack (nervously): N-no; I'll take her home, she'll be all right.

Secretary: Well—whatever you say—she's your sister. (Jack opens door and carries her out). Secretary resumes work; door opens, and Mrs. Perry rushes in.

Mrs. Perry: I'm Mrs. Perry; where's my daughter?

Secretary: Her brother called for her about five minutes ago, Mrs. Perry.

Mrs. Perry (incredulously): Her brother? Why she hasn't got a brother! She's been kidnapped!

Secretary: Oh, what shall we do?

Mrs. Perry: Whatever you do, don't call the police. I'll go home and call her father immediately. (Rushes out door).

(*Lights dim and go out*). *

SCENE III.

Perry home—same as Scene I.

Mrs. Perry (entering): Why Catherine—your're home, my darling! What on earth happened to you?

Catherine: I don't know, Mother. When I came to I found myself sitting on a chair on the verandah and this note pinned to the swing (reading) "Keep your nose out of this audition, if you know what's best."

Mrs. Perry: What does it all mean, Kay? Who is the girl that is taking your part?

Catherine: It's "the" Miss Park—Beatrice. She is detested by all the girls because of her mean actions. When she came second last week, she said she'd get even, so this is it.

Mrs. Perry: I'm going to phone your father dear (rings). Could I speak to Mr. Perry please? Hello. Jim? Oh, you must come home at once. Catherine has been double-crossed.

Mr. Perry: I'll be right home. Don't do a thing until I get there.

(*Lights dim and go out*).
* * * *

SCENE IV.

Secretary's office as before.

Mr. Perry: We've come down to see Beatrice Park and Mr. Stone. May we see them now, please.

Secretary: If it's absolutely necessary, yes (rings). Mr. Stone, some people are here to see you and it's absolutely necessary. Could you come right away and bring Miss Park?

Mr. Stone: I'll be right there (they come in). Well, what is this?

Mr. Perry: We are the Perry's. This is my daughter Catherine and she's the one that won the award not "that" girl.

Beatrice: What is the meaning of this? Why! the man's crazy.

Mr. Stone: I'm not so sure. You're Jim Perry aren't you?

Mr. Perry: Yes.

Stone: Well, I'm Jim Stone. Don't you remember me? We graduated from Harvard the same year.

Mr. Perry: Well, Jimmy—how are you old boy?

Beatrice: This is most embarrassing Mr. Perry, may I speak to you alone for a moment? (They go out. The rest sit there, nervous and puzzled, whispering excitedly until they finally return).

Mr. Perry: I have something to say to you Catherine. This young lady has been blackmailing me. If I tell you this you will take her place. You must brace yourself for a shock my dear. Kay, you are not our real daughter, but we adopted you when you were very young. I didn't want to tell you, but perhaps it's just as well..

Catherine (smiling): That isn't news dad, I've known that for at least eight years.

Beatrice: Well, now everything is wrecked I might as well tell you that boy was my brother.

Stone: Well Jim, my afternoon hasn't been wasted. Come Catherine, we'll have the real audition now (they go out).

Mr. Perry (addressing Beatrice): We'll take care of you and your brother; of course you know the penalty for blackmailing.

(*Lights dim and go out*).
* * * *

SCENE V.

The Perry living room (the same evening)

Catherine: Oh! mother, I'm so happy. Imagine being the guest of honour at the biggest dance of the year at college. And best of all, going with Tony Stone, Mr. Stone's son, the football star on our team. Isn't it wonderful?

Mrs. Perry: Yes, dear—there he is now (opens door). Come in, Tony.

Tony: Thanks Mrs. Perry. You look lovely Catherine.

Mrs. Perry (showing them out): Goodnight children, have a good time.

Tony: Thanks Mrs. Perry.

All: Goodnight.

(*Curtain falls*).

B. LUCAS.

THE PINNACLE OF DRAMA

Drama! What thoughts does this word inspire? What ambitions? What dreams? For me, it signifies one thing—"The Passion Play." I speak of this great story as it is portrayed by the natives of Oberammergau, for this is the one Passion Play which has survived throughout the centuries.

Associated with this fact, we have the legend of Oberammergau and its vow. In the olden days, as far back, it is said, as the twelfth century, there had been Passion Plays performed in this village. But towards the close of the sixteenth century war had dimmed the zeal of the actors. Indeed, during this period, there was every evidence of this representation falling into the oblivion which has overtaken all other Passion Plays. About this time a great pestilence broke out in Oberammergau and the surrounding villages. Whole families were swept away. The natives of Oberammergau felt the plague to be a reparation for their sins and as a token of penitence vowed to perform, every ten years, the Passion Play. From that day, the legend states, the plague was stayed. But, the performance of the Passion Play has remained as a dramatic rainbow set in those awe-in-

spiring Bavarian Alps to commemorate God's mercy.

Between productions, a play is performed annually which helps to keep the actors in practice and serves as a standard by which to pick the case for that great "play of plays." About two years before the production the Passion Committee, which is largely elective, orders all of the citizens to refrain from cutting hair or beard. The day of "the Election of Actors" is long-awaited and serves as a moral guide to all the villages, for election is based on character as well as characterization.

For the next six months practices are held until in May the first performance takes place. Performances are held every Wednesday and Sunday until the end of September. If the seating capacity of the auditorium, which is about five thousand, proves too small for those wishing to attend, repetition of the play is held on the succeeding day.

The actors retain their occupations even, as far as possible, during the presentation period. This is essential since there are six hundred and eighty-five persons engaged in the performance, of whom one hundred and twenty-five have speaking parts. Since one half the village is actively engaged in the play this proves an especially strenuous season as the play is begun at eight in the morning and save for a two-hour noon recess, continues until eight o'clock—six o'clock our time.

Anton Lang, who played the "Christus" of 1900, 1910, and 1920, tells of a harrowing experience during the Crucifixion scene. The rod, which made fast the cross could not be found and a make-shift attachment was supplanted. During the entire scene this heroic man clung there in constant peril of being dashed to his death.

What more can be said? Mere words cannot describe the play itself. Suffice it to say, "It is the story which transformed the world" and which has wrought a transformation in all who have seen it thus portrayed—The Utopia of my Dreams!

A STUDENT.

HOW THE FIRST FILM ACTORS CALLED THEIR STUDIO "THE BLACK MARIA"

HOW strange to read that the first studio was such a tiny affair that it was built of tarred paper, and that in order to use the camera effectively a revolving stage was made so that the scenes as they were staged could be moved around into the sunlight. The first film actor called the studio "The Black Maria" because it was so much like the prison van in which people were conveyed from jail to the police court.

If the studio was small, the camera was huge, it weighed nearly a ton, and so heavy did the operators find it that they would call out for the scene to be brought to the camera, not the camera to the scene. That is where the revolving stage came in!

At this time there was no attempt to put plays on the screen, and except perhaps for Edison, there was no one who ever considered that the actors and actresses would be able to speak and be heard by their audience. People did not take kindly to the first cinemas. How could they when the best that could be offered them was a prize fight, or a couple dancing, or perhaps a scene from a music hall? Moreover, it was still a peep show. You know the kind of thing, they are often to be seen on piers at the seaside where you pay a penny and turn the handle. What you see there, is what your parents saw in the first motion pictures. No wonder Edison got letters saying "Why don't you do something about this kinetoscope? We want to sit in comfort and watch what happens. Can you have a magic lantern and run the films through it?" The magic lantern idea was too good to be passed over, but on the whole, Edison was convinced that the demand for his invention would be less instead of greater if pictures were thrown on to a screen. "The people will soon get tired of the novelty of the thing and quickly there will be no demand for it. No—that won't do!"

Despite the fact that moving pictures did gain an important place, plays still hold a high spot in the tradition of the universe and all its people.

BETTY LUCAS

THE ROSKO RAY ROBBERY

CHARACTERS:

Sir Roland Southmount (supposed invalid); alias "The Spider," the king crook of England.

Ling Po—His only and confidential servant.

Inspector John Dunn—Scotland Yard detective.

SCENE:

The sitting room of a large imposing house in the suburbs of London, England. There is a large invalid's chair beside the fireplace, and a table on the right of the chair, with a map of London opened on it, as well as three large books. The walls are high, but there is only one low window and as it is a rainy day it is closed and the curtains pulled across it. There is a soft rug on the floor and two chairs set in readiness for visitors of the invalid—the gas lamps are dim.

* * * *

As the scene opens, a small hunchback, Ling Po, is helping an invalid to his chair.

Ling (after his master is comfortably seated): "Shall I bring your supper now, sir?"

Sir Roland: "Yes, Ling, and if my inspector friend comes, show him in."

Ling departs and returns with a tray which he sets on the table beside Sir Roland. On the tray is a tea-pot, cup and saucer, a bowl of soup, and some sliced bread on a plate. Ling goes out and Roland is just about to eat when Ling shows Inspector Dunn into Roland's presence.

Roland: "Ah, good evening, inspector." (To Ling) "Ling, bring another cup for the inspector."

Ling: "Very good, sir."

Inspector: "Oh, I didn't mean to trouble you, sir, but I could do with a hot drink. I just dropped in to tell you your solution to that last crime was correct. A wonderful piece of work, Sir Roland. The chief says I should be getting a promotion shortly."

Sir Roland: "Oh, it was nothing, inspector; it helps one pass away the time, this weather, by fathoming out solutions for your cases."

Inspector: "By the way, sir, I received this letter at the Yard this morning. It's a warning from The Spider. Says he's going to break into that new vault in the State Bank. He's going to use that new invention of Professor Rosko, a torch which can cut through the toughest steel even submerged in water. I know it's impossible but I thought I'd tell you."

Sir Roland: "That's very kind of you, inspector; I appreciate it."

Inspector: "You're welcome, sir. But I must be off; I've got to get over to the professor's house at eight o'clock. Promised I'd give him a call. Thank you very much for your hospitality, Sir Roland."

Sir Roland: "We always welcome you, inspector. Come again soon. Show the inspector out, Ling."

A few minutes later the inspector is heard driving away and then Ling enters. The supposed invalid is

standing up, rubbing off his disguise, exposing a tanned, robust complexion, while he looks carefully over a map which is of that part of London in which the State Bank is situated. As he dons a heavy coat and peak cap, takes a revolver from the table drawer and puts it in his pocket, he gives orders to Ling.

"Get the car fixed up as Number 10 (No. 10 is the code number for a secret disguise of the car), and have it in the south alley in ten minutes."

Ling goes out and a few minutes later Sir Roland, now The Spider, goes out of the house by a secret door behind a bookcase.

* * * *

The next morning. Inspector Dunn has just come bursting in very excited to confront Sir Roland who has just been prepared in his chair.

Inspector: "Sir Roland, they've done it. They've broken into the safe at the bank."

Sir Roland: "How preposterous! You said it was impossible to break into the safe, inspector. How did it happen?"

Inspector: "Well, he used one of his old ruses of leading us off to a jewellery robbery in the opposite direction while he robbed the bank. He used the professor's invention but it was sent to Scotland Yard this morning with the Spider's regards."

Sir Roland: "Have you any clues, inspector?"

Inspector: "No, sir. But we're still hunting, so I must be off. I hope you can give us some idea of how he did it. Good-day, sir."

Sir Roland: "Good-day, inspector, and good luck."

The door chuts and Ling comes in smiling.

Sir Roland: "Well, that's another win for us. Eh, Ling?

Ling: "Most assuredly so, Spider."

Spider, alias Sir Roland, bursts out laughing, and the curtain falls.

CHARLES FINLAY, 5-A.

DATE BUREAU

We could go for you	2588
Hard to get although double	2458
Ormsby Sylvia Dewdrop	193-R-14
Too cute for words	2286-J
Brains to waste	1466-M
Life of a party	2355-W
Repair work in exchange for date	583J
She's a "diz"	2493-J
Like the Bridge? I do	1092-M
Heart-Throb please	1496-R
A Heart's Desire	721-J
Little Lord Fauntelroy	3221-W



SCIENCE

B. CHINNICK

Editors: D. ASBURY, B. MORAN.

MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR WATER

ONE of the very oldest inscriptions in the world relates to a tunnel built for water supply. Ever since man has lived in permanent communities he has devoted his best thought to securing water in assured and unfailing quantities, first for drinking, and household use, and, second only to that, for irrigating the land. In hot, dry countries where these communities had their origin, the food supply, too, was dependent upon water.

In fact, all ancient people had irrigation works. The records of Assyria, Babylon, India, and China show that they had well established water systems, while long before America was discovered, irrigation canals, of which remnants still exist, were in use in California and New Mexico, as well as in South and Central America. In some of these regions dense populations were supported only through the help of the irrigation ditch.

As early as 350 B.C. the boats of Alexander the Great encountered dams on the Tigris and Euphrates for diverting water into irrigation canals. Through records, we know that from before 4000 B.C. irrigation existed in Egypt. The first kings organized the systems that had been developed in the prehistoric generations by the earliest inhabitants. The modern engineer's contribution to the Egyptian irrigation system, which is still as vital as ever to the natives, is the Assuan Dam, on the Nile River, by which water can be stored, to be released at will when needed downstream. As the height of the flood has been recorded annually since about 3500 B.C. as the chief event of the year, it has been possible to calculate how fast the rock has been eroded, or cut down, at the rapids as well as the rate at which the Nile de-

posits silt in its bed. The average erosion is about $1\frac{1}{12}$ inch per year while the piling up of silt is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches per century.

When we come to the Greeks and Romans, we find that their engineers are engaged in the subject of water supply rather than irrigation. Before the Romans founded a new town they first found a site near a large clear stream which supplied their drinking fountains and was allowed to flow through the public baths. Besides this they required the use of greater quantities of water which they brought for miles in underground pipes or in their superb aqueducts wherever the pipe line crossed a valley. A perfect example of a site so chosen is that of the Roman town of Nimes, in the south of France. Its magnificent spring still sends its crystal water coursing through the beautiful Roman baths.

From the writings of Julius Frontinus, Water Commissioner of the City of Rome in about 90 A.D., the best-qualified engineers have estimated that the capacity of the nine aqueducts entering Rome was about 85 million gallons per day. Athens, too, had a good supply which Herodotus, the historian, tells us was brought in a system of clay pipes, while the town of Samos secured its water by tunnel from a spring a mile away. Both of these works were built by a contractor from the town Migara who appears to have been a specialist in water supply.

Compared to the system for bringing water to a city the size of New York these ancient works fade into insignificance. Sixty miles of tunnels through solid rock, as far as 750 feet below the surface, carry water from the Catskill Mountains and assure New York of an adequate supply. This great depth

is required so as to avoid the possibility of passing through cracks in the rock.

When the water reaches the city, it passes through aerators which throw jets of it into the air to mix it with oxygen which removes undesirable tastes and odours. It is then treated with chlorine gas to destroy germ life. In this city, there are about 35 reservoirs holding enough water to supply it with its average daily consumption of about a billion gallons, even after a series of extraordinary dry years.

The entirely modern approach to water supply, however, will be found, not when great quantities are brought from distances, but when an inland city located on a river with other towns up-stream has the river as its sole source of supply. Then the engineer faces a new requirement; to create an adequate supply of water suitable for drinking from a contaminated source.

The method of purification comprises two principal stages. First, the water must be cleansed from its load of solids in suspension. Second, all harmful bacteria must be killed. A typical water purification plant includes a pumping station to raise the water from the river to the plant. There it passes through settling tanks where it is dosed with alum which causes the suspended solids to precipitate to the bottom. Then the partly cleared water is caused to flow by gravity to "rapid sand filters." These are boxes filled with sand through which the water is permitted to percolate downward. In addition to clarification secured by settling and filtering, special treatment is sometimes used to remove objectionable taste and odour from water supplies.

The final and important purification process, commonly used for all surface water supplies, consists in adding a minute dose of chlorine for sterilization. The equipment for feeding chlorine has been developed to a high degree of reliability thus affording protection against water-borne bacteria. At the same time the dosage is limited to the quantity required by the organic content and leaves no residual amount which can be detected by taste.

Indeed, Pindar was right when, about 500 B.C., he said: "The chief thing is water."

ARTHUR ELLIOTT, 5-A.

RADIUM HOUNDS

RAIDIUM is not only costly to replace but also becomes a menace to the lives of those who may unwittingly come in contact with its rays. Hence scientists have invented ingenious devices to recover it. Radium is always handled in such minute quantities that occasional loss is inevitable. In treating

cancer doctors rarely use more than 100 miligrams—about enough to cover a pinhead. The amounts are so small that they must be mixed with other powdered salts and applied in tubes and needles made of extremely thin platinum or silver. But this is only partial insurance against loss. There have been 107 cases of radium losses during the past few years.

Startling results in tracing lost radium are obtained by the use of some exceedingly clever devices known as radium hounds. One, an electroscope, consists of a piece of gold leaf with one end fastened to a metal support and the other hanging free. When electrically charged the gold leaf is repelled from the rod and stands at right angles to it. Should the instrument be brought near a particle of radium the gold leaf drops back to its normal position.

A tiny silver needle containing \$1,000 worth of radium was salvaged at the Presbyterian Hospital in Newark last year by this modern rod. The needle had accidentally fallen into a pile of soiled dressings and the loss was discovered only after the refuse had been thrown away into the hospital incinerator. The silver container had by that time melted; but since radium is indestructible the missing supply was still somewhere in the roaring blaze. When the furnace had cooled, the ashes were removed in buckets and placed underneath the radium hound. When the twenty-third bucketful was reached the gold leaf fluttered and dropped. In a few minutes the search was successfully ended.

The moment a quantity of radium is reported missing everyone leaps into action. A hasty preliminary search of the laboratory with a piece of willemite or an ordinary fluoroscope takes place. Willemite is a fluorescent mineral which glows in the presence of radium rays. The fluoroscope acts similarly but neither is effective except at a very close range.

Sometimes the "Geiger Muller" counter is brought into play. Radium rays act on this instrument to set up electrical impulses—which when magnified by a loud-speaker, are heard as a series of clicks. So sensitive is this instrument that 20 milligrams of radium can be detected at a distance of 135 feet.

While treating a patient a doctor lost a capsule containing 50 milligrams of radium. A check-up showed that it was lodged somewhere in the city's sewage system. Armed with a "Geiger Muller" counter and a map of all drain pipes, the doctor slowly followed the path of the pipes. In the middle of the third block the clicks of the counter suddenly began to grow in volume and speed. When the rapidity of the counter told the physician that he was directly above the lost radium a worker descended a nearby man-hole and rescued the lost capsule.

In a Sioux Falls hospital a few years ago a nurse

THE COLLEGIATE

momentarily placed a radium needle on the surgical table. The needle stuck to a piece of adhesive tape and was thrown away. By the time the loss was discovered the rubbish had been carted off to a pig farm 40 miles away. Two physicians hurried to the farm and began testing endless piles of rubbish with electrosopes. In the middle of their search, the gold leaf began to quiver. But a moment later it resumed its normal position despite the fact that the electro-scope itself had not moved. This recurred several times before one of the searchers noticed that the leaf quivered only when the herd of feeding swine nosed by. Acting on the unexpected clue they tested the pigs until the leaf fluttered again. By the process of elimination they finally isolated the pig. A butcher was called and the radium recovered.

Radium is worth \$25,000 a gram. The present United States supply is 300 grams. With the increasing use of radium in medicine, the manufacture of radium hounds is on the rise. Technicians are striving constantly to improve their sensitivity and accuracy. Are the present devices effective? Well, of the 107 radium losses mentioned above 59 complete recoveries and 17 partial recoveries were made by radium hounds. The radium recovered represents several hundred thousand dollars in cash and the removal of a grave potential hazard to any human being who might unconsciously come near this burning element—(Condensed from *Scientific American*, Robert B. Toft, M.D.)

BILL BURLEIGH, 5-A.

MATCHES, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE

IF you have even been on a picnic or in camp and found that the matches have been forgotten you suddenly realize how much we depend on these pieces of wood. They are so common and cheap that we forget how useful they are.

When our ancestors first began to use fire to cook their food or to keep warm, a central fire was kept burning all the time. From this central fire the different families would take a burning branch to kindle separate fires. We know that savages got fire by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together, but men found an easier way as they learned the use of iron and steel. They discovered that when a flint was struck sharply on a piece of steel, sparks were produced. In the pioneer days if a fire was needed sparks were struck into a tinder, which was rags baked until they were very dry. This would smoulder

and by blowing could be lighted.

Now, we avoid all this trouble by using a match. The first matches were very expensive and considered a great luxury. In 1805 a man in Paris coated bits of wood with sulphur and tipped them with a little chlorate of potash mixed with sugar. When he wanted a light he dipped the tip into a bottle of sulphuric acid, and the combination caught fire.

The first real matches were made by John Walker, an Englishman. They were tipped with antimony and potash and with every box a sheet of folded sand-paper was furnished. The match was placed in the fold, which was tightly pressed together with one hand, and the match was jerked with the other.

It was found that by mixing phosphorus with other substances a match could be made that would strike easily. There is always phosphorus in ordinary matches. But different manufacturers use different mixtures. Matches made for use at the seaside or where the wind blows strongly have very large heads and burn quite slowly. Matches are made in many sizes and kinds from the high-grade safe and reliable match of everyday life, to the very special ones made for use in the Arctic. Once lighted these Arctic matches cannot be extinguished even though submerged in water.

In 1852 safety matches were made by J. E. Lundstrom in Sweden. There is no phosphorus in the heads of these matches, but a certain kind of phosphorus is painted on the box. They light only when struck on the box or on a glassy surface and are much safer than ordinary matches.

Years ago workers in match factories were often attacked by a peculiar disease. The white phosphorus affected the teeth and the bones of the jaw and caused great suffering. Now a harmless red phosphorus is used instead.

There are many steps in the making of matches. First, the pine trees in the forests are felled. Those suitable for match manufacture are chosen and sawed into lumber. The lumber is inspected and the suitable material is separated and piled for six months before it is inspected again. This is repeated at the end of every six months for two years. The accepted planks are then sent to the factory and planed before being cut into blocks the length of a match. Another inspection takes place and the blocks that are passed are sent to storage bins to cure. When cured, still another inspection is made before the blocks go to the match floor of the factory to be fed to the match machines.

After the blocks are fed into this machine they are cut into splints the regular match size. The splints are forced into small holes in steel plates. These plates with the splints in them pass through a chem-

ical soluiton the object of which is to prevent an afterglow when the match has been used and blown out. The plates next travel through a drying chamber to drive off extra moisture and to fix the chemicals in the splint. The splints are then ready for a trip through hot paraffin wax followed by another drying process by means of blasts of hot air. After this they pass to the composition mechanism of the machine which puts the heads on them, thus changing them from pieces of wood into matches. After the heads have been put on, the plates follow a winding course while blasts of hot air blown on the matches dry and set the head material. The matches are finally automatically expelled from the plates to circular tables, where they are packed into boxes.

The matches are packed with extreme care. Girls fill the individual boxes. In filling the boxes half of the match-heads are placed at one side of the box and half at the other side. The reason for this division is a precaution against fire.

After individual boxes are wrapped in paper cartons containing from five to twelve boxes, according to the size, the cartons are carefully packed into cases to be taken to various stores throughout the country.

LILLIAN SHARPE, 4-B.

THE MAKING OF PAPER

WOOD, chemicals, and milk all play a part in paper manufacturing. Wood, of course, comes first. In the vast expanse of Northern Ontario forests, spruce are felled, trimmed and cut into twenty foot logs. These are hauled, or rafted, depending on the location, to the pulp mill. At the mill the logs are cut into four-foot lengths and tumbled into great revolving drums where friction and chafing remove most of the bark. The surviving bark is removed by hand. The logs are then made into groundwood, sulphite or soda pulp, according to the ultimate requirements of the paper uses. These types of pulp can be manufactured into several grades of paper, although sulphite has a more highly specialized market.

In making groundwood pulp the four-foot logs are ground into fine pulp. This is washed, screened, and then transferred to the "beaters" and eventually becomes coarse-textured paper such as newsprint, where a finer surface and keeping qualities are not essential.

The sulphite pulp process is entirely different. The barked logs are cut into tiny chips and loaded into "digestors." These are upright steel tanks lined with acid-resisting tile in which the chips are treated with

bisulphite acid and the mixture is cooked by injecting steam. When the mixture has thus been tested the white chips have been reduced to grey slush. The acid is worked out and all undigested wood is screened out. For coated stock the sulphite pulp is bleached and pressed into 200 lb. bales ready for shipping to the paper mill.

Here the creamy sulphite is placed in "beaters." The beaters are large tubs divided in the centre and equipped with plates which slowly reduce the wood fibres to almost microscopic slivers. This complete, well purified water is added and the "stuff" flows to the stock chest where it is kept from settling by slowly-moving agitators.

The "stuff" is pumped from the tank into the Jordan. It passes through the "head box" which regulates the weight and thickness of the paper. From the head box the "stuff" travels through the Jordan to the flow box on the paper machine. Since the stuff is over 99 per cent water, the chief function of the paper machine is to eliminate most of the water. The "stuff" flows on to a belt of woven bronze as wide as the machine and sixty or more feet in length. Much of the water falls through this and the process is helped by suction devices on the under side. As the mixture is carried along towards the dryers a constant sideways motion of the bronze mesh distributes the fibres still in solution so they weave together and form the sheet. About half way along the bed of the machine the "stuff" passes through a wire roll on to a continuous woollen blanket which absorbs excess moisture and supports the fragile sheet as it passes through a series of brass and rubber rolls until it emerges able to support its own weight. Then it passes through a series of steam-heated rolls, the number depending on the weight of paper and the speed of drying required. All rolls are "doctored" for "fuzz" on paper by a flexible steel blade which wipes off all loose fibres. From these rolls it runs to the callender rolls whose smooth surface irons out all tiny crinkles and gives it a finish. Finally the paper is ruled off into one large roll, cut into desired width and rewound or cut into sheets for shipping.

Although callendered paper produced by this process has many uses its usefulness is further increased by coating. Milk in the form of casein comes into the scene at the coating mill. Water is added to the casein and it is measured into large metal tanks equipped with dashers where the casein is churned until it attains a silky smoothness. Next the chemicals are added and colour if desired. After this has been served it is poured into a trough. The paper passes over this, a revolving brush throws the coating on the paper, the paper passes up and under a set of fine, evenly placed brushes and comes out with an

unbroken surface. After drying in a warm room, it is rewound and run through again in order to coat the other side. The manufacturing process is then completed by running the paper through four steel and four cotton rollers which put the finishing touches on the surface.

Lastly the paper is cut and rolled into standard sized rolls. In the coating mill too, are great dustless rooms where paper is matured, the machine shops, and lumber storage rooms. The lumber used in packing cases is carefully dried to the right moisture content. If it should be too dry it will absorb the moisture from the paper, leaving it brittle and unresponsive to the printer's efforts, in which case both the editor and printer, not to mention the reader, would feel very badly.

HERB DICKENSON.

CELLOPHANE

IN the snow-clad hills of the forest, spring is the busiest season of the year—it is drive time. Hundreds of lumberjacks are working on the logs, piled high along the sides of the stream, ready to be started down stream to the mills. The freshness of your pipe tobacco can be affected by the extent of this year's logging operations, as the forest industries now give up Cellophane.

The development of chemical research has placed emphasis on cellulose. Fifty per cent of spruce wood is cellulose, and from cellulose we have ten thousand articles in every day use now being made.

Originally cotton-linter was the principal material for the manufacturing of viscose products, the chief of which are cellophane and rayon. The high demand for these products started chemists to discover new sources of cellulose. Soon bleached sulphate pulp derived from tall spruce trees began to take the place of linter for these purposes.

The process of transforming the wood into bleached sulphate involves the separation of the cellulose in the wood from other materials. It must be effected in a manner that retains the cellulose in the purest form. Basically the manufacture of cellophane is the same as the process used to manufacture artificial silk, differing from it only in the form it takes when it reaches the casting stage, where cellophane is cast in a sheet while silk forms fine threads.

The various stages of the manufacturing process fall into two distinct series of operations: the first series is the vertical and is the preparation of the viscose solution; the second is the horizontal and is the casting of the viscose solution into cellophane.

Pure sheets of spruce wood are cut to the thickness of ordinary cardboard. The sheets of wood pulp are placed in a press and steeped in a solution of caustic soda; a chemical change takes place and the pulp sheets are converted into alkali cellulose. After steeping the sheets are removed and dumped into hoppers leading to shredding machines on the floor below.

The chemically-treated and shredded alkali is now white and fluffy, resembling a mass of bread crumbs. This is then "aged" in covered containers. Carbon bisulphite is mixed with this "aged" alkali in a rotating barrel where it changes to orange-coloured cellulose xanthate "crumbs." The xanthate is dissolved by mixing it with a solution of caustic soda known as viscose. The viscose is ripened in large storage tanks under carefully controlled conditions before it goes to the casting machines.

The casting operations begin by forcing the viscose under pressure into an acid bath where it coagulates and forms a continuous film of material of the required thickness. A set of rollers carries the film through a washing and bleaching process and into a bath containing glycerol, which increases the pliability of the material. After a series of baths, which have increased the transparency and toughness of the film, the film is passed through heavy "squeeze rolls" which remove all of the surface water and excess liquid. The film is then thoroughly dried over heated rollers and emerges as cellophane, in the form that has become so familiar to the public.

Whether the customer requires cellophane in the form of sheets or rolls, the cellophane is very carefully inspected before shipment.

As might be expected cellophane has numerous and varied uses. The main factor in relation to the use of cellophane is "cleanliness." Goods such as towels, toys, clothing, attain their newness and do not become shopworn in the stores as otherwise would happen if they were not wrapped in cellophane. Pastries, cigarettes, and many other products are kept fresh in cellophane.

What is more attractive than a parcel wrapped in cellophane? It is certain that cellophane-wrapped parcels attract the customer's eye and increases the sales percentage. Cellophane allows perfect visibility, yet protection to the article. As in the case of silk stockings cellophane protects them from snags.

A few years ago who would have imagined that curtains, aprons, raincoats, bookcovers, and even bathing suits, would be made from this popular material? More and more cellophane is being used for the wrapping of parcels as it costs only a trifle more than ordinary wrapping paper, and is so much more attractive.

CONNIE AIKEN, 3-B.

THE WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY

As one observes the sun, moon, stars, or even the earth itself, we cannot but wonder at the size and mystery of what lies beyond. Other sciences have provoked as much study as astronomy, but to ourselves, the mysteries of such things as the minute atom mean much less than the marvels of the unknown beyond.

Long ago man tried to understand his world, and developed many ridiculous, but then well-thought-out, theories. Thales thought that the world was flat, resting on water, while Amaximander believed it to be a cylinder only the top of which was inhabited. In the third century B.C. Aristarchus believed that the earth was a rotating sphere, but could not prove it. Christopher Columbus gave astronomers definite reasons to be amazed when he discovered America in 1492. All the early astronomers believed that the earth was the centre of everything.

There are several groupings or organizations in the heavenly bodies. The smallest of these are the moons or satellites of which we have only one. These are attracted to their parent planets by gravitation, and kept from falling by centrifugal force. The planets in turn are likewise connected to their respective suns. Each "sun" except our own is known as a star, and these are grouped together to form a galaxy. An estimated one hundred million stars comprise our galaxy. All the stars visible to us are in our own galaxy except a small insignificant patch of light visible at some times of the year in the northeast or southeast. This is our nearest neighboring galaxy. A larger unit may some day be discovered but at present the galaxy is the largest. Each star is believed to have planets around it much as ours, but this cannot be definitely proven. The other galaxy are believed to be organized much as ours is.

The nearest and best known heavenly body is our moon, but it is 240,000 miles away. It has a diameter of 2160 miles or one-quarter that of the earth. The surface of the moon is much like a very rocky portion of the earth. There are large mountains with huge gaping craters, especially near the South Pole. These cause the "man in the moon." The surface is very irregular and enormous apparently bottomless crevices are observed. If we could live in the moon, conditions would be much different from those on the earth. There would be no atmosphere, and consequently no sound would be possible. A night and day would last two weeks; the days would be very hot, the nights very cold; the earth would appear as a very bright moon; and everything would have only one-tenth its earthly weight.

The planets vary in structure from large gaseous masses to small heavy rock solids. Others consist of both gases and solids like our own. Whether other planets are inhabited or not has long been an unanswered question. Mars is the only planet which lends any great possibility of being inhabited. During the summer are seen huge patches of green believed to be vegetation and in the winter patches of white believed to be snow. Conditions there would be somewhat like here. Gravity would be only one half that of the earth and water and oxygen would be much more scarce.

Our sun is a typical and average star. It has a density of 1.4 and a mass 33,000 times the mass of the earth. It has a surface gravity of 27.6. It is a huge burning mass with a surface temperature of 6000° , considerably higher than any artificial temperature yet procured, and an internal temperature of several million degrees. It is rotating like our earth but takes thirty-five days for one rotation. It is composed of substances commonly known on the earth and about sixty of the ninety-two elements have been detected. It has an atmosphere known as a corona which has an inconceivable low density.

To many people several heavenly bodies are known as stars. Planets, cornets, and meteors are all "stars" to many people. The planets are entirely illuminous but reflect the light from the sun as any body does. The comet is a very interesting body but cannot be discussed here. The meteor is a small piece of material flying through space. If it should come within the earth's atmosphere, the resistance of the air to its extreme speed makes it white hot. It is either a meteor or a comet that is known as a falling star. A falling star is not a star at all and is of much less importance than many people believe. A meteor consists mostly of tin and nickel. The sun is a good example of a star, and most of the stars are believed to have planets around them as our earth has. What has been said about the sun may apply to many stars.

The formation of the solar system remains an unsolved mystery. Many theories have been advanced, but all are in some way unsatisfactory. A simple one is the Nebular Hypothesis advanced by La Place in 1796. He believed that all the material of the present solar system was once included in the sun; then a large, but slowly rotating body. It cooled and as it did so it contracted more swiftly than the surface momentum decreased. Consequently the whole increased in velocity. Finally centrifugal force equalled and finally exceeded gravity. This caused material to fly off and become planets. These went through a similar evolution and discharged their satellites or moons. This was found improbable from a stand-

point of mathematical physics.

In 1900 Chamgerlain and Moulton advanced the Planestissimal Theory. At least several thousand million years ago another star passed very close to our sun. Gravitation between the two caused streams of material to pass between them. These condensed into globules or planets. The planets captured smaller condensations which became moons. Neither of these theories are fully accepted, but for many purposes are satisfactory.

It is not to be believed that our earth is a large part of everything. Let us consider an aeroplane travelling one thousand miles per hour, an impossible speed. To go around the world would take one day. To go to the moon would take ten days, to the sun ten years; to the nearest star three million years; to the limits of our galaxy one hundred thousand million years. It would take seven million years for our plane to reach as far as telescopes can detect. Nothing to indicate an end is seen here, but more galazies and more stars. What could be seen with an infinitely strong microscope is very doubtful.

The greatness of the universe almost makes us shudder. What we could see beyond might be very wonderful, but what we could see on the known heavenly bodies if we could see them at close range might be more wonderful. The most certain thing for us to realize is how small and how insignificant we and our world really are.

IVAN CLYSDALE, 5-B.

THE AUTOMOBILE—A CHEMICAL FACTORY

NO one man can honestly claim to have invented the motor car. It is not the invention of any one man—but a composite aggregation of many inventions. Although only a century old the true beginning of the automobile antedates all recorded history. The cave man—forerunner of the modern research worker—who, back in the days of prehistoric times, learned how to build a fire—perhaps he was the first to contribute a discovery to the car of to-day. The first wheel (the greatest of all inventions) marks the beginning of civilization. So the wheel on which it rolls and the fire that provides the power to roll it—these are the truly basic discoveries out of which has grown your modern car!

We usually think of the automobile as a mechanical device which burns gasoline to propel itself along the road. But to the scientist the automobile means much more. Now let us look at it from the standpoint of the chemist. It uses chemical raw materials which are converted into finished product by the en-

gine. It has every element of a chemical factory—storage tank, mixing chambers, pipe lines, chemical reaction chambers, and waste product disposal.

To-day, thanks to the scientist, we know exactly what happens inside the engine. In order to investigate what takes place within its fiery stomach, quartz windows have been put in the cylinder. Engineers have peered into the white-hot chambers of burning gases and actually photographed what previously was only guessed at. And so the engineer found out that to obtain more power, better economy and a higher efficiency, he was limited by the characteristics of gasoline. Where he tried to squeeze more power out of gasoline it resulted in a bad case of indigestion commonly known as "knock." Over a long series of tests covering a period of years a compound was discovered which, when added to gasoline prevented the "knock." Browne, one of the elements necessary in the many actions of anti-knock gasoline, is extracted chiefly from sea-water. It is only present in the extremely minute quantities of $5/1000$ of one per cent; that is one pound in ten tons of sea-water. And so a new industry is born. Research again puts men to work.

Power—the useful product made by the automobile—is measured in horsepower. A horsepower is 33,000 ft. pounds of work per minute. That means 33,000 pounds is raised one foot in one minute, by one horsepower. If we could take all the power installed to run our factories, light our homes, run our railroads, etc., and added to this all the power installed in automobiles, the horsepower of the automobile would make up 85% of the total.

One of the chemical products made by the automobile engine is water, which leaves in the form of vapour. The automobiles on our continent produce eighteen billion gallons of new water yearly—enough water to fill a canal twenty-five feet wide by six feet deep extending across Canada from Halifax to Vancouver. The other important product produced is carbon dioxide. Enough carbon dioxide is produced in this way to make 160,000,000 tons of dry ice annually.

To produce these two products only two raw materials are used, air and gasoline. Air is familiar to every one. Gasoline is a chemical compound composed of hydrogen and carbon—gasoline actually is 85% carbon. The combination of these two highly important elements makes the ideal fuel for the automobile engine. We could hardly write out specifications for a more ideal fuel for the chemical factory than gasoline. It contains more energy per pound than any explosive. It is three times as powerful as T.N.T. and according to statistics the energy contained in one year's supply of gasoline on this con-

tinent is greater than in 15 Niagara Falls. Yet of the tremendous energy in a gallon of gasoline only about 10% is usefully employed in driving a car 30 miles an hour.

Earlier we said the only raw materials were gasoline and air. The gasoline burns and the carbon and hydrogen in it combine with the oxygen from the air to form carbon dioxide or if the burning is incomplete the deadly poisonous gas, carbon monoxide. Over a gallon of water is produced for every gallon of gasoline used. And so we see all the chemistry looked up to the car. The gasoline tank is the store house for the raw product. The production line consists of the gasoline piping, the carburetor is the mixing chamber for the raw materials and the cylinders are the power converting chambers. *Thus the automobile is a chemical factory on wheels.*

BILL MORAN, 5-A

COLORED HEADLIGHTS FOR MOTOR CARS

IN the last few years there has been wide adoption of coloured light for automobile headlights—chiefly yellow or orange. Motorists are using coloured lenses in their ordinary headlights or in specially built “fog lights” in the belief that the coloured beams possess advantages over the white for driving at night or in fog. It is claimed that, with coloured lights, objects on the road are more easily seen, that glare is reduced and that the coloured rays penetrate farther into mist or fog.

Legislature in France compelling the use of headlights emitting yellow light has brought attention to this problem, investigation of which was undertaken by the British Medical Association. The Association reported that extravagant claims had been made for yellow headlights and that no definite recommendation could be made for their use. They emphasized that in deciding upon the relative merits of white and coloured light it is of great importance to note that when coloured glass is put in front of a lamp it not only colours the light but also reduces its brightness. This obvious disadvantage is often overlooked in discussing the case for and against coloured light; although of course the sodium vapor lamps, in which the colour is not influenced by the lens overcomes this. However this type of light is not practical in an automobile headlight at present.

None of the claims advanced in favour of using a coloured headlight beam, yellow in particular, rather

than a white beam of exactly the same power has been substantiated either. The claims for a greater range of visibility in fog were definitely disproved. As for the other claims of less glare and greater facility of vision, the evidence was found to be inconclusive.

Thus it is apparent from the information available at present that no considerable advantage can be secured by using coloured light.

D. ASBURY, 5-A.

ELECTRONS AT PLAY

OF all the peculiar happenings in this or any other world, the movements of electrons and protons are the things which affect our everyday world most. An electron technically is a negative portion of matter. This portion is so small that if it was suddenly enlarged the size of an orange, a particle of dust would assume the size of the Empire State building. The proton is about the same size but is a positive particle of matter. An electron and a proton give us a molecule. A molecule is the smallest part of matter which can exist by itself. These molecules always keep in a cluster known as an atom. An atom although larger than an electron or proton is not visible with the naked eye in combination with any lens. Everything is made up of atoms including the human body, cloth, wood and so on.

These atoms are in different combinations, so making different materials. If the electron or the proton were suddenly removed from the earth, everything would disappear. No explanation would be necessary because there would be no one to explain to or explain it for you.

The electrons and protons travel at a very terrific rate of speed. They travel at the speed of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second. In this way electrons and protons never allow our radio to be late. Radio waves travel seven times around the world in a second. Electrons are marvelous servants and obey our every command. The electron and the proton are inseparable. A particle of electricity to be negative has a deficiency of protons while the positive particles have a deficiency of electrons.

Experiments of science recently have changed salt to radium for a few hours. This artificial radium is much more powerful than the natural product. Thus if one could change the construction of an atom there would be enough of everything for everyone.

A. ROSEN, 4-C.

ELECTRIC POWER

MANY years ago a physician named Galvani became interested in and experimented with electricity. One day as he was dissecting a frog, which had been dead for several hours, he noticed that its legs jumped violently when he touched them with his instruments. He began to wonder what made them do this. Was it electricity in the frog's body? Yes! It was electricity that made it jump, therefore electricity was life and he had made a great discovery.

Another man Volta by name heard of this and said it was not true. He proceeded to make a battery to prove that electricity was not life. He piled some zinc and silver dishes alternately on top of each other, separating them with wet blotting paper. From this battery came the first steady flow of electric current. Volta had succeeded in disproving Galvani's theory that electricity was life.

While Galvani and Volta were experimenting with their frogs' legs and batteries other men were working to produce electricity by other means. The most prominent was a young Englishman named Faraday. He discovered after ten years of experimenting that when a coil of wire cuts the magnetic lines of force that a small electric current is set up in the wire.

With Faraday's experiment in mind a Frenchman, Monsieur Gramme, built two dynamos, a small one and a larger one. With the large one he was able to light a large circuit of carbon arc lamps; the small one just provided power for a small circuit. One day Gramme was demonstrating the machines to an Englishman at the Vienna Exposition. He told the workman to connect the large dynamo to the steam engine. When the dynamo began to run the large circuit of lights burned. As the workman was connecting the small dynamo to its circuit he made a mistake and connected it with the large circuit. Much to his horror at first but then excitement and pleasure, Gramme saw the small dynamo being driven by the electric power from the large one. Thus through the blunder of a stupid workman the first motor was discovered.

In America one of the foremost experimenters was Thomas Alva Edison. He turned his genius to the making of a practical incandescent lamp. After trying unsuccessfully many times to make a satisfactory paper filament he decided to try carbonized bamboo. This bamboo proved to be the best material for the filament that he could find. This bamboo was a very special kind and was found only in Japan. Since then the bamboo has been replaced by a much more efficient metal, tungsten. In 1882 Edison's generating plant began to produce electricity for its fifty-nine

customers.

Before long it was discovered that direct current was impractical because it needed such heavy conductors for the amount of power that was carried. Westinghouse was the first to see that alternating current was the power of the future because it could be transmitted at high voltages along small conductors. The high voltage current on the transmission lines would have to be reduced before it could be used commercially. To do this there must be invented an efficient transformer. Westinghouse had financed several ideas but they failed. A young American experimenter, Stanley, was convinced that he had designed a transformer that would work. Westinghouse would not finance him. After a great struggle he finally made a transformer and found it to be a success when he tested it in Great Barrington, Mass.

There have been great advancements made since Galvani's and Volta's time in the field of electricity. In fact we depend so much upon electricity now, that when it was suggested that all the electricity in the United States be turned off for one minute the authorities said "no." They said that it would be impossible because it would paralyze the country, that there might even be a panic. Thus it would seem that we live in an electric age.

J. RAMSDEN, 4-A.

STRATOSPHERE TRAVEL

THE future of this world of ours is indeed brightened by man's ambition for speed. All progress of science to-day points to much increased future speeds. Scientists are convinced that land travel is at its best when they realize how much power is lost to overcome traction and high resistance. The world's fastest automobile driver predicts 400 miles an hour is the best land speed and to-day they are shadowing this goal with little hope of bettering it in the future.

It must be very plain why terrestrial travel will give way to stratosphere travel in the near future. In the stratosphere we find less resistance and since resistance increases as the square of the power, we may realize the lower the resistance the higher the speed, with no traction which is found in terrestrial travel. Besides these fundamental reasons we find that air travel is economical, fast, safe and with the utmost in comforts. Terrestrial travel has been hampered by storms but as a rule this is not the case of the stratosphere where they are able to fly over storm areas. The reasons for stratosphere travel are too numerous to mention why the future generations will travel that way.

Scientists have come a long way since the turn of the century in safer and faster travel but little has been done to protect man's internal organs from extreme conditions caused by greater speeds. You may say that there is no need but I am sure if you have travelled in a fast express elevator you have felt that feeling as if your stomach would drop out. This is only a condition caused by speed.

Even worse effects are encountered by race pilots banking around a marker at a high speed. His blood pressure is abnormal and the centrifugal force causes alarming pressure on his brain stem. These conditions cause semi-consciousness and if the pilot does not recover from the effects immediately he will crash. Still more dangerous is the noted X-9 test. This test is a plunge toward the earth, throttle wide open, and aided by the pull of gravity, the plane reaches its maximum speed. At this point the pilot breaks his fall by pulling his plane out of the dive. If the plane and pilot hold out the test is successful but at this point the pressure created is nine times the normal pressure. As the abdominal wall is not able to stand such a strain the bodies of test-pilots have to be heavily taped to give sufficient support.

It is now very clear why protection must be afforded the body to equalize the pressure. Agents to maintain an even pressure must be developed before high speeds can be achieved without making human guinea pigs out of our pilots.

In the past year successful experiments for record distance flights have been astounding, namely the Mercury, an English flying boat which has made headlines in newspapers by flights to Canada and South Africa. Following this example we will see planes, which are heavily loaded with fuel, gain momentum for taking off in a flight by other power than their own. As momentum against resistance is the sole support of our heavier than air planes they will then be able to girdle the globe without refueling.

With the fastest speed to-day better than that of a pistol bullet we will encounter unthought of speeds in our stratosphere within the very near future when

trying conditions of body and nervous system are reduced to a minimum.

JOHN SANDS, 5-A.

COLD LIGHT

QUIETLY recently a new material has been developed in the Du Pont laboratories which promises to open up a new field in the construction of certain dental and surgical instruments. This is "Tucite" (methyl methacrylate), a crystal-clear and practically unbreakable plastic which has received the descriptive name "Cold Light."

The faculty of "Tucite," like quartz, of carrying light around curves is primarily responsible for its usefulness. Thus, a length of "Tucite," no matter how curved, will be lighted brilliantly throughout by a source of light at one end, which may even be around a corner and invisible to the observer.

To be able to combine a means of illumination and a practical tool in one instrument gives an obvious value to this plastic, especially when two other factors are taken into consideration. "Tucite" is a non-conductor of heat and so the small electric bulb necessary at the base of the instrument will not transmit any of its heat to the business end, thus causing discomfort to the patient. From this property it derives the name "cold light." The other advantage is that "Tucite" partially filters out the infra-red rays from the source of light and so liberates whiter rays than the bulb itself. As a result, the body tissues are presented in their truest colours.

At present the chief instruments in which "Tucite" is employed are probes, tongue depressors and retractors— instruments used in holding back the tissues while operating so as to afford the surgeon a better view and a better access to the field of operation. However this is just a beginning, and as time goes on, wider and more varied uses will doubtless be found for this remarkable new plastic.

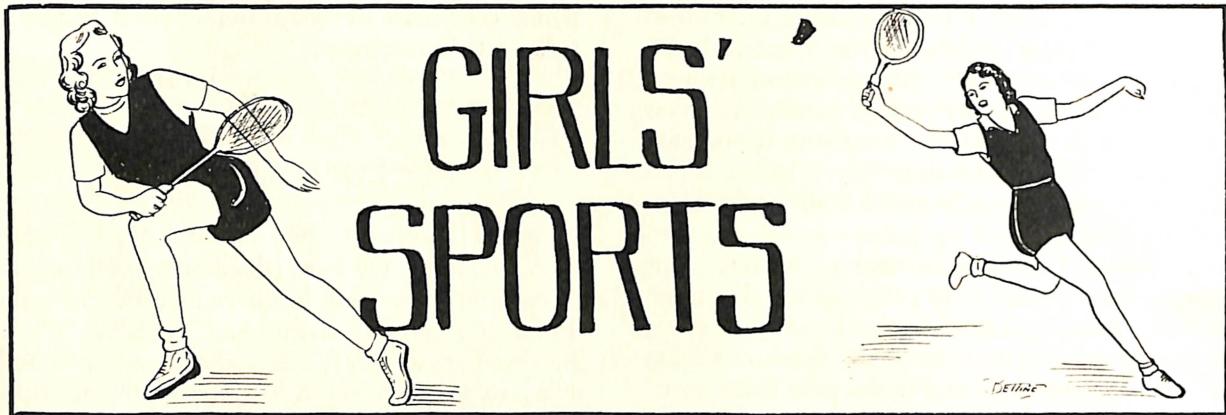
D. ASBURY, 5-A.

A man living in a village outside Paris during the Revolution, met a friend fresh from the city and asked what was happening.

"It's awful," was the reply. "They're cutting off heads by the thousand."

"Good heavens! Surely not heads," he cried, "why I'm a hatter."

A lecture is the process by which notes of the professor become the notes of the student without passing through the minds of either.



EDITOR—M. VANHORNE.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Honorary Presidents—Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramsden,
Miss Truman.

President—Marjorie VanHorne.

Vice-President—Edna Kee.

Secretary—Ruth Johnston.

Treasurer—Winifred Durnford.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Second Row—F. Wilson, E. MacDonald, W. Durnford, Miss Ramsden, Miss Truman, V.

Hale, F. Doherty.

First Row—M. Stirrett, L. Dauphinee, E. Kee, M. VanHorne, R. Johnston, P. Lawes, J. Al-

lingham.

This year the girls of the S. C. I. have participated in sports after school more than ever before. The Senior and First Form classes especially have had a large percentage of the girls taking part and we hope the other forms will follow their good example. Is every one willing to do her share?

Miss Bald has left our school and its activities but we wish to thank her for her co-operation and effort in making our sports a bigger success. Miss Truman has taken Miss Bald's place assisting in gymnastics with the First Formers. Welcome, Miss Truman!

It might be interesting to note here that awards are given to those girls whose work is very good. There are certain requirements for each award.

A first "S" is awarded to the girl with the highest standing in P.T. classes and extra curricular work. Edna Kee's gym work surpassed all others last year and so to her was awarded a first S. Keep it up Edna!

Then a second "S" is given to those who have earned for three years the G.A.A. proficiency award. This has been awarded to Beatrice Dennis, Winifred Durnford, Winifred Elnor, Edna Kee, Marion MacKinlay, Audrey MacMillan, Edith MacDonald,

Nora McNamara, Ina Rosebrugh, Jean Stedwill, Elaine Ward. Frances Lessard was awarded a second "S" for completing all the swimming club tests.

The G.A.A. crests which are awarded to the girls with the highest standing in the year's work went to Nancy Ahern, Jessie Allingham, Beatrice Dennis, Winifred Durnford, Winifred Elnor, Frances Guess, Eloise Johnston, Ruth Johnston, Edna Kee, Eva Keskane, Grace LeGare, Frances Lessard, Brona Levanoyitch, Marion MacKinlay, Isabel McCrae, Eleanor McMann, Nora McNamara, Barbara Neville, Flora Newell, Edna Pass, Olga Petro, Margaret Rankin, Jean Stedwill, Alison Street, Jean Thompson, Elaine Ward.

The Girls' Athletic Executive meets the second Friday of each month to make plans for the year's activities. These twelve girls arrange for the parties which are held in honour of the winning teams in each group. Those ranking 1st, 2nd and 3rd and all captains of that sport are invited. The winners of Track and Field and Speedball celebrated together at one of these parties where an unusual indoor track meet was held.



INTER-FORM TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONS

Third Row—D. Henderson, I. Daniel, J. Walker, E. MacDonald, J. Steadwell, M. Doherty, H. Johnston, J. Whithall, D. McIntyre.
 Second Row—B. Lindsay, J. Harris, S. Lucas, M. Kent, N. McNamara, B. Dennis, L. Bell, G. Heath, A. Zamoic, M. Gravelle, F. Wilson.
 First Row—L. Prangley, F. Harold, H. Andrews, I. McRae, M. VanHorne, E. Kee, I. Case, I. Martin, C. Steinman, J. Merrill.

TRACK AND FIELD

This year the girls responded even more than ever before to Track and Field Day which was held Oct. 7th. Interform events took place in the morning and individual events in the afternoon.

The fifth formers with Marjorie VanHorne as captain won the Senior championship while Com. 3 with Irene Barwise as captain came second and Annie Pratt's Com. 4 was third.

Intermediate events were won, first by Kathryn Steinman's team 2A, second by Com. 2A with Marilyn Schaeffer as captain and third by Jean Callister's 2D's.

Junior events were headed by 1-8 (1) with Freida Harold as captain. In second place came Betty Bond's 1-11 (1) and third place Audrey Ward's team 1-10 (2).

SPEEDBALL

Some of our Speedball enthusiasts found the games very exciting this year, the competition being very keen.

First in the Senior group came Spec. Com. with Kay Heslop as captain. Following closely came 3A captained by Shirley Ward and in third place C4, captained by Hazel Garnham.

Intermediates were won, first by 2A (1) led by Muriel McKegney, second 2E led by Merle MacFarlane and third 2A (2) led by Ferne Wilson.

Eva Keskanek's 1-7's came first in the juniors 1-9 (2) captained by Marjorie Shannon placed second and tied for third place were 1-9 (1) captained by Grace Walker and 1-11 (2) by May Walter.



INTER-FORM SPEEDBALL CHAMPIONS

Third Row—A. Forbes, S. Smith, D. Scott, D. McCreadie, M. Rankin, D. Haley, D. Hartwell, B. Page, J. Merrill.

Second Row—M. Willock, M. Nichol, D. Culley, H. Harrison, F. Doherty, G. Bolton, I. Rosebrough, A. Zamic, H. Johnston, C. Steinman.

First Row—B. Delderfield, A. Haskay, M. Zink, H. Gallie, H. Smith, K. Heslop, F. Sands, I. Martin, M. McKegney, J. Dobbins.

DECK TENNIS

Deck tennis was enthusiastically and skilfully played by the first formers instead of Badminton. 1-11 (2) headed by Hazel Roberts came out first

while 1-8 (1) with Audrey Benson as captain came second and for third place 1-8 (2) and 1-10 (2) tied with Diana Henderson and Reta Ross as captains.

BADMINTON

The undefeatable Com. 4 captained by Flora Newell ranked first in the Badminton group. Spec. Com. captained by Gale Bolton and 5 (1) captained by Helen Heller tied for second place. These two teams caused some excitement in the gym because after two or three games the tie still could not be

broken.

2C captained by Joyce Wadham won first place in the Intermediate group. 2A (2) led by Irene Martin placed second and 2A (1) led by Helen Johnston came third.



INTER-FORM BADMINTON CHAMPIONS

Third Row—M. Walter, H. Mathews, G. Forbes, I. Langan, D. Goodhall, D. McIntyre.

Second Row—S. Morrison, A. Street, R. Janus, E. Paul, B. Graham, V. Perry.

First Row—A. Willock, H. Roberts, H. Garhum, J. Newell, D. Dyke, J. Whadham, M. Ellis.

LIFE SAVING

By earning 84 of the 104 awards for life saving our school was placed third among the Life-Saving groups of the province.

Silver Medals were awarded to Beatrice Dennis, Frances Guess, Eloise Johnston, Edna Kee, Marion MacKinlay and Nora McNamara.

First Class Instructor's Certificate—Beatrice Dennis, Frances Guess, Edna Kee, Marion MacKinlay, Nora McNamara.

Bar to Bronze—Millicent Baxter, Beatrice Dennis, Frances Guess, Eloise Johnston, Edna Kee, Frances Lessard, Marion MacKinlay, Nora McNamara.

Bronze Medallion—Betty Bailey, Freida Barclay, Lillian Bell, Ella Cruickshank, Lorna Dauphinee, Valerie Hale, Mabel Hicks, Anna Jamieson, Ruth Johnston, Helen Jones, Eva Keskanek, Grace LeGare, Eileen Lyford, Isabel McCrae, Eleanor McMann, Barbara Neville, Edna Pass, Margaret Rankin, Jean

THE COLLEGIATE

Stedwell, Mary Stirrett, Jean Thompson.

Intermediate Certificate—Betty Bailey, Freida Barclay, Irene Barwise, Ella Cruickshank, Valerie Hale, Mabel Hicks, Anna Jamieson, Ruth Johnston, Helen Jones, Eva Keskanek, Grace LeGare, Eileen Lyford, Isabel McCrae, Eleanor McMann, Barbara Neville, Edna Pass, Margaret Rankin, Mary Stirrett, Jean Thompson.

Elementary Certificate—Nancy Ahern, Betty Bailley, Irene Barwise, Ella Cruickshank, Valerie Hale, Mabel Hicks, Anna Jamieson, Ruth Johnston, Helen Jones, Eva Keskanek, Shirley Kirkland, Grace LeGare, Eileen Lyford, Isabel McCrae, Eleanor McMann, Barbara Neville, Edna Pass, Margaret Rankin, Margaret Shaw, Mary Stirrett, Genevieve Taylor, Jean Thompson, Mary Yates.

BASKETBALL

The basketball season has just ended with 25 teams composed of approximately 300 girls participating. About two weeks were devoted to practising before the regular games began. This gave each team the chance to improve a great deal and thus made the competition keener.

Special Commercial captained by Helen Smith placed first for the Sr. championship. Alison Street's team, Com.-4 obtained second place and Edith Mac-

Donald's Coll.-5 (1) came third.

The Intermediate championship was taken by 2-A (1) captained by Jane Merrill. Lillian Cook's team 2-E won second place, while Edith Paul's 2-C came third.

Marjorie Stevenson and her team from 1-12 won the Junior championship. Second place was won by 1-7 captained by Maisie Nichols and third place was won by 1-11 (1) captained by Evelyn Baxter.

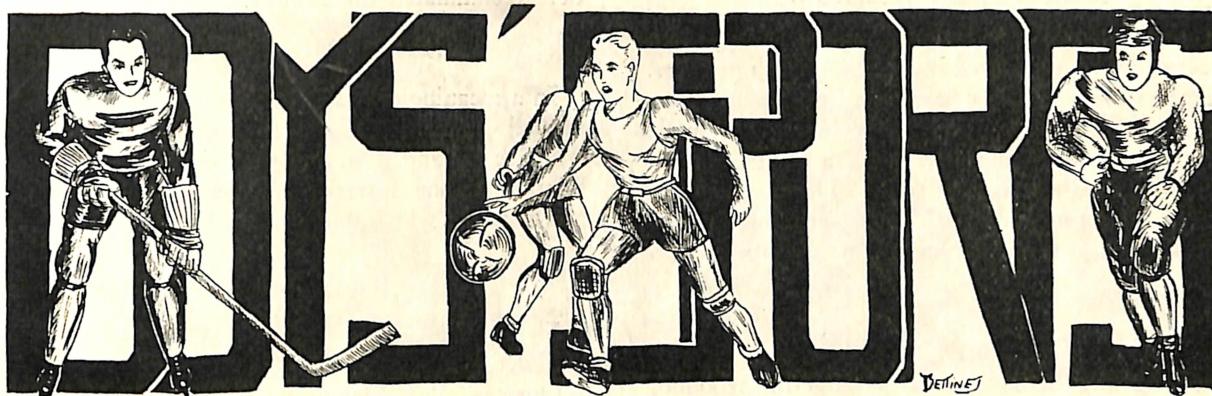


INTER-FORM BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Third Row—V. Rogers, J. Robertson, M. Campbell, G. Salmons, F. Lessard, M. Rankin, D. McCreadie, M. McKegney, I. Martin.

Second Row—C. Jay, J. Kyrniskoi, I. Molesak, D. Kremer, K. Heslop, F. Doherty, G. Bolton, K. Campbell, K. Steinman.

First Row—M. Pringle, M. Stevenson, R. Guthrie, J. Riddoch, H. Gallie, H. Smith, F. Sands, M. Tallaron, J. Merrill, J. Dobbins.



Editors: S. STOKES, W. HUMPHREY.

DETINER

SWIMMING MEET

In our annual swimming meet a crowded gallery watched a record entry of 30 contestants. These provided very keen competition in the Senior, Intermediate, Junior and new division, the Juvenile.

In the Senior class Jack Misener took a clean-cut win and the John Newton Memorial Trophy with 12 points. In doing so he set two new records in the 50 and 100-yard free-style.

Joe Bell won the Kiwanis Silver Medal for the In-

termediate title with 11 points.

Sloan set a record of 40 feet for the long plunge in this class.

Peter Paton back-stroked his way to the Junior championship and a new record.

In the Juvenile division Grant Hoskins won with a total of 12 points. Both Junior and Juvenile champions will receive Kiwanis Bronze Medals.

SENIOR RUGBY



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: D. Fleming, B. Burleigh, B. Delderfield, T. Laidler, B. Doucher, B. Hampton, J. MacDonald, K. Langan, E. Chivers, D. Wilson, C. Daugherty, F. Daws, R. Kee.
Front Row: A. Bedard, B. Williams, B. Watson, B. Zierler, R. Mattingley, P. Simpson, B. Knowles, B. Cameron, Mr. O'Donohue.

THE COLLEGIATE

SENIORS 5, ST. JOSEPH'S 6

In the season's opener our Seniors dropped a heart-breaker to a plucky band of St. Joseph gridders. In the last three minutes Sarnia had a pass intercepted for a major, which with a previous single made the score 6-0. Fighting back with a minute to go, Burleigh flipped a beautiful pass to Dawes who went 60 yards for a touchdown. The convert which would have tied the game was blocked by a desperate St. Joseph line.

SENIORS 22, ST. THOMAS 0.

Catching the Seniors on a revengeful rebound, St. Thomas were played into the ground. Sarnia capitalized on every Saint miscue. The highlight of the game was a touchdown dash by Paul Simpson who outran the whole Saint team for 85 yards.

SENIORS 12, ST. JOSEPH'S 18.

The Seniors appeared on the way to their second straight win with a score of 7-0 in their favour going into the second quarter. However, a succession of penalties and the loss of their secondary bulwark, Bert Hampton, started the locals downhill. This

defeat eliminated the Seniors.

SENIORS 0, ST. THOMAS 12.

In a meaningless tilt an injury-riddled Sarnia team battled rather hopelessly against the beautiful St. Thomas kicking. St. Thomas scored 12 points in 5 minutes on an intercepted lateral, a blocked kick and a rouge.

THE SENIOR TEAM

Flying Wing—Bill Burleigh (Capt.)
 Halves—Elmer Chivers, Fred Daws, Paul Simpson.
 Quarter—Bert Hampton.
 Snap—Junior Dougherty.
 Middles—Doug Fleming, Dick Wilson.
 Insides—Keith Langan, Bob Doucher.
 Ends—Bill Kirk, Bert Watson.
 Alternates—Frank Maggs, Bill Williams, Isaac Zierler, Ross Kee, Bill Cameron, "Ducky" Knowles, Bob Delderfield, Jim MacDonald.
 Coach—Dan O'Donohue.
 Manager—Alex Bedard.
 Trainer—Jim Doohan.
 Mascot—Mattingly, Jr.



BOY'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back Row: J. Church, A. Bedard, J. Zierler, H. Cameron, B. Anderson, J. Doohan,

M. O'Loughlin.

Front Row: D. Fleming, R. McCordic, J. Smith, B. Burleigh, W. Humphrey, F. Daws.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: Mr. Sweeny, J. Ehman, A. MacDonald, B. Gunn, R. Kirby, B. Sloane, R. Clarke, R. Glenn, S. McKelvey, J. McKnight, H. Hathaway, H. Hurst, S. Carson, K. Moore, J. Bell.
Front Row: T. Fox, H. Bolton, B. Drinkwaater, J. Murray, B. Whitely, B. Anderson, J. Neely, J. Round, J. Clatworthy, J. Smith, J. Forbes.

JUNIOR RUGBY

JUNIORS 13, ST. THOMAS VOC. 0.

Displaying surprising potential power, the Juniors after a jittery start, settled down and played a real game. Jack Round, elusive Junior half, tied the Saint team in knots as he went through centre for the first touch. Sam McKelvey with a nine-yard dash in the fourth quarter brought in the second; Ott Glenn then completing the score with two singles.

JUNIORS 12, ST. THOMAS COLL. 5.

St. Thomas provided no opposition for a Sarnia team that was able to make a first down or a major when its position or lead was in danger. Ott Glenn scored two touchdowns and a pair of singles for all the Collegiate points. The rest of the team holding St. Thomas in its place, kept the Juniors on top.

JUNIORS 7, ST. THOMAS COLL. 3.

Continuing their unbeaten way, the Juniors clinched the district title against a fighting Saint team that threatened to snatch a victory until the final whistle. The school showed themselves strong in every department except kicking. Reg. Clarke, "Red" Carson and Joe Neely deserved 3-star rating for their work along the line.

JUNIORS 12, ST. THOMAS VOC. 0.

The Sweeneymen, finishing their schedule in perfect style, shut out Vocaitonal once more. Stewie Carson, after scoring a touch as end, proved to be the Juniors' most capable kicker when he took the place of the injured Glenn. Round, Clarke and Moore completed the locals total with a major, a single and a convert respectively.

JUNIORS 5, WINDSOR KENNEDY 7.

Everything seemed to conspire to bog the Collegiate down in this home-and-home points to count play-off. Playing on a cold, sloppy field against a heavier team, they were forced to the defence for the first half. Kennedy took the lead in the second quarter with a rouge and a converted touchdown. In the second half McKelvey, assisted by Sarnia's ground-gainer Round, showed his versatility by beautiful passing and scored the Juniors' major.

JUNIORS 0, WINDSOR KENNEDY 9.

On a snow-covered field the Juniors tried desperately for their needed two points, but were thrust back continually by the mammoth hoists of the Windsor kicker whom nobody on the Sarnia team could match for distance. Again the Juniors showed themselves good along the ground, on plunges by Clarke and run-backs by Whitely, but the poor kicking of the members of both Senior and Junior teams proved their downfall.

Great credit is due Charlie Sweeney for turning out a championship team from a group of recruits, every one of whom was green to Wossa football.

THE JUNIOR TEAM

Flying Wing—Ott Glenn.

Halves—Jack Round, Sam McKelvey, Bill Whitely, J. Clatworthy.

Quarter—Bill Anderson.

Snap—Bob Sloan.

Insides—Dick Kirby, Reg. Clarke.

Middles—Joe Bell, Joe Neely (Capt.)

THE COLLEGIATE

Ends—Stewart Carson, Howard Hathaway.

Alternates—Jack Murray, Ken Moore, Fred Knight, I. Yukish, Bert Gunn, Al. MacDonald, Jim McKnight, Greg Cocks, Howard Hurst, Bill Drink-

water, Wilson Kilbreath, Joe Ehman, Hugo Farmer.

Coach—Charles Sweeney.

Manager—Jim Smith.

Trainer—Johnny Forbes.

SENIOR HOCKEY '39

This year the school again produced a team which could have gone as far as last year's Wossa finalists had it had an arena for practice and home games.

Against Western Colts the Seniors dropped a hard-fought game 3-1, followed by a 7-6 defeat at the hands of the Petrolia O.H.A. club.

In the Wossa playdowns the Collegiate was pitted against Windsor Vocational in a sudden death tilt on Windsor ice. Despite the odds against them; the Sarnia team almost pulled out a tie, but for a last second goal by Vocational which eliminated

them 4-3.

For their determination to practice at their own expense and play under almost insurmountable conditions, the Senior Hockey team under Mr. Sweeney deserves the highest credit.

The team: Stewart Carson, Bob Freele, Stewart Cousins, "Sid" Fleming, Bert Hampton, Bill Hueston, Alex Kotyk, Johnny Forbes, Greg Cox, Bill Cameron, Ed Hueston, Ross Kees, Bob Bannister, Bill Burleigh.



SENIOR HOCKEY

Back Row: Mr. Sweeny (Coach), B. Burleigh, R. Kee, J. MacDonald (mgr.), S. Cousins, B. Hueston, G. Cocks, D. Fleming.

Front Row: B. Freele, S. Carson, B. Cameron, A. Kotyk, J. Forbes, E. Hueston.

SENIOR BASKETBALL 1938

The Senior team, dodging the disqualifications that have haunted championship or near champion collegiate teams in the past five years, managed to win a Wossa district title before being eliminated by St. Thomas.

Opening against Strathroy, the Seniors took a 16 to 15 decision from a much taller but slower Strathroy quintet. In the return and much the better played game, the blue and white once again took Strathroy's measure, this time 20-16. Playing against Watford, the Seniors were held to a 13-13 tie and then beaten in Watford 24-21. This forced a play-off which the school took after two overtime periods.

Their next hurdle was Leamington's Seniors. The

Canners could provide nothing in the way of opposition and in a very one-sided tilt the Seniors defeated them 30-7. In the second game, led by Ducky Knowles with 4 baskets the locals rode to an easy 24-13 victory and the round 54-20.

Against a stream-lined quintet from St. Thomas the school was swamped 33-5 and 31-13 and eliminated from the Wossa race.

Members of Sr. Basketball Team:

Clare Robinson, Bob Delderfield, Jack McMillan, Bill Knowles, Roy Santche, Jim Doohan, Jack Huntley, Morley Lumby, Walker Humphrey, Bill Burleigh.

SR. BASKETBALL '39

Proving an old theory that a team that will not work together cannot win, the Senior Basketball squad, composed of experienced players, failed to win a game in four starts.

The team: Ducky Knowles (capt.), Bob Delderfield, Norm Dobbins, Sam Stokes, Lew Finnegan, Fred Dawes, Bruce Murray, Jim Doohan, Bill Burleigh, Sid Fleming. Coach, Dan O'Donohue.



Back Row: Mr. O'Donohue (coach), B. Burleigh (mgr.), B. Murray, N. Dobbins, B. Delderfield.

Front Row: J. Doohan, B. Knowles (Capt.), F. Daws, D. Fleming.

THE COLLEGIATE

JUNIOR BASKETBALL 1938

Under the guidance of a new coach, Mr. Johnston, who brought zone defence with him from Owen Sound, the Juniors went as far as Leamington in their quest for Wossa honours. They packed a scoring punch in the line of Tom Fox, Howard Cameron and Bill Southcombe and an airtight defense in the small gyms of this section of the county. Had it not been for Butch Morgan, Leamington's six foot five one-man-team, the locals would have gone far.

In their league games the Juniors lost only a single game after they had clinched the district title with an 11-4 victory over Strathroy; 17-14 over Petrolia; and a second win of 15-9 on Strathroy. These were followed by two victories over Watford, one a 28-4

lacing. Their only defeat was at the hands of the Hubmen in Petrolia.

Advancing against Leamington the Juniors reached top form but were defeated 37-31 in a home-and-home points-to-count series—Tox Fox scoring 18 points for the losers.

In the return game Sarnia took a 32 to 12 trimming in a complete reversal of form and was eliminated by a score of 69-44 on the round.

Members of Jr. Basketball Team:

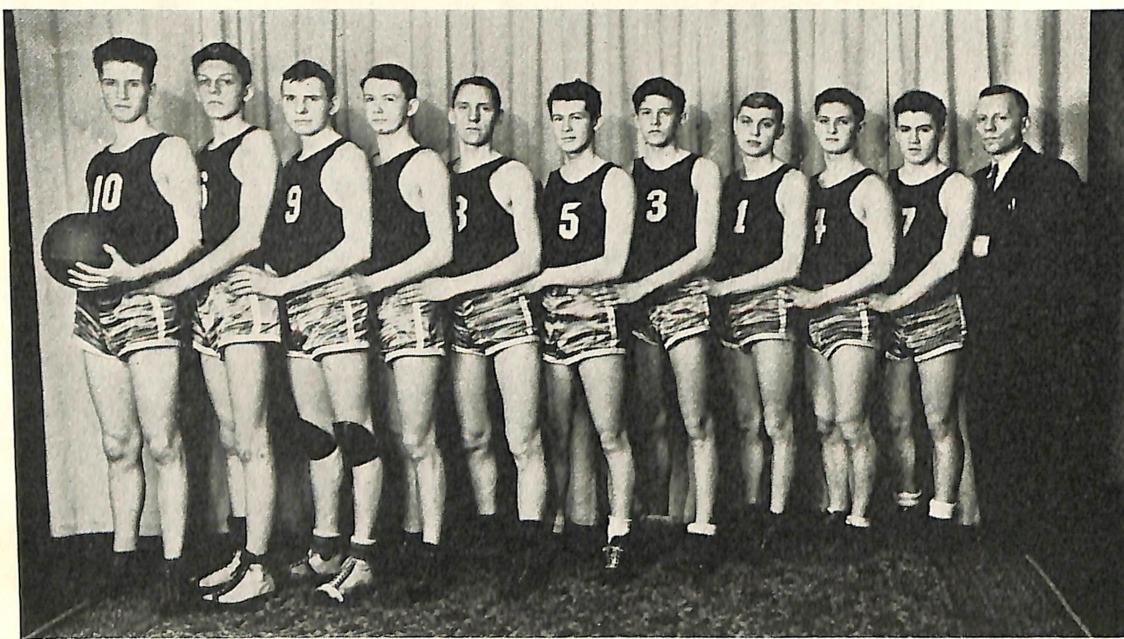
Tom Fox, Tom Timmerman, Art Rowell, Sam Stokes, Joe Bell, Fred Dawes, Isaac Zierler, Bill Southcombe, Howard Cameron, Hugh Bolton.

JR. BASKETBALL '39

The Juniors played a home-and-home points-to-count series with Chatham C. I. In the first game in Chatham they dropped a ragged game 17-8. In the return game, faced with making a nine-point win or passing out of the picture, they came to life with a drive that won the game 13-7 then 24-21 on the

round.

The team: Bill Hueston, Morey O'Loughlin, Don Rutherford, Doug. Pole, Bruce Johnston, Jack Grieve, Bill Anderson, Isaac Zierler (capt.), Fred Hollands, Don Hamilton; coach, Earl Johnston.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

B. Johnston, D. Hamilton, B. Hueston, D. Rutherford, J. Brown, M. O'Laughlin, F. Hollands,
J. Grieves, I. Zierler, D. Pole, Mr. Johnston.



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Back Row: R. Aiken, G. Cocks, B. Southcombe, S. Duncan.
Front Row: P. Lyford, M. White, E. Baxter.

TRACK AND FIELD

Our annual Field Day this year provided everything for the onlookers as well as the athlete. Art Nichols had the track and pits in excellent shape, 165 competitors took part; six new records were rung up; and last but not least, perfect weather conditions prevailed on the day scheduled (something of a record in itself).

Ross Aiken became Senior Champion with wins in

the 220, 440, 880 and mile open. Walker Humphrey was runner-up with Joe Brown, last year's winner, third.

Greg Cocks, a newcomer to the school, and Bill Southcombe, were tied for first place for the intermediate title. An interesting side-light on this competition was the fact that in no case were the boys entered in the same event.

FIRST AID

First Aid ranks among the first of school activities in usefulness. A boy can only become a good First Aider through time and effort. Fine leadership is also very important and Mr. Louis Crockett is one of the best leaders to be had. This practical and useful activity is practised out of school hours and it is time well spent as the boys are amply repaid for

the time spent at it.

This year there was only one team, the senior team. The members of it include:

John Gibb (Capt.), J. Ramsden, K. Plummer, J. Oliver, and J. Miller. They were inspected by Major Towers M.D. No. 1 London and were beaten out for first place by the St. Thomas team by one point.

THE COLLEGIATE



Back Row: J. Miller, K. Plummer, J. Ramsden.
Front Row: J. Oliver, J. Gibb.

SHOOTING

In the annual winter competition of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association, the rifle teams of the school were very successful. For having made scores of over 90% for Seniors and over 85% for Juniors both teams won special certificates.

Members of the teams making over their averages received Second Class D.C.R.A. Bronze medals. The Special Gold Medal for the highest aggregate score was won by B. Southcombe. First Class Silver Medals were awarded to W. Humphrey, A. Rowell, J. MacKenzie and D. Scott. Second Class Bronze Medals were won by A. Dallier, K. Langan, S. Ehman, J. Clarke, D. Asbury, J. Hallam, J. Newton, R. Heller, B. Johnston, J. Ehman, E. Banks and R. Blanchard.

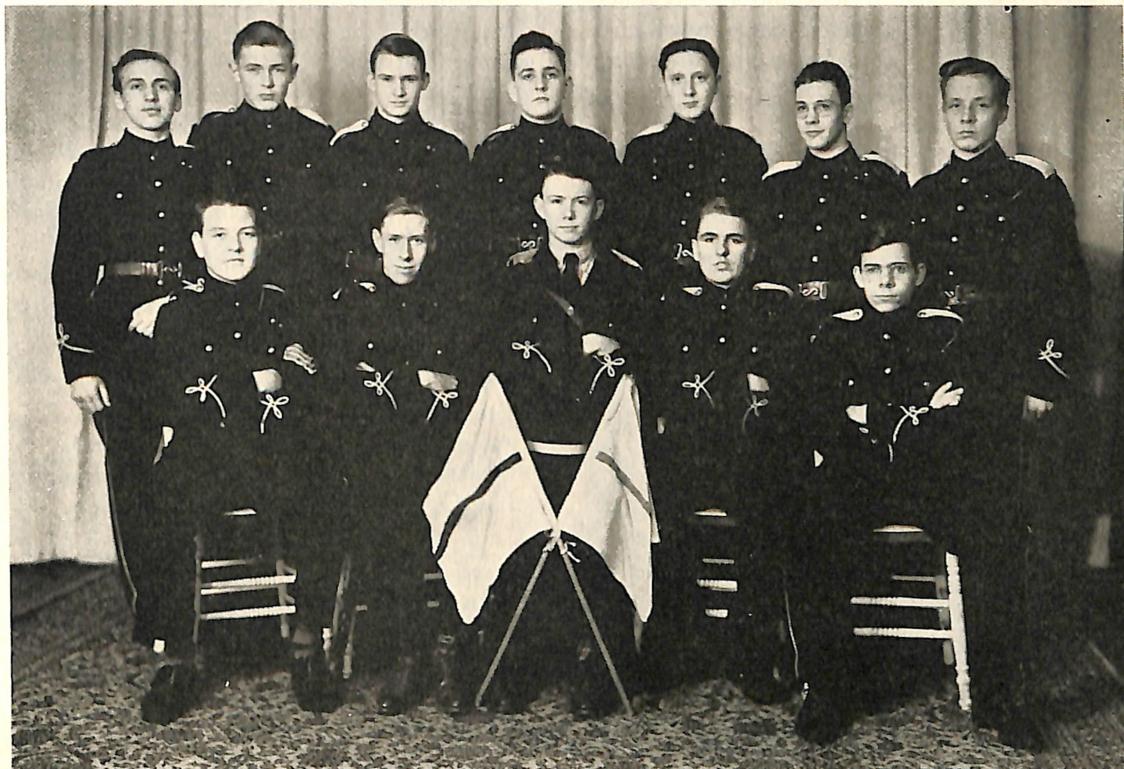
In the annual D.C.R.A. Competition at the Connaught Ranges, Ottawa last August the following represented the school: W. Humphrey, J. MacKenzie, B. Southcombe, B. Johnston, A. Dallier, and J. Clarke.

The team again made an excellent showing although the competition was much keener.

The team for the third successive year won the Colonel White Memorial Clock. They placed second in the Intercorps team match, one point behind Brockville. The team individually brought back medals and five cash awards.



Back Row: G. Welsh, B. Freele, B. Cook, J. Williams, R. Blanchard, J. Newton, F. Newton.
Centre Row: O. Walker, S. Ehman, E. Banks, R. Heller, D. Asbury, K. Langan, L. Gorning,
H. Date, N. Harkins.
Front Row: J. Ehman, M. O'Laughlin, B. Johnston, Mr. Southcombe, Mr. Mendizabal, S.
Stokes, B. Southcombe, J. Bell.



SIGNALLERS

Back Row: G. Jones, A. MacDonald, J. Allingham, E. Banks, L. Marwood, C. Finlay, J. Durban
 Front Row: G. Andrew, D. Hodgins, D. Rutherford, G. Smith, G. Welsh.

SIGNALLING

In the Mayer Cup Competitions this year the team placed third. This activity also is carried on out of school hours and much precision and time must be spent to make it a success. Fine leadership is also the main source of success and Mr. Ritchie of our school is to be congratulated on the results of his hard work. I'm sure the boys must feel proud to

have such a fine leader and teacher.

The members of the team are as follows:

D. Rutherford (Capt.), G. Andrew, G. Jones, G. Welsh, L. Marwood, A. McDonald, G. Smith, J. Allingham, B. Hollands, J. Durban, C. Finlay and R. Clarke.

CADET INSPECTION 1938

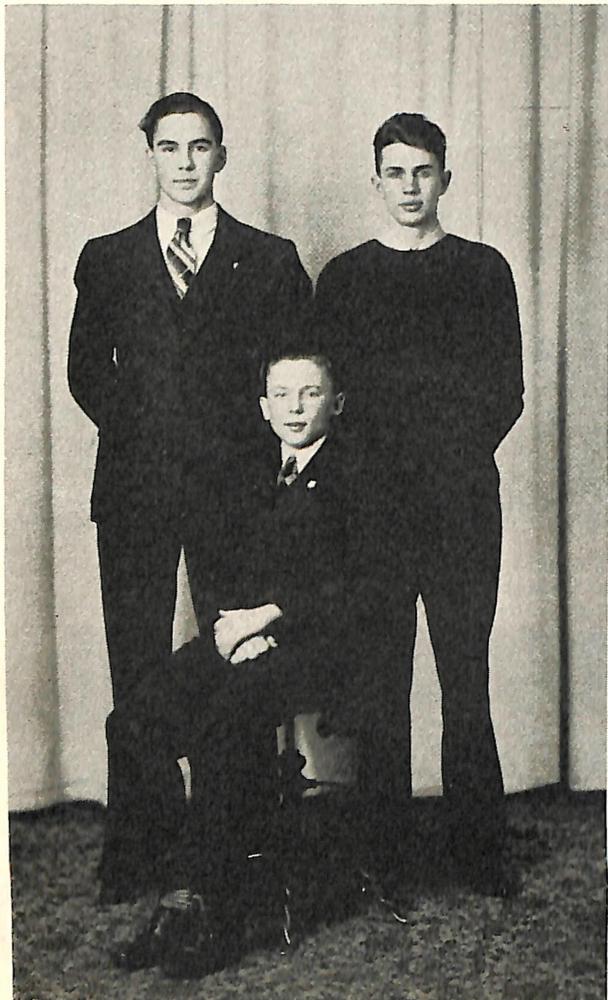
FOLLOWING the old custom last year, a church parade of the Cadet Corps of the Sarnia Collegiate and Technical School was held on Sunday, May 13, 1938. The corps gathered at the school and marched to Central United Church. After the service the boys marched back to the school and were dismissed.

The Annual Inspection of the Cadet Corps was held on the afternoon of Thursday, May seventeenth. The weather was about perfect. The sun shone but it was not too hot. The corps made a fine showing in their white shirts and blue trousers set off by the N.C.O.'s in full blue uniform, and the officers in blue tunics and white flannels.

THE COLLEGIATE

The Corps fell in at 1.30 o'clock and a short route march was held from the school, down town and back again. The cadets were led by the excellent school band, under the able leadership of Mr. W. E. Brush.

On their return to the campus the cadets were put through their various drills and intricate manoeuvres. They were inspected by Lieut. M. P. Bogert G.S.O.



ALL-AROUND CHAMPS.

B. Southcombe, W. Humphrey
Seated—G. Hoskins

Absent—E. Kee

3 of Military District No. 1 headquarters staff. He congratulated the corps and officers for its fine work, commending especially their marching and discipline in line.

Features of the inspection were the Company and Platoon Drill; Signalling and First Aid demonstration; the Physical Training Exhibition; and the presentation of pins to the officers; and medal awards to the marksmen.

As a result of the faithful and hard work the corps placed second in the district in general efficiency and placed second in Physical Training.

OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s

Btn. O.C. Cadet Major—L. Allen.
Adjutant Cadet Captain—H. Callister.
Quartermaster Cadet Lieut.—W. Humphrey.
N.C.O. R.S.M.—W. McDermid.

A COMPANY

Cadet Captain—J. Doohan.
Cadet Lieut.—E. Chivers.
Cadet Lieut.—F. Daws.
Cadet Lieut.—I. Zierler.
Cadet Lieut.—W. Chong.
C.S.M.—M. Lumby.
Sergt.—W. Keelan.
Sergt.—W. Burleigh.
Sergt.—J. Huntley.
Sergt.—W. Barnes.

B COMPANY

Cadet Captain—J. Smith.
Cadet Lieut.—R. Lyford.
Cadet Lieut.—J. Kirk.
Cadet Lieut.—E. Powell.
C.S.M.—W. Hueston.
Sergt.—S. Stokes.
Sergt.—E. Finan.
Sergt.—W. Millholland.
Band Lieut.—D. Greason.
Signalling Lieut.—D. Rutherford.
Reserve Lieut.—O. Yorke.
Orderly Sergt.—J. Bell.
Reserve Sergt.—S. Cousins.
" " E. Hueston.
" " G. Fordyce.
" " J. Clarke.



SCI & TS

KAMPUS KATWALK

Date: Once.

Price: 1 Slug

STUDENTS STALK CEMETERY!

BENCH-WARMER SEES STARS

St. Thomas, Ont.—Bill, better known as "Windy" Williams was the victim of one of the most peculiar accidents that ever happened on a St. Thomas gridiron.

The senior rugby team of our old S.C.I. & T.S., which had travelled to St. Thomas to play its last and futile game of the season was on the field and ready to go while the "subs" warmed the side-lines.

The game began with St. Thomas taking the lead. The play took place near the Sarnia reserves and St. Thomas had the ball in their possession when the quarterback called for a right end run. The Sarnia "subs" were on their feet—no, not all of them, for one dumb individual known as "Windy" sat dreaming of the hero he was going to be when he would make that spectacular run. There he sat not knowing what was going on when suddenly the speedy St. Thomas back came around the end, was hit hard by a Sarnia man and flew into the Sarnia team. When the mess was unpiled poor "Windy" was lying "as still as death" on the bare ground. For almost two minutes he remained out cold. For the first time in history perhaps a non-player was laid out.

An oyster met an oyster,
And they were oysters two,
Two oysters met two oysters
And they were oysters too,
Four oysters met a pint of milk
And they were oyster stew.

ATTENTION !

DOWNCAST STUDENTS' LEAGUE TO MEET

The Collegiate League for downcast students will meet inn Room 212 at 4 p.m. any Friday. The speakers for the past meetings have been and will be for future ones, no others than Reuben Heller and Abie Rosen, our "cheerer-uppers" who may not be our cleverest students (remember I say may not be) but most certainly are our happiest. So come on out students and let them cheer you up. The speakers will not be responsible for "empty pockets on exit."

NOTICE

Mr. Treitz: "What snake strikes with mathematical precision?"
Bio. Class: "The Adder."

FLASH !! !

R. U. Pimpled, Puny or Pale?
If so, try Conner & Simpson's Carrot
Juice. Price 40c per quart. WE
CAN CURE YOU. Also try our
Spinach, Turnip--Parsnip Juices.

J. Misener: "How many natural
magnets are there?"
S. Carson: "Two."
Jack: "Name them."
Stewie: "Blondes and brunettes."

Bill H: "What do you know of making love?"

Ed. H.: It's easy as apple pie. Some crust and a lot of apple sauce.

No Faintings — But Shivers and Shakes Abroad

(Special to Kat-Walk)

St. Thomas, Nov. 4.—Several of the more faithful (?) students of the S.C.I. & T.S. disregarded all warnings and followed their well-known senior rugby team to St. Thomas to-day. After a more or less (mostly less) exciting game, in which a bench-warmer was knocked out, several of the players and fans went in for some of the frivolities of the town. Three of our fairer and one of our weaker sex, were among the light "grave robbers," who visited a very popular cemetery at the outskirts of the city. One of the girls, not having as much experience in this sort of thing as the others, believed that by singing "Stop Beating Around the Mulberry Bush," the spooks would vanish and some of her former courage would return. So she sang.

After reading numerous epitaphs and exploring the mausoleum the fans decided that the place was rather dead (pun), so after climbing barbed-wire fences, crossing wheat fields and plodding on gravel roads they emerged at that well-known night-spot, "The Green Lantern", where everyone enjoyed himself so thoroughly that on his return to Sarnia the thought of that good time overcame the sorrow of the hours of detention to be spent in the office.

"Not Forever"

When all the seas turn deepest red
and birds begin to hum
Doris and Dorothy then perhaps will
not be chewing gum.

BUNGLES BED-TIME STORY

"Oh, dear! I haven't a thing to wear," sigher Mrs. Porky to Mrs. Hen.
"Wear?" queried Mrs. Hen,
"Where?"

"Why, to the wedding, of course, don't tell me you haven't heard about it? Goodness I thought everybody knew. Clara-belle the Cow and Ferdinand the Bull are getting married."

"Married!" gasped Mrs. Hen.

"Don't tell me that that bashful Ferdinand finally got up enough nerve to pop the question?"

"Yes, indeedie, I thought he would never get around to it. Poor Clara-belle has been waiting for years now, and let me tell you she certainly accepted him in a hurry—just in case he might change his mind, you know. You never can tell about these bulls and since Ferdie got in that there movie, there just ain't any holding him anymore. A body would think that he was Robert Taylor to see him prancing around in that fancy suit he got out in Hollywood."

And then came the wedding!

Clara-belle was a very blushing bride in a gown of red flannel (formerly Farmer Brown's winter underwear). She wore a gold cow bell around her dainty neck, the gift of the bridgegroom. The bridesmaid, Miss Filly Horse was attired in a Scotch plaid blanket, and more a corsage of sand burrs in her mane. The bride's bouquet was milk-weed and burdock. The ceremony was performed under the old apple tree in the orchard with a full choir of crows in attendance. Pastor Donald Duck officiated.

After a short honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Bull returned to Farmer Brown's pasture where they lived happily ever after.

DAFFYNITIONS

Oxfords	shoes for oxen.
Worm	caterpillar with a shave.
Unaware	something you take off at night.
Dent	a bump inside out.
A Decanter	a movie actor.
Bridges	high class word for pants.
Bigamist	great fog.
Popcorn	corn gone crazy with the heat.
Moose	just plain cow-talk.
Hospital	where you go to be born.
Yokel	part of an egg.
Transparent	something you can see through, for instance a keyhole.
Gargoyle	something you swallow when you have a sore throat.
Homicide	when a man kills himself in his own home.
Sirloin	what Ghandi wears.
Trigonometry	when a lady marries three men at the same time.
Monsoon	a French gentleman.
Monologue	a conversation between two people such as husband and wife.
Metaphor	a thing you shout through.
Bacteria	the back door of a cafeteria.

KRAZY KWESTIONS

There is a certain question that you can ask anyone, and their answer must always be "yes." The question is: "What does y-e-s spell?"

What word of six letters can you take one away from and leave twelve?

Take the "s" from dozens and a dozen will remain.

THEATRELOGUE

"ROBIN HOOD" and his "ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES" were doing the "GREAT WALTZ" at the "CITADEL" to the music of "ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND" when out of the "HEART OF THE NORTH" came "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS." "LISTEN DARLING," he said, since you have returned from "GIRLS' SCHOOL" in "BOYS' TOWN" you are very "CAREFREE." Won't you take "A SUBMARINE PATROL" and go on a "PARIS HONEYMOON." "THANKS FOR THE MEMORY" she replied, but I must marry a "YANK AT OXFORD" and "GONE WITH THE WIND," the "LADY VANISHES."

JOKES (We Hope)

Dentist: "Will you take gas?"

J. Forbes (absently): "Yeah and you'd better look at the oil and tires."

Mr. O'Donohue: "What could one do for water on the knee."

Trainer Mac: "Wear pumps."

Lady on street: "What is your little brother crying about?"

T. Leckie: "Aw, he dugged a hole in the ground and now he wanna bring it in the house for to play with it."

SHORT SHORT STORY

One afternoon, Monday, Feb. 13, 1939, to be exact, Dick was walking home with Winnie. When they reached the Durnford chateau, Mrs. D. very hospitably invited Richard in for tea, after which he graciously consented to play the piano. This news was around the S. C. I. before 8.20 the next morning, and naturally Dick was being razzed.

Said the teaser: "Have Durnford's got a baby grand?"

Said Dick: "No, but they've got a grand baby!"

DIJEVER

See pig-iron?

See a man with a long puss?

See a hen-pecked husband?

Straighten up the house?

See the board of health?

See a wig-wag?

See a lazy-bone?

Make a hole-in-one?

See a woman hold her tongue?

See a balloon tire?

See a cry-baby?

Watch a bleeding-heart?

See a cat-nip?

OBSERVATIONS

A diamond is hugging the finger of one of our "debs." Cupid must have been around some romantic night.

Is Alex Bedard an especially good friend of Mrs. Beasley's or is it her beautiful daughter? Getting in with the family always comes in handy, Alex.

Room 316 doesn't know what to think of itself since it was house-cleaned lately.

BOUQUETS

Orchids to all those with their home-work done (my yes—orchids and more orchids). In famous 3C there are bushels of them.

Niteshade to all the sleepy individuals who catch up with their beauty sleep in class periods.

Maybe we could spare a small orchid for Reuben's girl if he pays for it.

Onions by the bushel for the poor sports in the school who are too weak and mild to play any games.

DENTIST

1000 Pain Street

Phone OOOO!

DR. E. Z. PULLEM OUCH

THEME SONGS

TWO SLEEPY PEOPLE	Nora and Doug
I MUST SEE ANNIE TO-NIGHT	Bill Kirk
THE CUTE LITTLE HAT CHECK GIRL	Jenny Taylor
I HAVE EYES TO SEE WITH	Mr. Southcombe
TALL, DARK AND TERRIFIC	Allison Street
MUTINY IN THE NURSERY	Mr. and Mrs. Billingsley
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING	Win and Walk
SMALL FRY	Tuxis Beatty
YOU GO TO MY HEAD	Fumes in Chemistry Room
SHE'S THE GIRL FRIEND???	Lucille Janus
THE UMBRELLA MAN	Mr. Dennis
YOU SWEET LITTLE HEADACHE	Jean Young
I'M DEEP IN A DREAM OF YOU	Marj. and Jimmy
HAVE A HEART	Ray Johnston
ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES	S. F. A. Sorority
HEART AND SOUL	Shirley Crawford
THIS CAN'T BE LOVE	Ilene and Tommy
THEY SAY (no more chewing gum)	Miss Burris and Miss Ramsden
THERE'S A FAR-AWAY LOOK IN YOUR EYES	Marg. McEacren
MARJIE	Marjorie Baker
GET OUT OF TOWN	Jimmy Smith
WAKE UP AND LIVE	Frank Stirrett
YOU'RE A SWEETHEART	Kay Glynn
COULD YOU PASS IN LOVE?	Fred Schreiber
RED HEADS ON PARADE	Marg. Allingham, Marj. Cooper

LOVE ITH THO BEA OO TIFUL!!!

(By Baby Talk)

'Twath a bwight, thunny day in June, and the wittle cwocuses were thwaying in the bweeze. The thun wath burning bwightly, when pwetty, wittle Thuthybelle came twipping down the lane wif her thweetheart, Tham, bethide her. Thuthybelle wath very happy and thee laughed, and laughed, and laughed, and Tham wath happy too, and thmiled thweetly. The wittle Bumble Bees were thinging, "Buth, Buth, Buth," and the whole thene wath the picture of peath and happiness.

"Tham, does oo love me?" athed wittle Thuthybelle.

"Yeth," thaid Tham.

"Tham, I loves oo," thaith bathful wittle Thuthybelle — "oo knoth I too."

"Yeth," thaid Tham.

"Does oo wike me better than oo wikes Pwithila?"

"Yeth," thaid Tham.

"Would oo wike me to mawwy oo, and live happily ever after?" thuggethd Thuthybelle.

"Yeth," thaid Tham.

Thuddenly they heard a noith in the gwath. It wath Othcar, the villain, the thnake in the gwath. He came to theal Thuthybelle away from her thweetheart, Tham. He gwabbled her and began to wun away wif her. Thuthybelle thweamed, and thweamed,

ed, and thweamed.

"Thave me, Tham. Thave me," cwid fwantic Thuthybelle.

"Yeth," thaid Tham, asth he thtooped to pick a daithy.

"Thave me, Tham. Thave me, Tham. Huwwy. Huwwy. Ith oo coming Tham?" Thuthybelle ithoud.

"Yeth," thaid Tham, and he began to wun after Othcar, the thnake in the gwath. He wan and wan and wan, and pwetty thooh he came tho clothe, that Othcar, the thnake in the gwath got fwighted and pulled out hith pithtol.

"Pwease don't thoott my thweetheart, Tham," begged Thuthybelle, "pwease, pwease."

"Fee Fi. Fo Fum.

"I ain't tho dumb," theth Othcar, the thnake in the gwath, and he pointed hith pithtol at poor, innohten Tham, who, thtopping for bweath, wath thtooping to pick anothar daithy. Othcar fixed hith pithtol at Tham's back, the thnake in the gwath.

Tham fell to the gwound.

Thuthybelle gwew fwantic.

"Ioo dead Tham?"

"Yeth," thaid Tham.

(The Finith)

P.Th.—Dear readers: Thith ith my firtha twy at dwama. Gueth I fooled oo.—Baby Talk.

JEEPING JOKES

Robin: "I hear Ted's given up his girl."

Joe: "Yes, he found out she had a past."

Robin: "What was it?"

Joe: "She was drummed out of the Brownies at seven."

Miss Ivy Doodly of the Dipsie Doodles has at last found a way to overcome surplus weight. Those of our fairer sex who find themselves slightly plump might gain some long-sought-for advice by seeing Miss Doodle.

RECIPES

A June Bride asked her husband to copy a radio cooking recipe one morning. The husband did his best, but he got two stations at once; one broadcasting the morning exercises — the other recipes. This is what he copied:

Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and wash thoroughly in a half a can of milk. In four counts raise and lower legs and mash two-hard-boiled eggs into sieve, repeat six times.

Inhale one half teaspoon of baking powder and one cup of flour, breathe naturally, exhale, and sift. Attention, jump to a squatting position and bend the whites of three eggs backward and forward over the head and in four counts, and make a stiff dough that will stretch at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a marble the size of a walnut. Hop to a standstill and boil in water to a gallop afterwards. In 10 minutes remove from the fire and dry with a towel. Breathe naturally and dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

"The Dead End Gang" of 1-4 wish to announce they will be at home in the Assembly Hall from 2.05 to 2.40 any Monday afternoon. Private interviews may be obtained from "Icky," the ringleader or his capable assistant, Pete.

Bill Burleigh has at last found "the one." He has given up that well-known emporium "Burleigh's Dirty Dump" to undertake his new task.

The girls of "Tech" will be in 301 any day after 3.15 to give instruction in 10 easy lessons on "how to scrub a floor." Girls of Collegiate, Commercial and any teacher, male or female, are cordially invited to attend.

The "Purity Dairy Daughters" announce the opening of a lunchroom in 316. The guarantee pure, wholesome food; no frogs' legs, snake steaks or skeleton soup. Please patronize at your earliest convenience.

It has been made known that the guard on the 2nd floor locker-room has been redoubled. A word to the wies is sufficient; we hope.

Mr. Fullerton: "Morris, name one way of preserving food."

Dwight: "Please sir, puting it on ice."

Prof: "And what is that called, my little man?"

Junior (bright eyed): "Isolation."

TUNEALOGUE

"JUST A KID NAMED JOE" and "DINAH" were having "TEA ON THE TERRACE" "WHILE STARS FELL ON ALABAMA." She said "I PROMISE YOU" "I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU" "UNTIL THE MOON COMES OVER THE MOUNTAIN." He answered "THANKS A MILLION" but "THIS CAN'T BE LOVE" for "I HAVE EYES TO SEE WITH" and "YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A NOTHING." She cried "PLEASE BE KIND" "I LOVE YOU TRULY," "HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO SOON?" He answered "THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES" but "GET OUT OF TOWN" 'cause "I GOTTA SEE ANNIE TO-NIGHT" and "THREE'S A CROWD." She called "CALIFORNIA HERE I COME" 'cause "I KNOW NOW" "MY REVERIE" is "DEEP IN A DREAM."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Special Commercial enjoyed a delightful afternoon party in spelling class during the term. Miss Weir, after much reminding on the part of Maude Harris managed to remember the lunch—a box of chocolates. The winners of the spelling match enjoyed the chocolates while the others had a mouth-watering lunch, watching them. Miss Weir's parties are gaining quite a reputation in the Commercial Department, and threaten to out-class Miss Burriss' gum-chewing frolics, where Audrey has just been declared the champion gum-chewer of the form, much to Miss Burriss' disgust.

Miss T. Ross has been pestered with phone calls from boys lately. Will the boys please co-operate and give her a chance to concentrate on her homework? You know the old saying—"boys and school-work don't mix."

Doris Craig's mother has decided Doris will not hold any more open nights until she (Doris) learns to make tea without damaging the teapot. How were you to know silver teapots were not to be placed on the heart, eh Doris?

YOU'LL NEVER SEE

- Alex Bedard in shorts.
- Mr. Treitz in a hurry.
- Mr. Coles not patrolling the halls.
- Marg. Keelan sans coiffeur.
- Jean Callister as a wall-flower.
- Jinny Dodds skipping.
- Evie Hall at afternoon matinees.
- Pete Paton with a girl.
- Jack Misener in 5th form.
- Bob Gutteridge snoring on the Point bus.
- Bob MacDonald with his hair combed.
- Marj. Pelling without Jimmy.
- Miss Walker in a house dress.
- Betty Finch without a sweet smile.

PERSONALITY PARADE

- Doug Fleming's manners.
- Mildred Jones' perfection.
- Freida Barclay's sweetness.
- Paul Misener's friendliness.
- Jean Young's calmness and composure.
- Izzy McCrae's un-cattiness.
- Dick Dyble's charm.
- Walk Humphrey's "that certain way."

JOKES

Willie: They won't allow brunettes in the reserved section.

Iz: Well, what will I do?

Willie: Well, I'll take you to the bleachers.

Mr. Langan: Name one thing of importance that did not exist 100 years ago.

Cares: Me.

Shirl: Can you drive with one hand?

Bert (excitedly): Sure!

Shirl: Then pick up my glove, please.

Mr. Treitz: I killed five flies this morning, three male and two females.

Mr. Sweeney: How did you know whether they were male or female?

Mr. T.: Oh, that's easy. Three were on a beer bottle and two were on the mirror.

QUEER QUESTIONS

Who said: "After us the deluge?" Noah.

In what direction does the Amazon River flow?

The Amazon flows down hill. Rivers never flow up hill.

Which is more important, the sun or the moon?

The moon is more important than the sun because it shines at night when you need light.

What is the chief cause of divorce? Marriage.

What is an heroic couplet?

When a hero and a heroine are walking in the garden underneath the moon, they form a heroic couplet.

What is the hide of a cow for? To cover the cow.

Name the uses of the skin.

1. Makes your appearance more natural.

2. It doesn't show your ribs or your insides.

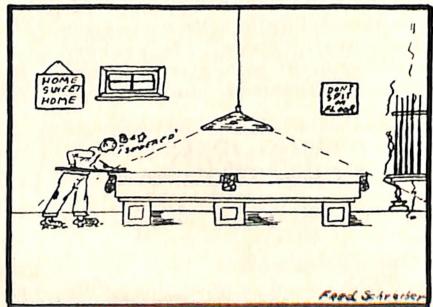
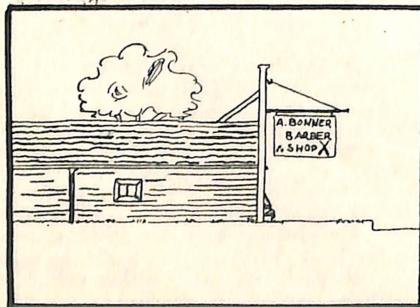
3. It keeps some of the wind out.

COMMERCIAL IV.

Miss Burriss says we're a pleasant form And we have our characteristics,— Although some may seem so forlorn For Mr. Coles flunked our statistics.

Allison Street is long and lanky,
Viola George is short and swanky,
Thelma Hartley as everyone knows
Likes to talk about her beaus,
Pauline McCrie, oh gosh, oh gee
Is as bashful as she can be,
Saul Ehman is an amiable lad
And he goes in for the latest fads,
Annie Pratt comes from the farm
Winnie Willock wouldn't do any harm
Eloise Johnston, the teachers say,
Has a queer method of staying away,
Doreen Hall is not so dumb
'Cause she's got Johnny under her thumb.

Corny poems just like these
Should always be kept under lock and keys.



NAME	ALIAS	WEAKNESS	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
V. Dodds	Ginny	Dates	To Stay in Week-Nights	Undecided	Nice Going.
W. Anderson	Red	Girls	Second Benny Goodman	Blackwell Saw-Buster	Greetings gates, let's osculate.
S. Kirkland	Dot	Bridge District	Torch Singer	Die of Laryngitis	And how!
W. Whately	Bill	Jam Sessions	To Play a Clarinet	Whitely the First	Okay chum.
M. Dauphine	Mady	Chocolate Milk	Doctor's Wife	Old Maid	Know what?
J. Forbes	Johnny	Formals	Meat Cutter	Bone Scraper	Now, listen!
B. Russell	Bet	Hockey Players	Designer	Billboard Toucher-upper	Boy, you know it.
J. Trusler	Jack	Boats	Own a Yacht	Rope Thrower on Sarnia Ferry	How do you know?
M. Cooper	Marjie	Gum	Dancer	Flat-Footed	This is so silly.
C. Brakeman	Clem	Blushing	To Remember	Failure	I haven't got it done.
B. Dennis	"B"	Eugene	Air Hostess	Weight 200 lbs.	Oh, kid.
P. Paton	Pete	Orchestra	Play a Trumpet	Isolated	Oh, gee!
D. Wilson	Smoky	A Brownette	None	Zobo	Could be.
W. Williams	Windy	Side-Lines	To Get in the Game	To Come To	Heh!
F. Daws	Chirp	Black Eyes	To Be a Pugilist	I. Young	Youse Guys.
L. Bell	Chubbins	Talking	M. A.	Run Out of Breath	I only got 99.
A. Bedard	Junior	Bonners	To Go Out Nights	Piano Tuner	Lend me a nickel.
L. Hutcheson	Blossom	2nd Form	50%	Johnny Thorpe	Josephine.
D. Dyble	Dribble	Midnight Lunches	Bachelor	Married	"Ehay"
E. Pass	Edna	Modeling	Miss Canada	Teamstress	Well—.
T. Beatty	Small Fry	Talking	To Grow	Second Bobby Breen	A wee deoch-andoris.
P. Misener	Mize	Dreaming	Lead a Band	Drummer at Curling Rink	Oh, I don't know.
D. Lapham	Dizzy	Dancing	Second Pavlova	Scrub Woman	Hi ya droopy.
N. Dobbins	Norm	5c Milk Shakes	To Learn to Dance	Parcel Boy	Is that right?
J. Beasley	Jane	Musicians	Pass in Geometry	9½	Oh, kid.

THE COLLEGIATE

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LORN

(BY IVA MANN)

Dear Miss Mann:

I am a young girl six feet tall. This makes me feel very conspicuous. I can't seem to get a dancing partner tall enough. Can you tell me something I could do to make me feel less conspicuous? Any advice whatsoever would be welcome.

"A-Tall-One."

Dear Tall One:

You might try bathing in some cheap soap flakes (not Lux of course) to make you shrink. Then alum, that well-known withering substance is very inexpensive. If these fail a hit on the head with a sledge-hammer might give immediate results. Best of luck.—Iva Mann.

* * *

Dear Iva Mann:

I go with a handsome member of the male sex, who has Tyrone Power's eyes, Robert Taylor's profile, and the smile of Errol Flynn. But alas, he seems to have the personality of Harpo Marx—never says a word. How can I tell his feelings towards me?

"Lost in a Fog."

Dear Lost in a Fog:

Why it's simple, my dear. You know actions speak louder than words. Doesn't that answer the question?—Iva Mann.

* * *

Dear Iva Mann:

I have a mania for bow ties—polka dots, stripes, checks, anything. Now I also have a girl friend who turns green at the sight of my ties. She says I must either do without my ties or my girl friend. Can you tie

that one?

"The Esquire Kid."

Dear Esquire:

By no means let a woman dictate to your fashion. Have your girl friend for the summer when you can wear polo shirts.—Iva Mann.

* * *

Dear Miss Mann:

Something has been troubling me. I take my girl friend out to Del's every Sat. night after the theatre. She always orders a big steak topped with sizzling mushrooms, baked potatoes, apple dumpling, and pie à la mode. Lately my friends have been saying they think she is a gold digger. How can I tell?

"Bankrupt."

Dear Bankrupt:

Try taking your girl friend straight home from the show, and ignore Del's. Then notice her reaction. If she quits going with you—she's a golddigger—if she doesn't—she's a dope.—Iva Mann.

* * *

Dear Miss Mann:

For the past six months I have been going steady with a certain boy. Lately I found another male I like much better and I believe he likes me too. How can I dispose of the first one so that he will not suffer? I still want to be his friend.

"Perplexed."

Dear Perplexed:

Since you don't want him to suffer you might try a little arsenic or strychnine. I don't suppose you'd try having two on the string at the same time. It puts off telling your

first love that he's not wanted and it's also very convenient for a free Friday night. Good luck.—Iva Mann.

* * *

Dear Miss Mann:

My boy friend has no car so when we go out we usually just go to the show and come right home. My mother waits up for me and stays up until he (the b.f.) leaves. What can I do to overcome this hindrance?

"Helpless."

Dear Helpless:

Do you have to go right home? Can't you visit friend whose parents tire easily? You might try going out with another couple who has a car. If these pointers do not solve your difficulty I'm afraid the next best thing is to get yourself another boy friend, and remember—Iva Mann.

* * *

Dear Miss Mann:

There is a boy I grew up with and regarded as a brother until just recently. I realize I like him in more than just a sisterly fashion. I know he loves me like a sister. What can I do to wake him up and to make him think of me as possibility?

Susie Q.

Dear Miss Q:

The next time you buy an evening gown get something very startling and model it to "brother" some night when he's over visiting. A new hair-do, exotic perfume, or a new nail polish to draw attention to your "lily-white" hands ought to do the trick. Lots of luck.—Iva Mann.

BONNER'S

In a joint on Wellington street
The school boys go to play
In any weather, snow or sleet
They spend their hard-earned pay.

Many a nickle is lost over there,
Ask any of the boys, they will tell
How many things get in their hair
Or how they fell under the spell.

Ask "Streamy" he will say
Once upon a time he had some pay
But to-day, oh to-day,
"I'm flat broke", he'll say.

Ask Sammy, he knows all,
About Bonner's old pool hall
Advice he gives to some young fool
Who soon might want to shoot some pool.

In this poem, I have shown
The evils of a very well-known
Pool hall. A place where money
goes,
For what good nobody knows.

THE BRIDE'S FIRST ATTEMPT

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air,
With the milk and sugar also, she took the greatest care;
Counted the eggs correctly and added a little bit
Of baking powder, which you know beginners oft omit;
Then she stirred it all together and she baked it full an hour—
But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.

HOW TO LIVE ON \$15.00 PER WEEK

Whiskey and beer	\$ 8.80
Wife's hat bill	1.75
Meat, fish, and groceries	on credit
Rent	pay next week
Coal	borrow from neighbours
Mid-week whiskey and beer	1.50
Wife's life insurance	1.00
Cigars and cigarettes	.35
Movies	.60
Hot tip on horse	.75
Dog food	.60
Poker games	1.40
TOTAL	\$16.75

This means going in debt, so cut out wife's hat.

FASHION NOTES

Spring has again begun
To bring new fashions for everyone;
Boys in palid jackets and gaudy stripes,
Topcoats of every description and price.

Fashions for ladies are very extreme,
Queer colours combined are everywhere seen;
Hats are so small and so very nifty
Husbands swear that their wives are not thrifty.

For evening our Miss will be extremely divine,
In a sophisticated gown or a simple kind,
Her hair will of course have that "upward sweep"
Which the men do not like, no matter how neat.

Her escort will be a perfect specimen
Of the best dressed man in
Top-hat and tails and he wears them with ease,
And nowhere can be seen the least little crease.

For golf or tennis her ladyship will look better
In a brown skirt and a soft beige sweater
Than in an afternoon dress of the demurest type.
Which should only be seen at the proper site.

His lordship for sports will no doubtly be seen
In finely-cut trousers and a sweater of green,
A silk shirt to match and oxfords of brown,
He's then sure to be the best dressed in town.

Try to look smart, but not too gaudy
If you wish advice phone "Murray Hill, 889963."

EIGHTS OR GIVEN G8
(GIVEN GATE)

Weep to the tune of Willie T8
Who met a girl whose name was K8.
He courted her at a fearful R8,
And begged her soon to become his
M8.

"I would if I could said lonely K8.
I pity your lonely, unhappy St8
But alas, alas, you've come too L8,
I'm married already. The mother of
8.

COMPLIMENTS

To Mr. Ed. Hueston for the most bizarre outfit of the season, consisting of dark trousers, black and white plaid sweater, checked blue shirt, red tie, and brown shoes. How about it Ed?

To the Collegiate Girls' Clubs for their very novel names. Keep it up girls!

To Mr. Bird of T3 for his unusual name. Night calls are his specialty—delightful, too!

To Hazel Garnum of Commercial for her "petite"-ness,—small cut, and dark-eyed.

Rose: "Oh Bill, how sweet of you to bring me those lovely flowers. There's still some dew on them."

Burleigh: "Well y-y-es, there is, but I'll pay for them tomorrow."

V-A

We have a class in fifth form fine
With Wilson and Rutherford toeing the line
While Professor Andrews does always say:
"Now Mr. Stirrett you're late today."

At this Burleigh doth chuckle in glee
But Mists Allingham quietly titters "tee-hee"
Finlay once more is stretching his time
Coming at ten o'clock instead of nine.

Bea and Nora, bright gossips two
Keep all they know from very few
There's Miss MacKinlay really quite proper
And McCordic with his war-cry "Hey, stop her."

At Bonner's class so well attended
Wait Doohan and MacDonald to be befriended
As Winnie and Eleanor wistfully sigh
"Oh for a hero with a sharky eye."

To physics class where thoughts do roam
"Bring-em-back" Zierler bagged Clydsdale's dome
With Elliott daring and Alma flighty
Our class is varied from weak to mighty.

Looking at Miss Hillier with all her charm
Make the boys wonder what's in a farm,
Always is Peg with a smile for you
And the same old greeting i. e. "Hi C. Q."

More there are but space is nought
So I leave you with this thought—
Many a pupil while making his way
Will cherish the memory of this VA.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Gale Bolton has disclosed lately that the Collegiate boys are too weak entirely for her. She seems to have taken a liking to the big strong athletic type. Could this be true?

Miss L. Dauphinee and a prominent member of our school were surprised to see on their return to the Dauphine mansion after an evening engagement, and at a late hour, that they had company. Two of our well-known bachelors in a green Dodge were awaiting their arrival. Were these supposedly woman-haters jealous or just making a friendly call. Kind of late for a call don't you think?

Mr. Dennis: What is an opaque object?

O'Laughlin: Something you can't see through.

Mr. Dennis: Give an example.

Morry: Physics.

Miss Harris: To-morrow we shall have a test. We haven't had one since the "Hundred Years' War."

Miss Walker: "Give me the definition of a successful man."

Thain: "A man who can earn more than his wife can spend."

JOKES

Real Estate Agent of Petrolia: "Well what do you think of our little city?"

Prospect: "Well it's the first cemetery I've seen with lights."

Forbes (in geometry): How far are you from the right answer?

Carson: Two seats.

Miss Walker: Lumby, use the words "effervescent" and "fiddlestick" in a sentence.

Lumby: Effervescent long enough covers on your bed your fiddlestick out.

H. Cameron: Did you ever hear the story about the red-hot coals?

Lois: No.

Howard: Well you wouldn't grasp it.

Mr. Hanmore: Young man your mother saw you fighting with Joe in the street.

Vivian: Oh no, dad, we were trying to separate each other.

FOR SALE

1. Finan's appetite. Apply to Mr. Finan one second after any meal.
2. Kay Glynn's literary ability. In return she prefers mathematical ability.

WHAT THE SCHOOL COULDN'T DO WITHOUT

Gossip among the girls.
Winnie Durnford's smile.
Detentions (eh, Mr. Sweeney).
Bucky Zierler's man-like qualities.
Mrs. Mondeau—janitress of second floor.
First formers dodging about.
Mr. Fielding's "see you at 4."
Wes. McDermid's wise-cracks.
Locker rooms! Eh, girls.
Love in bloom—what'd say Mary and Harold?
Late slips.
Tech. boys to repair lights.
Margaret Allingham's hair—do we envy you!
Lillian Bell's giggle.
Walker Wallace in first form.
Gee Doherty—she's Special's now.

TIP

The more you study
The more you know,
The more you know
The more you can forget,
The more you do forget
The less you know.
So why study?

JOKES

Mr. Treitz: This gas contains deadly poison. What steps would you take if it escapes.

McCordic: Long ones, sir.

Miss Ramsden: What is the spine?
First Former: A bunch of bones that run up and down your back. The skull sits on one end and I sit on the other.

Miss Taylor: You always do all the talking and never listen.

Lillian B.: Oh! But I've heard every word I've said.

Student: What are your terms for students?

Landlady: I usually call them dead-beats and bums.

Mr. Fullerton: Is heat always generated when two bodies in motion come together.

Shagger: No sir. I hit a guy yesterday and he knocked me cold.

Sergeant: The thief got away did he? Did you guard all entrances?

Constable: Yes, but we think he must have left by one of the exits.

Plumber: Well, here we are and we haven't forgotten a single tool.

Householder: No, but you came to the wrong house.

LATEST BITS OF FICTION

- "Dusty Roads" by N. O. Rains
- "The Limping Man" by Iva Canne
- "Black and White" by I. M. Blue
- "Life Begins At Sixteen" by Will Wonder
- "The Funny Old Bills" by C. O. Dee

SCHOOL NEWS

The 3-C class was very surprised to see J. Misener depart from their surroundings (in Lit. that is).

Anne Howard is still thanking her lucky stars it was a certain Hueston lad of whom she is very concerned.

Miss King is hoping very earnestly, so she says, that the Mable Dempsey-Stewie Carson feud will soon cease in French classes.

Miss McRoberts: "Spell cat."

Bright one: "K-a-t."

Teacher: "Cat doesn't start with a K."

Pupil: "It did when it was a kitten."

Jim C: "I got a real kick out of kissing Betty last night."

Alex. B.: "How's that?"

Conner: "Her father caught me."

Mr. Andrews: "Keelan, are you smoking?"

Keelan: "No sir, that's the fog I'm in."

A. Burkholder: Why are you running?

T. Core: There's a lion loose.

Burkholder: Which way did he go?

Tom: Do you think I'm chasing him?

Finan: I'd hate to sit at a banquet table with a bunch of Congressmen.

Heller: Why?

Finan: Look how long it takes them to pass things.

Thelma Eleanor: It's a put-up job.

Shirley Summer: What is?

Thlema: Paper-hanging.

D. Fraser: It's neither right nor fair.

W. Morden: What isn't?

Don: A black man's left hand.

Pusey: You didn't know who I was when I called you this morning did you?

Hooper: No, who were you?

Mr. Langan: A tyrant is a ruler that is hated and feared, now, give me a sentence with the word "tyrant" in it.

Marg. Shaw: The teacher struck the pupil with his tyrant.

Mrs. Cardwell: Harry says he keeps all the girls at arm's length.

Mr. Cardwell: Well from what I saw last night he has awfully short arms.

Ed Burns: My grandad had a terrible time with his scalp.

Keelan: Troubled with dandruff?
Burnsff No, with the Indians.

G. Andrews: Can I stick this wallpaper on myself?

Salesman: Well sir, it would really look better on the wall.

Audrey Walterhouse: The barometer I bought is a fake.

Wayne Stoner: Why is that?

Audrey: I set the hands at fair and it rained all day.

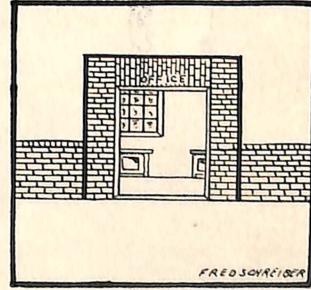
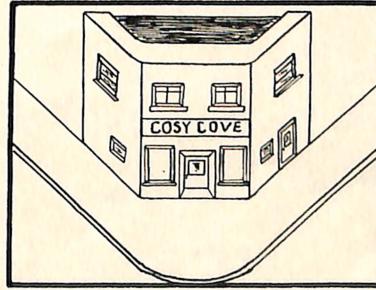
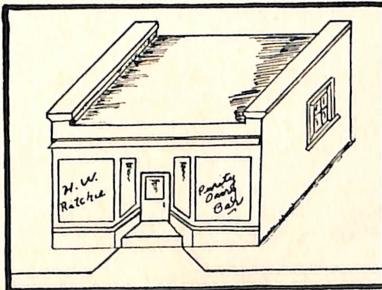
B-SHUFFLE-O-PAGE

LOST

1. One Edith MacDonald by Dick Wilson, (must have been those French women, Dick).
2. Mr. Sweeney's moustache. ("Why, shucks, my razor slipped.")
3. Zierler's ability to do geometry. Please get in touch with Buckie at once.
4. Miss Walsh. (What do you say Mr. ?)
5. One sweet little headache —by Ima Nasparin.
6. Umbrella, by gentleman with a carved ivory head.

FOUND

1. A Study Room for Mr. Coles.
2. A place for Week-end Parties—at Bell's.
3. My first love—eh? "Syd"
4. Wandering Mind on 2nd floor (Eh, Abie?)
5. Wad of gum on A. H. seat—Owner may have same by applying at office.
6. A teacher who says "I don't know!" (Orchids to Mr. Johnston.)

STUDENT'S HAUNTS**WANTED**

1. Better lighting in 307 for Mr. A.
2. Some ambition—by Bill Keelan. Apply any time.
3. Good reliable housekeeper —cheap. Mr. W.D.B. Ritchie.
4. Any boy interested in radio work —no pay—just experience given. Apply A. Armstrong.
5. King leader for Gas House gang. Apply any evening between 7-10:30 at Cosy Cove.
6. Wanted by Mr. Gray—Brains for T2A.
7. Man to plane seats in 316 so that the girls will not have unnecessary hose bills.
8. Girl-friend for Tom Leckie. Must be tall, blonde and terrific.

PUZZLE

Multiply your age by 2 and add 5 to the result.

Multiply by 50.

Add the number of coins in your pocket.

Subtract the number of days in this year (365) add 115.

The two left-hand figures will show your age.

The two right-hand figures will show the number of coins.

JOKES

Nora: Mummie, there's your six cents back again.

Her Mother: But Nora, didn't you post my two letters?

Nora: Oh, yes, I posted them. But I slipped them in the pillar-box when the postman wasn't here.

Kirk: What's the difference between labour and capacity?

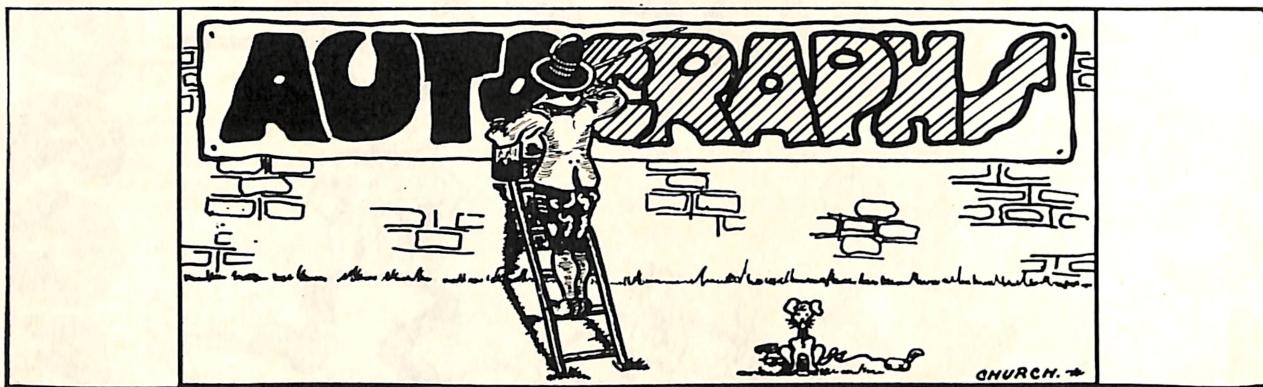
Cathcart: If I were to lend you \$10 that would be capacity, and if I were to try to get it back that would be labour.

POLICE COURT NEWS

A certain sweet angelic Vth form student who plods the weary path on College avenue four times a day has filed suit against two mischievous lads of unknown forms. She (M.D.) is suing them (R. J. & D. M.) for damages incurred to her pride in February when they picked her up and tossed her in a snow-bank. The case will not be brought to court until M. D. can muster up enough courage to turn the tables on these lads.

Stewie: How long can a person live without brains?

Buddy: Let's see, how old are you?



"The moving finger writes and having writ moves on."—Omar Khayyam.

THE COLLEGIATE
BY
JAMES C. COOPER

WITH AN APPENDIX OF QUOTATIONS FROM THE LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

BY JAMES C. COOPER AND WALTER D. COOPER, JR., WITH A HISTORY OF THE COLLEGIATE BY JAMES C. COOPER

WITH AN APPENDIX OF QUOTATIONS FROM THE LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD
BY JAMES C. COOPER AND WALTER D. COOPER, JR.

THE COLLEGIATE
BY
JAMES C. COOPER

The Sarnia Board of Education and its Advisory Vocational Committee

Are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of greeting the 1939 "Collegiate" Magazine Staff and also all the readers of this publication.

TO THE EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF

they extend hearty congratulations on the successful issue of this excellent school magazine.

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE S. C. I. & T. S.

they express sincere interest in their welfare and best wishes for success in the year's work.

TO THE TEACHING STAFF

they desire to extend an expression of confidence and appreciation.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

they wish to point out the facilities for day and evening class instruction Provided by the Collegiate and Technical School. Day classes in academic, commercial and technical courses are open to all girls and boys of Sarnia and vicinity who are able and willing to undertake the work. Evening classes at nominal cost are available in many vocational subjects. Detailed announcement regarding next season's classes should be looked for in September.

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M. Allingham: To be vegetarians.

Freida's Brother: Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here.
Freida: You naughty boy, leave the room at once.

Miss Taylor: Is that door ajar, Heller?
Reuben: A little vase.

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And then she passed her plate again
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Red & White
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ELEVATOR
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The Canadian Observer

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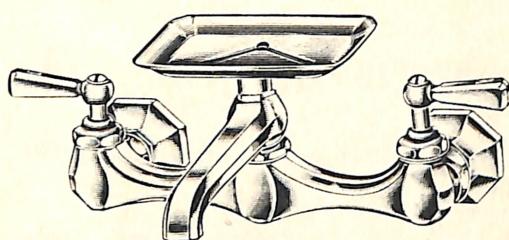
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Freshie: How long have you been here?

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228 N. Front St.

Phone 824

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Mr. Southcombe: Translate, Doohan.

Doohan: They approached the Roman's camp.

Mr. Southcombe: "Tense?"

Jim: Oh, yes! They approached the Roman tents.

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VANCOUVER

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Lady: Dear me, did the motor car hurt you?
Hobo: Motor car, lidy? It was an aeroplane!

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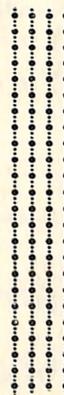
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T O R O N T O

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Sarnia, Ontario

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Adele: Yes, if the warts are on the cat.

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GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO

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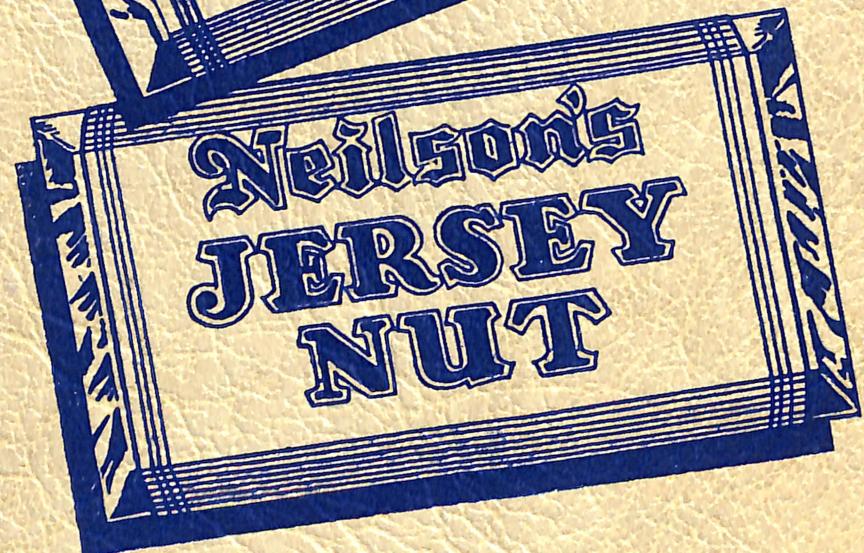
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A Word from the Business Manager

The Staff of the "Collegiate '39"
wishes to express its sincere appre-
ciation and thanks to the adver-
tisers who have contributed to
this magazine.

We ask our subscribers to patronize
the business firms whose names appear
in our advertising spaces.

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